

Liberty

JAN. 22, 1944

10c

**Book: MY FIGHTING
CONGREGATION**

THE RUHR BATTLE

Stab to Germany's Heart

by Hilary St. G. Saunders



T H E
A R I S T O C R A T
O F B O N D S

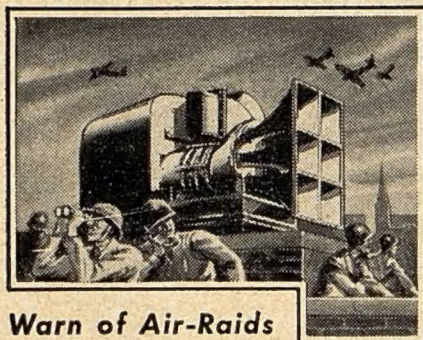
A detailed still life illustration. In the upper right, a bottle of Kentucky Tavern Straight Bourbon Whiskey stands prominently. The bottle has a white label with 'KENTUCKY TAVERN' in large, stylized letters, followed by 'Straight Bourbon Whiskey' and 'BOTTLED IN BOND 100 PROOF'. Below this, it says 'Distilled and Bottled by GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO. Louisville - Kentucky'. A smaller neck label also reads 'KENTUCKY TAVERN' and 'BOTTLED IN BOND'. To the left of the bottle is a stack of three books. The front book is brown leather-bound with 'ACHIEVEMENT IN EXCELLENCE' and 'VOL. I' on its spine. Behind it is a green book. To the left of the books is a bronze bookend depicting a muscular man holding a stack of books. In the foreground, a silver jigger with 'RGL' engraved on it sits next to two glasses of whiskey. The glasses are filled with ice, orange slices, and cherries. The background is a dark, textured wall.

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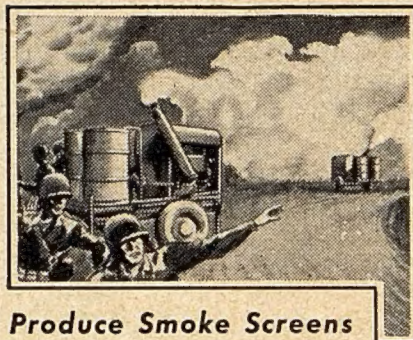


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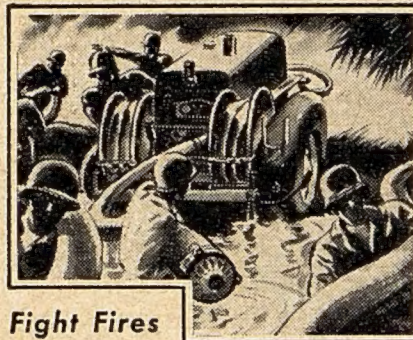
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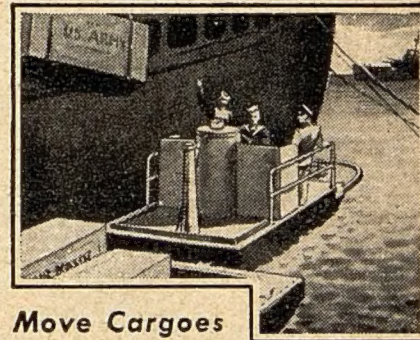
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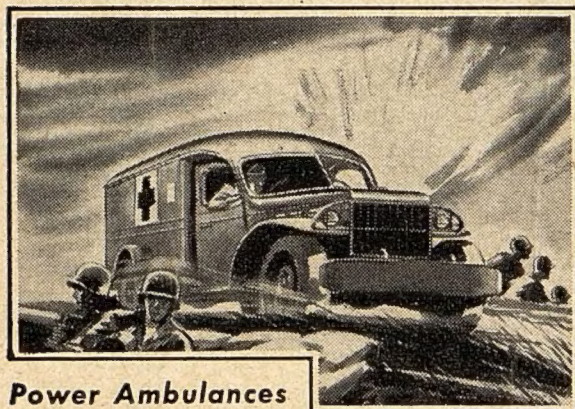
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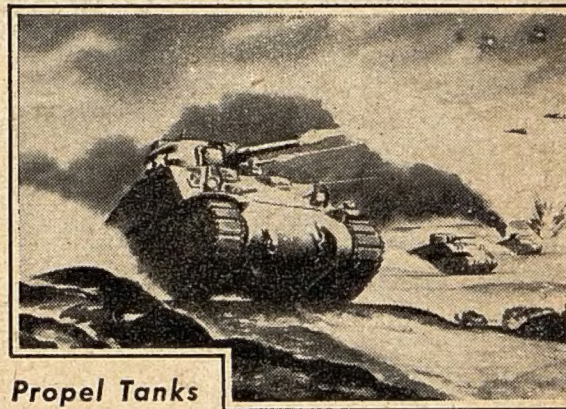
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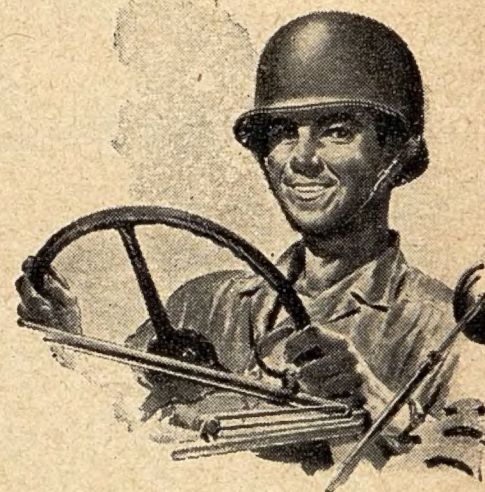
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Cover: *Army Nurses in High-Altitude Flying Suits*

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Liberty, January 22, 1944. Vol. 21, No. 4. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price \$3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, \$4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries \$5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow thirty (30) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1944, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain, Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

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LIBERTY

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To New Members of the Detective Book Club

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N.Y. Herald-Tribune

The Shudders

WHO WAS HE—THIS FIEND
WHO KILLED FOR THE SHEER SPORT OF KILLING?

"HE STOLE Marcella Kingsley from me! She is in another man's arms tonight—and I only minutes from the electric chair!

"I want Marcella punished, Mr. Colt. I want revenge. For this man is much more a criminal than I am. His crimes are murder. Murder for sport. *Murder upon murder upon murder!*

"My little murder was the bungled plot of an amateur. But *this* man has a way of murdering that is new. He scorns knife or gun or poison . . . and no fancy death rays, either. *And it leaves no trace.* Cut any one of his victims up—as they'll be cutting *me* in the next hour—and you'll find nothing. And by the way, Mr. Colt—YOU are on his list!"

Thus spoke Jeremy Taylor, in the death house, to Inspector Thatcher Colt, the man who sent him there.

Immediately after Taylor's execution, the hunt started for the mystery killer. Months went by. Then one day the warden burst into Colt's office, panting that he had found a clew—and then slumped dead at Colt's feet!

Like a pistol shot, two men hopped a cab to the address the warden had given. And shortly, in strutted an oily-looking charlatan in elegant white gloves—announcing that one of the detectives sent to fetch him had been strangely stricken in the cab, and lay on a slab in Bellevue that very minute!

The man fairly exuded death at every pore—yet they could pin nothing on him! And Colt seemed to be next in his line of victims.

There's a high-powered climax to THE SHUDDERS that will glue you to your chair. If you can start page 281 without peeking onto 282, you're practically shock-proof. Dr. William Lyon Phelps (and you know what a dyed-in-the-wool mystery fan he is) said, "A rip-snorter—a genuine thriller from first to last!"

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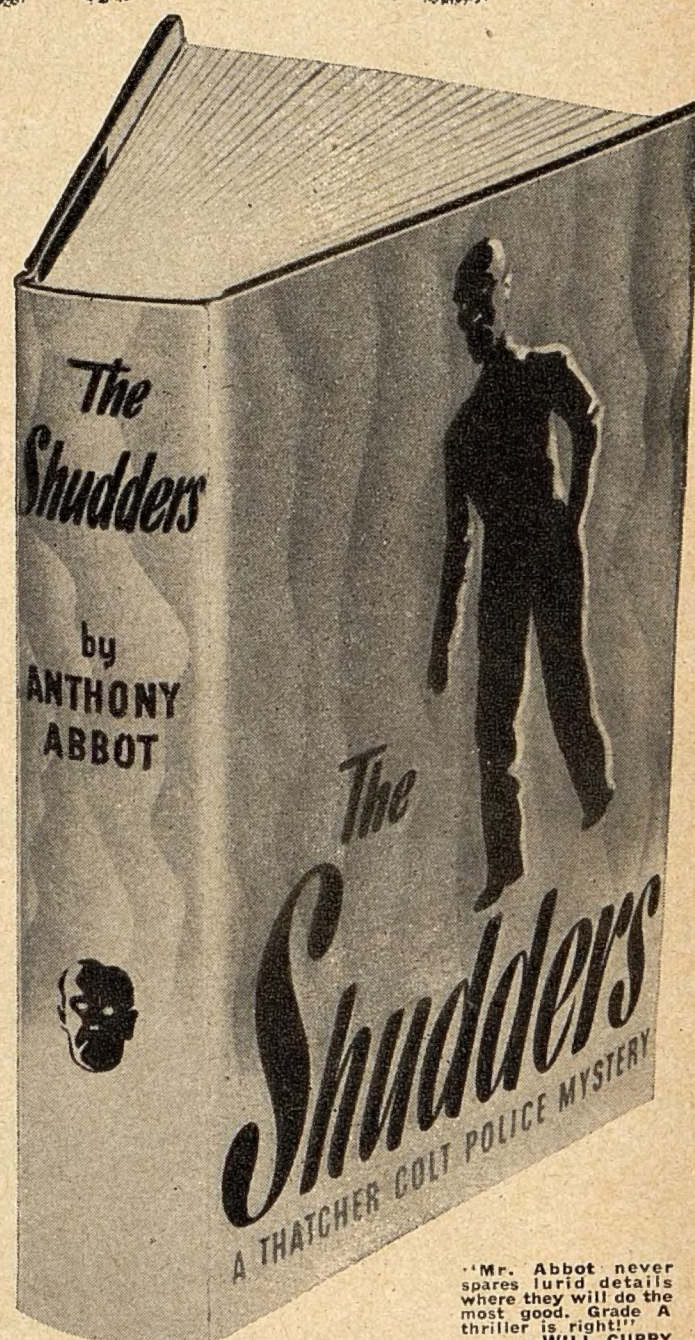
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★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

"THE FOLLOWING PROGRAM IS A CONGRESSIONAL RECORD—"

ARMY AIR BASE, DYERSBURG, TENN.—Hurrah for the suggestion by one of your readers about broadcasting all Congressional activity! (December 18 Vox Pop.) I believe it is the solution to making the average citizen take a keener interest in our country's problems.

So, instead of giving them the floor, let's put 'em on the air. Then we'll all know who is doing what and for whom. —Sgt. Robert F. Emery.

TRENTON, N. J.—Frank R. Breed is right. Congress and the state legislatures ought to broadcast their debates!

Another thing vital to preservation of democracy is a nation-wide standard of qualification for participants voting in national elections. Congressional and Presidential elections are a national affair. Qualifications should include an intelligence and political information test which would at least include genuine knowledge of platforms of more than one major candidate.—C. L. Gibson.

NASHVILLE, TENN.—Frank R. Breed of Tucson, Arizona, wants to broadcast the doings of the Congress and legislatures. I took one look at the Congressional Record and said, "Heaven forbid."—C. W. Collier.

TRUCKS VS. TRAINS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In December 4 Liberty Robert Moses states, "There is no sense in building trucks too big and heavy for the roads and roads too flimsy for the trucks." And later in the same article, "It is obvious that buses and trucks can become so large and so heavy as to . . . break down the roads."



Mr. Moses may stand adamant behind the word "can" in the last statement. True, it is possible to build trucks too heavy for the roads. But it has not been done yet and it is unlikely in the future, because any highway strong enough to withstand the weather will withstand the usage of modern pneumatic-tired, multi-axle trucks.

As to Mr. Moses' statement, "There is no sense in loading trucks . . . with freight . . . better carried on rails," I think shippers are in a better position than Mr. Moses to judge whether the freight now shipped by truck can be better shipped by rail. If it can, why is more freight moved by truck each year? One answer: because 54,000 of the country's 125,000 communities depend solely on highway transportation. Another: because trucks serve most cities from most other cities faster than any

other form of transportation. Another: because rates are lower in many instances.—Philip F. Frank, Director of Public Relations, Associated Transport, Inc.

FROM THE ARMY TO THE MARINES

SOMEWHERE IN THE ALEUTIANS—I have just received November 20 Liberty. In it was one of the finest articles I've read yet: Carlson's Immortal Raiders.

I'm an enlisted man in the Army and have been in the service for nearly three years. Never in all this time have I seen an Army outfit which could compete with the colonel's, though maybe the Army has an outfit just as tough.



But for an understanding of men Colonel Carlson has my vote for the ideal officer. This is something for an Army man to give a Marine.

It must be a wonderful feeling to have an officer as honest and sincere as he apparently is. He understands how an enlisted man feels and gives him a chance to express his opinions. Maybe the colonel doesn't use them, but the man has a chance.

The boys here feel just as I do and we would appreciate it if you will print this.—Pvt. Robert W. Merrill.

NO ELECTIONS FOR THE DURATION

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Mr. Barze in December 18 Vox Pop registered a "bull's-eye" when he proposed a postponement of the Presidential election for the duration and for six months thereafter.

Why not extend the idea to all subdivisions of government?

The injection of politics into the war period at such a critical time can serve no good purpose, but rather set up a hazard which may prove costly in money, lives, and war material.—Lieut. Col. John O. Volka.

By Joe, this thought is swell! If accomplished, all would be well. A salute to Barze—and be it said, He struck the nail right on the head.

—Carl Seligmann,
St. Petersburg, Fla.

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Sure, Mr. Roland D. Barze, we'll follow your suggestion and keep Roosevelt *et al.* in for the duration. I suggest we go one better. Crown F. D. R. King Franklin the First. Then there will be Queen Eleanor and several princes of the blood royal—a complete royal family.

Wendell Willkie will be Prime Min-

ister (he has the correct build for it), "Little Flower" LaGuardia can be the court jester, and Walter Winchell the royal soothsayer. Congress divides naturally into the House of Lords and



the House of Commons, and by making America our national anthem (which it formerly was) we'll have a tune already associated with a royal house.—H. B. Duke.

SOLIDARITY WITH RUSSIA

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—I wish to comment on Dr. Lewis R. Thompson's comment (November 6 Vox Pop) regarding Russia and Communism.

Dr. Thompson is generally right regarding Russia and Communism in general. Nevertheless, we must remain good friends with the Soviet government, if only because the Russians, by their mighty stand against the greatest Army the world had ever seen, saved the lives of countless numbers of Americans.—Pvt. Nathan Cohen.

IT'S A GOOD STORY, ANYWAY

HIGHLAND PARK, MICH.—In November 27 Liberty there appeared a filler about President Theodore Roosevelt and the man who said to him, "I made your shirts," and the President said, "Major Schurtz? Why, of course I remember, major."

That was my favorite story in the early '90s, which was some time before



T. R. was President. My story was about President Grover Cleveland. Probably the Civil War boys had it on Andrew Jackson.—C. J. Root.

ORGANIZATION MEANS POWER —NOT ALWAYS WISELY USED

BALTIMORE, MD.—Yes, Private M. Chesy is right (November 20 Vox Pop). We are fighting for the right of labor, industry, farm, and capital to make fair profits, and for their right to strike.

But in this war 40 per cent of our population, organized as the pressure groups of industry, capital, farm bloc, and labor unions (and as such "essential"), force the 60 per cent of our population not organized except in churches and clubs (and therefore "nonessential") to pay with their not increased earnings, savings (including insurance), and often with their very lives for the profits the minority make. Such profits are unfair and eventually must result in a desperate outburst of the 60 per cent, the "forgotten" middle class.

In Europe this result was Bolshevism, Fascism, Nazism. What will it be here, soldier?—E. L., Veteran of World War I.



**NEXT
WEEK**

INSIDE JAP-HELD SHANGHAI

By Bernard Covit

What sort of overlord is the Jap? An exchanged American correspondent tells of the Nips' methods with the lives and possessions of people in a conquered city.

NO PASSWORD FOR SUSPICION

By Olga L. Rosmanith

He said he was an Allied airman shot down over Belgium, but he might have been a Nazi out gunning for the underground. Suzanne followed a hunch and proved that it was right.

G. I. JACK

By Elizabeth Wilson

Jack Benny's recent trip to entertain our boys at the front proved to be a morale raiser for himself as well as for the troops.

DON'T LET THE BIG WORD SCARE YOU

By Edith M. Stern

A man temperamentally not the soldier type is called a "psychoneurotic" by the doctors, but he's probably just as useful as any of us in civilian life.

"... NOR IRON BARS A CAGE"

By Juliet Bridgman

Another kind of war is being fought on the home front. An account of the work being done by science to overcome the scourge of infantile paralysis.

OUR WOMEN WARBLIDS

By Frank J. Taylor

Women, too, play an important role in aerial warfare. Here's the story of the WASPs in action.

RED RASKALL

By Clark McMeekin

Liberty's Book Condensation

Lark Shannon sailed from England to the New World to meet and marry David North. But adventure met her first—and took her through shipwreck, a skirmish with pirates, the saving of Red Raskall, the thoroughbred she loved and raced—and finally to a truer love than she had ever hoped to find.



..... **PROTECT
WHAT YOU HAVE**

"A fellow here in the plant says he's worked all his life, with nothin' to show for it. That burns me up.

"Not counting his home, his family and what he should have saved but maybe didn't, he's got *plenty* . . . freedom to plan his own future.

"I remember my father talking about his 'old country.' Well, I'm thankful he raised his family in America, where everyone is free to get along according to his ability. And, I want this country kept free for my kids. I don't want it bossed from outside, and I don't want it undermined from within.

"I'm all for the American idea of letting a man go as far as he can by his own efforts . . . free enterprise, I believe they call it. So, I'm working to help win this war, and I think everybody should be on guard against any monkeyin' with our way of life while we're winning it. I say 'Protect What You Have!'"

★ ★ ★

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YANKS ABROAD: ICELAND

BY
LT. HARRY T. MOORE

Our boys say the island is named more for its girls than its temperature. Here's how they live in a land where there's nothing to do but play cards

Reykjavik.

THE first superstition about Iceland that needs to be exploded is the one which says it is a cold place, with daily subzero temperatures in winter. American mothers on Midwestern prairies or in Eastern cities who fear during the cold months that their sons are freezing in Iceland should know that the boys are probably having considerably warmer weather than prevails at home. The mean temperature of a large part of Iceland in the coldest month of the year, January, is only one or two degrees below the freezing point.

This does not mean the weather is ideal. Winter is dark, except for a few hours each midday, and the winds blow from 70 to 130 miles an hour. The Army lives in Nissen huts which the strong winds can penetrate most unkindly. Many Americans have seen the newsreel shots of the soldiers walking against that Iceland wind like deep-sea divers battling the undertow, but no one who hasn't fought for balance and breath against these blasts can imagine how they make the victim feel. The Nissen huts, which look like barrels set on their sides in the earth, are sandbagged down so they won't roll away in the wind like tumbleweeds.

There isn't much to do in Iceland in off-duty hours except play cards. There are movies at most camps, but there isn't a nightly change of bill. The pictures are recent Hollywood products. The native film houses show older Hollywood films, but there is little chance of getting a seat for an evening performance unless you stand in line at one o'clock in the afternoon.

In the capital city, Reykjavik, and in some of the other towns, the soldiers have excellent Red Cross centers. Dances are frequent at these places, and the Red Cross personnel includes some popular entertainers. USO shows come over occasionally.

There is little mingling with the Icelanders. They are a proudly independent people and are not used to having any army around. They won a partial independence from Denmark in 1874, after several centuries of subjugation. Complete freedom was won in 1918, although Iceland retained the



American soldiers and sailors in the main street of an Iceland town.

King of Denmark to double in gold braid as Iceland's king. All political bonds between the two countries were severed on April 10, 1940, the day after the German seizure of Denmark. The Althing, or Parliament, placed the power of government in the hands of the Prime Minister and his cabinet.

Iceland's isolation was shattered a month later, on May 10, 1940, when the British armed forces unexpectedly took over the island. When the Americans came, in July, 1941, it was with the approval of the Iceland government, who preferred having an army from a neutral nation. Pearl Harbor complicated this situation.

The Germans were not without admirers in Iceland. The seed planters of Nazism had been at work there. Yet recent Germanic political doctrine was never able to build up an impressive voting strength for Iceland's Nationalist Party. It has never, for example, been able to compete with the Communist Party, which draws its greatest power from Reykjavik, a city that numbers many laborers among its 40,000 people. There is still some pro-Nazi sentiment in Iceland, however. Americans in uniform have had "Heil Hitler!" called after them jeeringly in the streets. Most of this gibing is done by a minority of young men who have no obligations in the present war.

Icelandic merchants are friendly to the troops—in their stores. The shopkeepers and their employees speak excellent English. But it is no fun for Americans who are good customers at certain stores to be ignored elsewhere by the girl clerks.

Overt acts of hostility are rare. The nearest I ever came to being involved in one was during a visit to some Icelandic friends who lived in one of Reykjavik's enormous honeycomb apartment houses. After chatting and drinking in their room for a few hours I asked the way to the bathroom. About halfway to it I suddenly found the long hallway blocked by a fat girl with thick glasses, who materialized out of the shadows like a Hitchcock character. I was told emphatically that no American was going to use *that* bathroom. By feinting at right guard I got around left end and dashed for the goal. The girl had spirit, and came thumping after me—and the door had no lock. During my occupancy she tugged at it and shouted hoarse threats.

The unfriendliest Icelander has never denied that the American Army has brought a good deal of money into the country. The stores thrive, and truck drivers and other workers employed by the Army are drawing bonanza wages. Reykjavik has a building boom in progress. The Icelanders have shining American cars, plump tires, and a gasoline supply that only began to be rationed last spring. It is part of our attitude of conciliation toward the Icelander that when a car or truck driven by him hits an Army vehicle, the native gets the machine he was driving repaired or replaced and—no matter whose fault the accident—the Army chauffeur is "grounded."

The chief industry of Iceland is fishing. One of the leading customers before the war was Germany; the United Nations markets have generally been

able to absorb all the Icelandic fishing output since. The beaches are heaped with rotten fish; inland, the fields stink of fish drying on racks. And, as the British poet W. H. Auden has quaintly observed, "Dried fish is a staple food in Iceland. . . . It varies in toughness. The tougher kind tastes like toenails, and the softer kind like the skin off the soles of one's feet."

Army food is good in Iceland. Extra meals can be had at native restaurants. In Reykjavik, soldiers are often seen dining at the smaller hotels. Owing to lack of space, only officers and sergeants may go to the Island, noted for its food, and only officers and American civilians may enter the Hotel Borg, which is the best place to eat. Dinners cost about two or three dollars in American money.

The Borg has an orchestra and nightly dancing. The Reykjavik girls who attend the dances are scolded editorially in some of the local papers. As there is prohibition in Iceland, the strongest drink that can be served is 1-per-cent beer. Most of the Americans and Icelanders drink a sweetish orange pop called appelsin, or swallow American soft drinks in expensive gulps, a bottle costing 38 cents. One night a month there is joy unconfined, when the Anglia Society meets. The membership of this cultural organization is British, American, and Icelandic. The sessions begin with a solemn lecture and end with champagne.

MANY of the girls who come to the Borg will dance with Americans, though they do it with all the gaiety of corpses. They sit at their own tables. Very few Americans are allowed to escort them home or to visit them at home.

Most of the garrison find life a dull affair. The scenery is little consolation, magnificent though it is in places, especially when the mountains are loaded with snow. Even the luminous green splendor of the northern lights can't keep one cheerful indefinitely. What the Americans miss most, next to girls who will speak to them in friendly tones, are trees; the lava plains that surround most encampments are bleak and barren. There are not many Americans who would want to remain here a moment longer than necessary—though some of the Icelanders are disturbed by the possibility of the country's becoming an American colony. The Regent of Iceland, Sveinn Bjoernsson, had this to say in a speech that opened the Althing last winter:

"Incidents have occurred, but in this connection we must fully appreciate the strong desire on the part of American civil officials and Army authorities stationed in this country to maintain good relationships and cause us the fewest possible difficulties. I also think I can truthfully say that our respect and sympathy for the United States and its people have increased on closer acquaintance and are better than ever before. I feel certain that it will be possible for us to say the same about the American forces when the time comes for them to leave, as they will according to agreement."

Not long after this speech was made, Army camps and Icelandic store windows blossomed with enormous posters containing a picture of President Roosevelt and a quotation from his statement promising immediate evacuation when the emergency comes to an end.

THE END

Generation after Generation

THOSE IN THE KNOW - ASK FOR



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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Base Operations

If you think aircraft companies have nothing to do but build airplanes, you have another guess coming. Second to building planes are the field jobs given to some of the manufacturers in far-away parts of the world—and some of these jobs are not in the category of pleasure. For example, Douglas Aircraft Company was given the task of setting up a base "somewhere in Iran," which company representatives maintain is about the hottest spot in the world. The men wear four pairs of woolen socks because the ground is so hot it blisters their feet through heavy shoes and the blinding sun burns the tops of their toes.

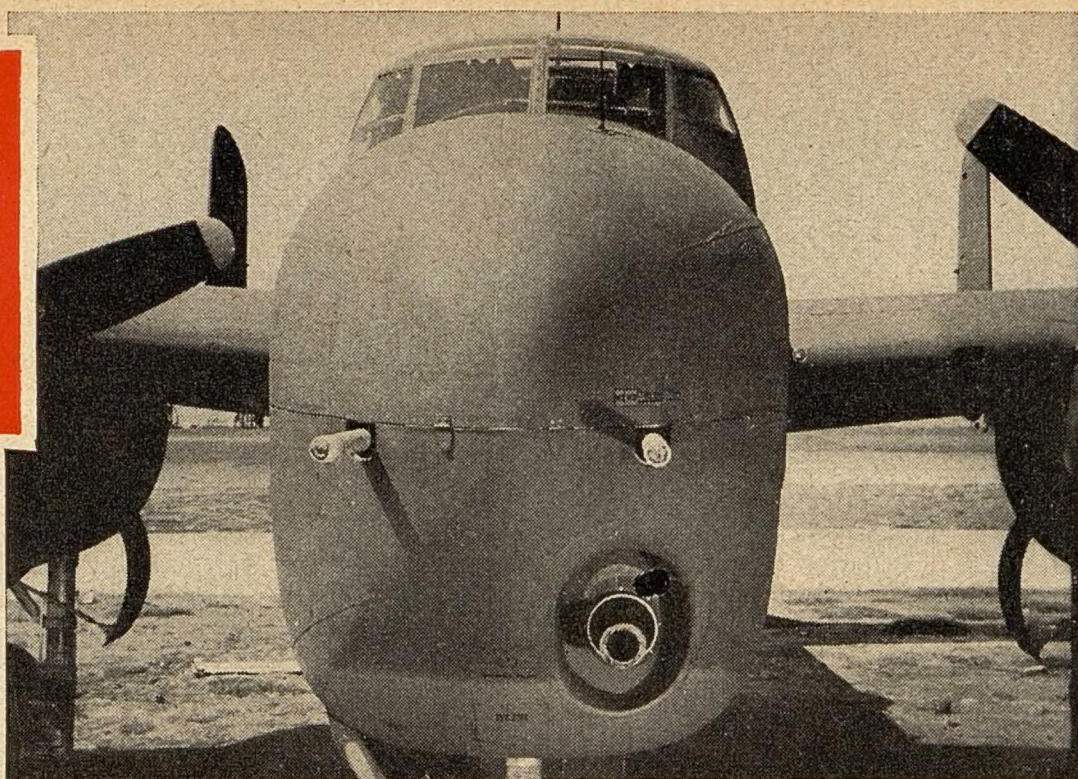
The base, whose location is still secret, was a vital link in the 10,000-mile supply route by which Douglas A-20 attack bombers and other United States planes were shipped or flown for the Russian front. Some 250 men from Douglas and several thousand native Arabs and Persians have toiled in terrific heat to assemble planes shipped in crates, or to put the planes flown in through a fifty-hour final check before turning them over to the Russians. Only last April did our Army Air Forces take over the base operations.

Arnold W. "Gus" Gustavson, Douglas field man who opened up shop in Iran, says the natives worked pretty well, but every morning at eleven o'clock they would stop work, drag out their prayer rugs and a small stone, and pray for half an hour. Since Friday is their holy day, the base worked on Sundays and knocked off on Fridays. Gustavson claims the hottest day of all was when the temperature reached 185 degrees, but it was generally around 150. "At night it cooled off—went down to 110," he says. But despite the heat and the filth and the flies, a constant stream of American planes passed through to the Russians, and the trim little fighting A-20s are given a lot of credit for cracking the German lines.

Soviet Heroes

There is no higher aviation honor in Russia than to be a pilot who flies behind the German lines to carry arms, ammunition, medical supplies, and food to Soviet guerrillas. But it is also one of the most dangerous air jobs, for sometimes the wounded have to be evacuated from guerrilla areas hidden far behind the German lines.

According to information released by the Soviets, these special pilots identify guerrilla bases by dark patches in woods or by reflections from a lake or swamp. Oftentimes a pilot must



A head-on view of the new 75-millimeter cannon and two .50-caliber machine guns in the all-metal nose section of North American's B-25 Mitchell bomber.

make a number of flights into enemy-held territory before he can locate a friendly guerrilla base, but one pilot has made as many as seventy successful flights and another ace has removed 146 wounded. Most of this unusual air operation is carried on in the Smolensk and Leningrad regions.

Aerial Artillery

Artillery is now carried in the air! The War Department now permits publication of another real war secret—the installation of the 75-millimeter cannon, long familiar as an artillery field piece, in the nose of North American's B-25 Billy Mitchell bomber. Like almost all such developments, publication had to await actual aerial combat.

Ten years ago, even the aircraft engineers might have been skeptical about putting an artillery field piece into an airplane. A 75-millimeter cannon is a potent weapon to fire from an airplane. But the problems were solved and the first use of the cannon-firing B-25 was made against the Japanese in New Guinea some months ago. Its first victim was a Japanese air transport destroyed while making a landing. Later two Japanese destroyers were given direct hits and were sunk.

Similar to the French 75s of World War I, and made possible in the air through the use of a special type recoil device, the cannon is used in attacking land installations and making forays against Axis shipping, gun emplacements, landing barges, and tanks. One hit by the cannon's projectile is sufficient to knock the tread off any tank and to halt it, while light tanks can be demolished. It is a comparatively rapid-fire weapon and its chief advantage is that many targets are more vulnerable to shells fired at their sides than to bombing.

Corsair Record

The Chance-Vought gull-winged single-engined Corsair, which is one of the Navy's most valued planes in the

Pacific, is establishing all sorts of records against the Jap Zero. Operating both from carrier flight decks and from land bases, the Corsair has six .50-caliber machine guns and is powered by one of the largest aircraft engines ever built.

Navy and Marine pilots in the South Pacific have dubbed the Corsair "the Bride" because they're having such a happy honeymoon with this new weapon which made its actual debut last April. It can climb faster than the Zero and it has much faster forward speed. One of its greatest assets is its armor, and Zeros have actually been known to pepper the rear armor plate without any result except a lot of noise.

In the Corsair's first big encounter with the Japs, four of these planes, piloted by marines, partly destroyed and turned back a flight of sixteen twin-engined bombers escorted by twenty-eight or thirty Zeros. In a subsequent encounter, when twenty-five Zeros attacked Guadalcanal, seventeen Japanese craft were knocked down—sixteen of them by Corsairs.

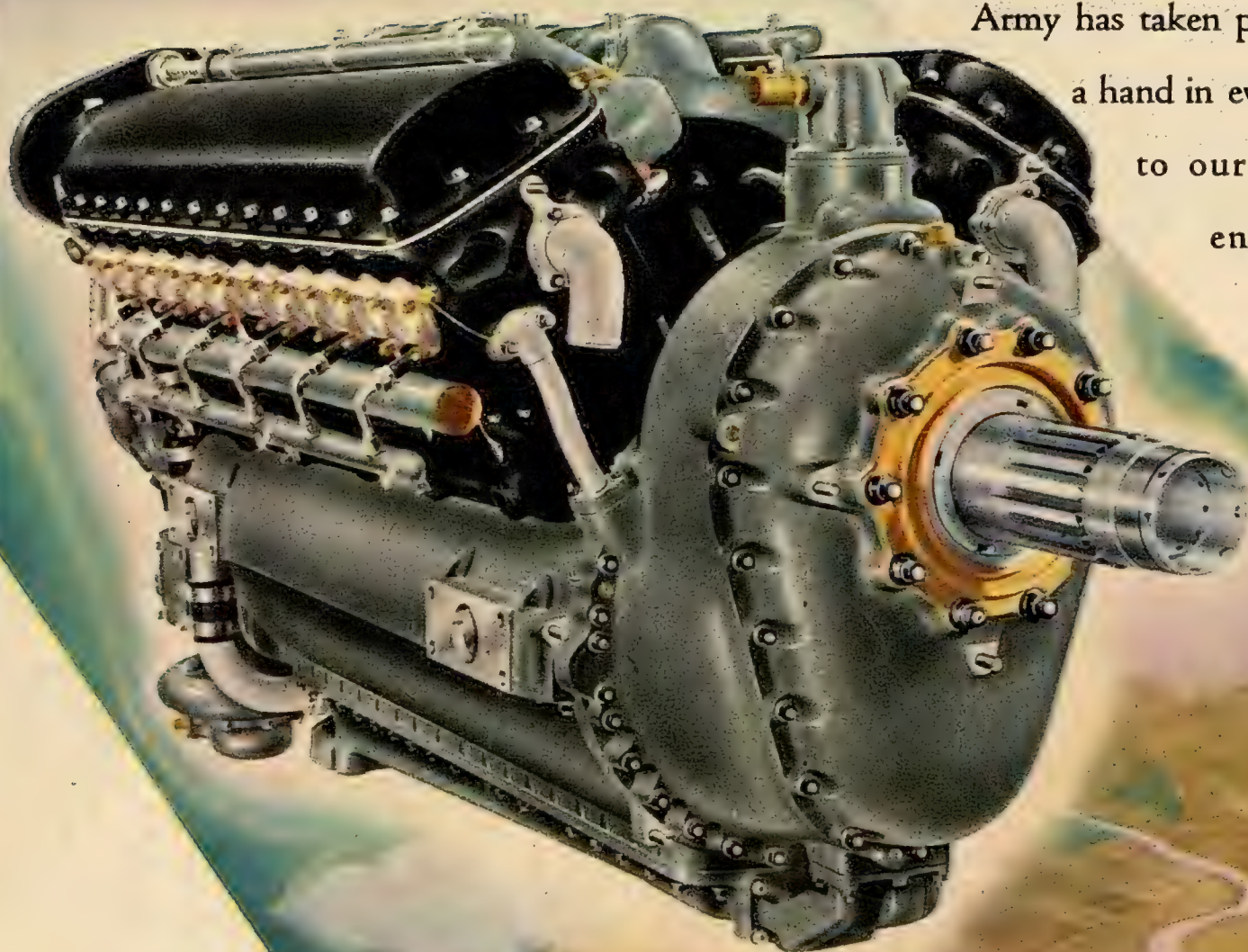
Lieutenant Kenneth Walsh reported: "In actual combat against Japanese dive bombers, Marine pilots have proved the Corsair can outmaneuver, outfight, outclimb, and outperform the enemy in every respect."

Odds and Ends

The Swiss air line, called Swissair, which in prewar days operated to London, Paris, Amsterdam, Berlin, and other capitals, is the only air line in the world with an embarrassment of transport equipment. It has a fine fleet of planes (mostly United States built) and nowhere to fly. Since the start of war Swissair operates a forty-minute flight between Zurich and Stuttgart just to keep in the swim, although the short flight is not justified economically. Swissair wants to fly to the United States after the war. Although without a port on any ocean, it is a port on the air ocean to and from anywhere on the globe.

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Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday 10 p. m. EWT, NBC; "The World Today" news every weekday, 6:45 p. m. EWT, CBS.



"Are you intimating that my grandfather worked a shenanigan aboard his own ship?" Johnny said dangerously.

MR. ANGEL COMES ABOARD

BY CHARLES GORDON BOOTH

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

PART ONE

THE S.S. EMMALINE QUINCY was still in motion, but the vibration had begun to die away in her plates. The freighter must already be warping in.

It was a matter of minutes. No one had attempted to enter the chief engineer's cabin since noon of the previous day. They'd force the door, Ann Wingate knew, but not, she had reasoned, until the ship made Havana and the port authorities took over. None of the six-man salvage crew from the S.S. Isabel Putnam knew she was aboard. None of them would know, if she kept her head. Everything depended on there being no one in the passage when she opened the door. It meant being smart, but not too smart; casual, but not obviously so.

When the salvage crew had come aboard, the day before, in the Old Bahama Channel, they had begun to search the Emmaline Quincy. Two of them had looked into the chief engineer's cabin, then withdrawn, pulling the door shut. The latch had caught,

Against the colorful background of Cuba, the author of *The General Died at Dawn* tells this intriguing new yarn—the story of a clever girl reporter on a dangerous assignment, and of a reckless young seafarer who had a score to settle with a murderer

locking it. They had found the adjoining cabins empty also, and had gone down into the engine room, their voices subdued. Ann was hiding in the ventilator shaft above the engine room, on the grid at the main-deck level. She had swung open the shaft door then, run to the chief's cabin, key in hand, and locked the door behind her.

It had been as simple as all that. Her departure must be equally simple. She would need perhaps five minutes in which to reach the upper deck, mingle with the people due to come aboard and establish herself as one of them. She could then go ashore unsuspected and see about the next plane for New York.

Ann Wingate had no illusions about what she was doing. She had deliberately chosen to monkey with dynamite and sudden death. But she liked to think of herself as a pretty good newspaperwoman, and that meant if you fell into something like this Emmaline Quincy terrifico you followed through the way a man would. At stake was that sort of professional pride which was involved in putting together a fine Swiss watch, in building a bridge—in her Grandaunt Annabel's feeling for the theater. You were completely sexless about it.

A man's face was fixed in Ann's mind. She knew whose it was. Eventually he must return to New York. When she stopped to rationalize his identity, all sense of credibility left her until she



reminded herself that the times weren't credible, either. The times made everything possible. Would he recognize her? She'd have to be careful or there'd be blood on the moon again—this time for Ann Wingate personally.

Haloed in warm mist, the lights on the pier were mysteriously aloof. A wedge of people waited for the gangplank to push out. Their voices made a blur in Ann's ears. This was an odd way to come to Havana. Even the weather was wrong.

You were supposed to come light-heartedly, as she had years ago, with Grand-aunt Annabel, who had been a great one for gallivanting between shows. On that distant day the sun had glittered on the gilded dome of the seventeen-million-dollar Capitolio. A warm breeze was exploding the Gulf waters in a froth of creamy white along the Malecon. You could smell tobacco and rum and pineapples. Later, at the Inglaterra, everybody came. For Grand-aunt Annabel, with her black brilliant eyes and salty tongue, was theater in the best sense of the word, like Marlowe and Edwin Booth and Mrs. Siddons. Even the President had dropped in to present his compliments.

But tonight the mist had wrapped a gray burnoose around Morro light. The rock was heaving its battleship prow into heavy seas from the Gulf. The backdrop was somber, and properly so, the elements of melodrama being what they were. The Emmaline Quincy was entitled to all the theater the weather could give her.

TWENTY-THREE days before, Ann had been at Dakar. She had wanted to get home in a hurry, and she had gone looking for Captain Angel of the freighter Emmaline Quincy. Her cargo discharged, the Quincy was due to sail at midnight. Ann had found Captain Angel in the Bal Tabarin, down a side street off the Boulevard Pinet-Laprade. The restaurants along the Avenue William Ponty were flossier, but at the Bal Tabarin the food was said to be better. The staccato of the mosquitoes had an angry resonance. It was the season of the *hivernage*, when the rains fell in sheets. Captain Angel was a huge old man, a Scot, with blue eyes and a red beard.

"I am Ann Wingate, Captain Angel," Ann had said.

He had wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "Your Grand-aunt Annabel should ha' married me," he had said, his voice mellow as good whisky. "I'd ha' gotten her a fine ship."

"The best," Ann had said seriously.

His eyes had become nostalgic. "The sea's a healthy life for a woman. I dinna hold wi' the theater. 'Tis a place of iniquity. What can I do for ye, lass?"

"Take me back to the States with you," Ann had said.

"Sit ye doon. Dakar's no place for a gurril like you."

"I'm a newspaperwoman," Ann had told him. "The News-Bulletin. New York."

"I dinna hold wi' women speaking their minds in print."

"So Grand-aunt Annabel told me," Ann had smiled.

"They lack the temperrament for sound judgment," Captain Angel had said. "Your eyes are sad, lass."

"My father died three days ago," Ann had told him.

"Tell me your name," Johnny said.
"I wouldn't dare," Ann told him.

"I'm sorry." He had laid his hand over hers. "Here?"

"Yes. He was doing research work in tropical fevers at the Biological Institute here." Ann had spoken quietly. "Friends arranged my passage by air from Lisbon. I got here just before he died."

"The guid men die young," Captain Angel had said. "'Tis a pity, when there's so much evil in the wurld. . . . The Quincy'll be honored to have you in her owner's cabin."

"But it isn't quite as simple as that, Captain Angel," Ann had said. "You see, I've been cabling some personality stuff to my paper from Lisbon. French politicians—"

"The venality of man," Captain Angel had said sagely.

Ann had nodded. "The Vichy people here intend to question me—I've just heard. I shouldn't mind, if it weren't that other people are involved."

He had begun to chuckle, his eyes the truest blue Ann had ever seen. "Ye're a bonnie lassie. I'm reminded of your Grand-aunt Annabel as she was fifty year ago. Does she ever speak of me?" A waiter had come up then, and Captain Angel had ordered more bouillabaisse. The bouillabaisse was good, he had declared, in spite of an excess of bay leaf. His mood changing, he had said pessimistically, "Look at these folk around ye, lass. They've lost their freedom and their hearts are heavy. Maybe in your time, but they'll na ha'e it back in mine."

He was wrong, in one sense, because the current of the war was shifting, and history was soon to be made thereabouts. But in another sense, a personal one, he was right, for in sixteen days Captain Angel was dead. And if it hadn't been for her own resourcefulness, Ann would have been dead with him. . . .

THE Emmaline Quincy had ceased moving.

The quietness of the freighter, so unlike the bustle that usually attended the berthing of a ship, depressed Ann. But only for a moment. She had said to herself, "This won't do. I've got to stop thinking about it in that way. I can't bring them back. The one thing I perhaps can do I'll muff completely unless I stop living over what's happened." Since then she had found it possible to concentrate on the obligation which she had talked herself into assuming.

Ann heard the racket of the gangplank. She made out white letters on the pier warehouse: THE GUSTAFSON LINE. The Emmaline Quincy, Ann knew, was a Gustafson ship, which made what had happened all the more bizarre. People were flowing past the porthole, talking animatedly in English and Spanish. A story like the Emmaline Quincy's was a dilly with wings, and ought to bring every crack news beagle in Havana. People were milling aboard. Tim Anderson, one of the A. P. men in Havana, hurried past the porthole toward the gangplank. Ann knew him. She'd better count on running into Tim.

Ann's coat, one of the new synthetic waterproofs, and her hat, a dark felt, were inconspicuous. She put a little color on her cheeks. Her skin had a gardenia smoothness that complemented her indigo eyes, blue-black hair, and delicately arched untouched eyebrows—one of them higher than the other. Her face was a perfect orchestration of line and color. The purse which she had tucked under her arm

contained everything that she was taking with her. She had disposed of her other things—not without a wrench.

Ann took a final look around the little cabin. Over the bunk hung a framed photograph of a small brick house in a garden. A stout young woman with two little boys, all three of them smiling, stood on the doorstep. Pinned to the wall beside the picture was a dog-eared letter addressed to Mr. Nels Johanson, postmarked Oslo, February 27, 1940. His last letter from home, Ann had decided. She hoped that Nels Johanson had made one of them pay for his life, as Captain Angel had made Mike Flavin pay for his.

The passage was empty. Aft were several other cabins. Forward a light bulb burned dimly. Ann moved up the saloon stair. A man and a girl appeared at the head of the stair. Ann faced them, taut but calm. The man looked at Ann as if he thought she was pretty swell. The girl smiled.

"Hello," the girl said. "Isn't this something!"

"Isn't it, though!" said Ann.

ON the boat deck people were standing about in little groups, talking animatedly. It was good to see them after thirty solid hours in that cabin! Ann filled her lungs with the pungent air. The fog enclosed every visible light in a yellow nimbus. She moved over to the starboard rail. The crowd up the pier was large and noisy. Few were being admitted aboard. The aroma of leaf tobacco loading at the next pier assailed Ann's nostrils. A ship's whistle sliced through the steam-winch racket. The fog felt like rain. Most of the people on the boat deck were newspapermen and cameramen for the press bureaus and the newsreels. Her cue was to leave when they did.

Beside the port rail stood a man in a shabby trench coat. A cigar as big as a torpedo rested between his heavy lips. He wasn't tall, but his shoulders were thick and muscle-pivoted. The shabbiness of his trench coat was an affectation, Ann decided, used to set off his manner, of which he had a good deal. His square ruddy face wore a more or less fixed expression of brassy jocularly that didn't contain a nickel's worth of good intentions. Tim Anderson grabbed her then.

"Well, gosh—all-fishhooks, Ann Wingate! I thought you were in Lisbon."

"I came home, Tim," Ann smiled. "Quite recently."

"Isn't this a honey!" he burred. "They pick her up in the Old Bahama Channel. She's O. K. Not a thing in the world the matter with her—a couple of feet of water in her bilges, maybe. Her boats were intact, every one of 'em. Her cargo's intact. The Jacob's ladder isn't hanging over her side, yet there isn't a soul aboard her! Will you tell me how the crew got off? And why? Two days, and we haven't heard hide nor hair of 'em!"

"It's very strange," Ann said.

"My Lord, it's classic! It's the Marie Celeste all over again. I always said that was a piece of cheese, but now I'd believe butterflies have hiccups. Take this Johnny angle."

"What Johnny angle?"

He leaned closer. "Johnny Angel. Captain Angel's grandson. He's first officer of the Isabel Putnam. Johnny's brought her in—his grandpappy's ship."

Ann said sharply, "I didn't know that!"

"Don't you read the papers?"

(Continued on page 48)



Glenn L. Martin holding a model of his PBM-3, a patrol bomber used to great effect by the Navy in its war against the U-boats.

PIONEER OF THE FUTURE

BY ALFRED TOOMBS

ATALL man with powder-gray hair stood at the edge of a field near Santa Ana, California, recently. He fumbled with a button on his expensive well tailored coat and his eyes swept across the flat expanse which stretched toward the horizon.

"Hasn't changed much," he said at length. "Grass is a little higher."

Glenn L. Martin had returned to the spot where, nearly thirty-five years before, he had lifted himself off the ground in his first homemade airplane. Sober citizens had urged him to give up flying and to undertake some "substantial, feasible and profitable pursuit." But Martin ignored that advice and continued in aviation—first as a flyer and a builder, and now as a tycoon.

Martin is one of the pioneers of aviation, of the vintage of the Wright Brothers, Dr. Langley, Glenn Curtiss, and Bleriot. He is one of the few who survived that era and is the only one of the pioneers to remain active with the

They called Glenn Martin "the Flying Dude" in the old daredevil days. Now, as one of our largest plane makers, his daring is in planning the future

company that bears his name. Today he is president of the Glenn L. Martin Co. of Baltimore, Maryland, one of the largest airplane manufacturers, and the oldest.

He was one of the first to fly air mail and, as far as the records show, was the first American to drop a bomb from an airplane and the first to make an extended over-ocean flight. His string of

inventions covers the history of aviation. He holds the first patent on the free-all parachute and his plant has had a hand in developing the self-sealing gas tank and power-operated gun turret. He built the first of the high-speed bombers and the world's biggest flying boat.

Martin has always lived in the tomorrows. In 1914 he predicted that the airplane would decide future wars. "Veritable flying death will smash armies and wreck mammoth battleships," he said, patting the flimsy fuselage of a little plane that would barely turn up sixty miles an hour. So he was little surprised when he saw a battleship sunk by one of his planes seven years later. Nor was he taken aback when his bombers helped smash the spearhead of Rommel's Army in Egypt twenty-odd years later.

When Martin signed a contract in 1932 to build the China Clipper for Pan American, experts declared it was im-

possible to build a plane of that size, speed, and load. Martin cheerfully admitted it was impossible—"today"—but he said he would make new discoveries that would enable him to do it. Of the thousands who turned out one day in 1934 to see if the Clipper would really fly, Martin was the least worried. He was right—it did fly.

The first airplane Martin ever saw was one he built. He decided to build it when he read about one of the early flights of the Wright brothers. Without model or design he put the plane together, and he was not surprised when it flew. Immediately he was convinced that airplanes would shape the future of civilization, and couldn't understand why others did not share this vision. He wanted money to build airplanes, and he was nonplused when he couldn't find any one who would risk a nickel on the future of flying.

A friend met him trudging down the street in Santa Ana one day. He had come a cropper on his last flight and was swathed in bandages.

"Where are you going?" asked the friend.

"Down to the bank," replied Martin. "I'm trying to negotiate a loan and to convince them it's safe. I have a complete budget showing how the money is to be spent."

The bankers were hard to convince, so Martin became a stunt flyer to earn enough money to finance a small plane factory, and earned a reputation as number one daredevil. This was to haunt him later, for after he became head of a big business his bankers recalled his breakneck past and made him agree that he wouldn't so much as set foot in a plane which had its motors running. The stipulation stood for many years. Then, one bright day, Martin got aboard a commercial transport and flew to the West Coast. He's been up as regularly as a homing pigeon since, and the bankers haven't said a word.

TODAY Martin's planes are found on every battle front. They include an array of deadly and majestic aircraft. Among them are the Mars, the world's biggest seaplane, with a weight of 140,000 pounds and a speed of better than 200 miles an hour; the B-26 Marauder, a medium bomber; the Baltimore, or A-30, a lighter bomber; and the PBM-3, a big flying-boat patrol bomber used by the Navy.

The most spectacular of the progeny is the B-26 Marauder, which has been called a "dynamite stick with wings." The plane has been much criticized, and this has distressed Martin. The Marauder became known as a man-killer, and for a time it was reported that the Army intended to discontinue it. But a little group of Army flyers had faith in it, and the record it has made in England would seem to justify the faith. Marauders flew 4,000 sorties against the Nazis in two and a half months and lost only thirteen planes. Martin holds that this record hasn't been touched by any other bomber.

He had no formal engineering education, yet he is respected by the aviation industry as one of its top engineers. He has a hand in every Martin airplane design, in spite of the fact that he has thousands of engineers working for him. He has developed a sixth sense for good aircraft design. He can look at a design for a big ship and tell how it will feel in flight. He makes his decision within a few seconds. If he shakes his head and walks away, his engineers don't argue. They just go back and try again.

Martin's mother, Araminta DeLong Martin, tells how, shortly before he was born, she dreamed of flying on silver wings. She regarded it as an augury and did everything she could to encourage Glenn's early interest in flying. At any rate, it was at Macksburg, Iowa—where he was born fifty-eight years ago—that he got his first lessons in aeronautical engineering, by flying box kites. He was a champion kite builder as a boy and designed a new type which he manufactured in the kitchen and sold to other boys.

His father, Clarence Y. Martin, a hardware merchant, had a penchant for moving around, and when Glenn had completed high school and a two-year business course at Kansas Wesleyan University, his family moved to Santa Ana, California. There Glenn worked in a garage and eventually opened his own establishment with an agency for Ford and Maxwell automobiles. He experimented with gliders and then tackled his first airplane, laboring nights in an abandoned church for thirteen months, the while his mother held a kerosene lamp to light his work.

The only actual engineering knowledge that went into the construction was gained from a book on bridgebuilding. Martin figured stresses and loads on his plane on the assumption that it was like an inverted bridge. When he started the engines and wheeled it around to face the rising sun on the morning of August 1, 1909, he had no certainty whether it would fly, swim, or burrow. But when he gave the motorized box kite the gun, it waddled across the field and rose into the air. He flew only a few feet above the ground and came back. Day after day he went just a little higher. Finally he was flying hundreds of feet in the air, and the townspeople began to protest. Their concern for Martin's safety was well founded. The plane had a top speed of forty-two miles an hour and would stall if he dropped below thirty-eight.

It was then that Martin took to stunt flying to finance other planes. At county fairs, where he gave exhibitions, he became friendly with a young acrobatic clown named Joe E. Brown, who went on to achieve a fame of his own. Brown

taught him how to fall in such a way as to lessen the shock of crack-ups.

In the barnstorming days the Martin plane factory was run strictly on a touch-and-go basis. Glenn hired a few workmen to turn out planes for sportsmen pilots, but no one ever knew from one day to the next whether the young manufacturer would still be alive, or whether he would make enough money to keep the plant going. When things got tough, Martin would put the pressure on some innocent citizen to buy an automobile, and his salesmanship as much as his flying talents kept the plant going.

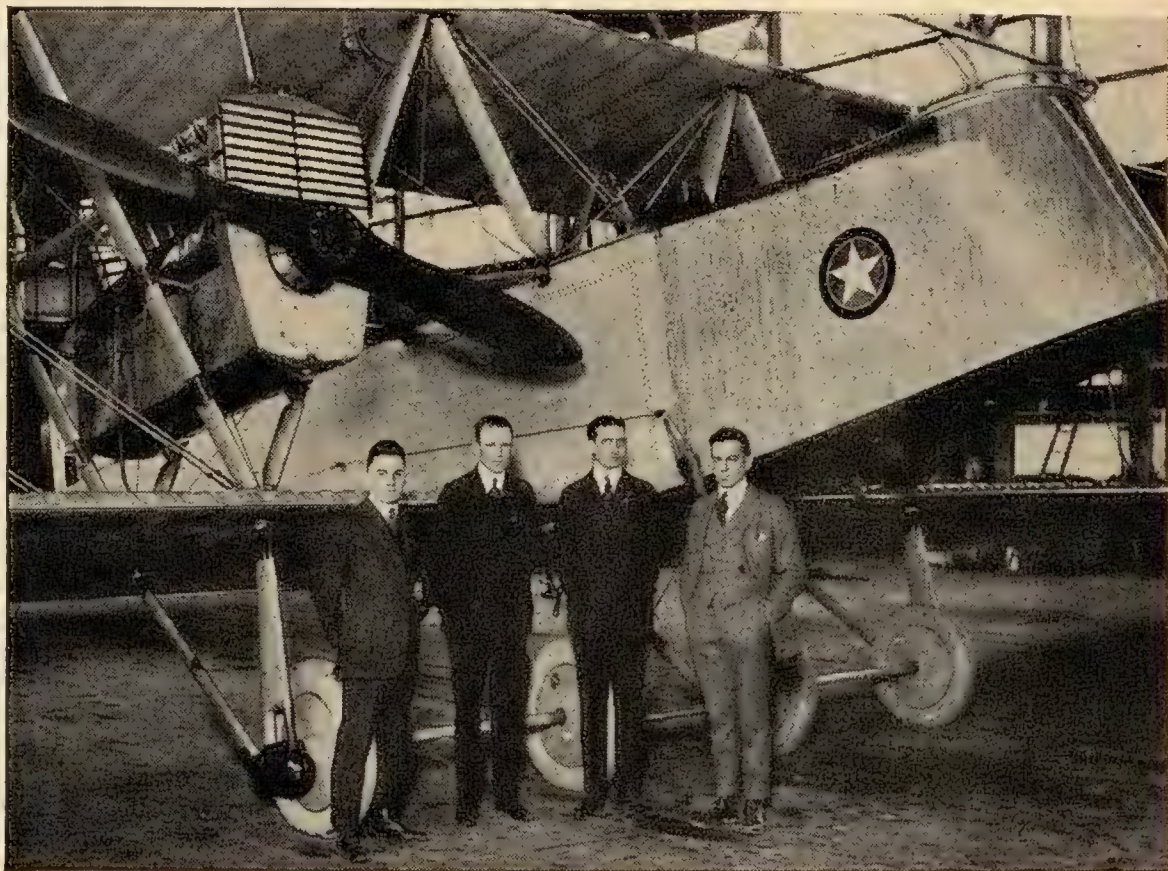
The stunt flyers of those days were a reckless lot who affected loud clothes and wore their checkered caps backward. But Martin wore somber, neat clothes and was called "the Flying Dude." By shattering world's records, hunting escaped convicts from the air, and carrying messages from one mayor to another, he kept his name constantly in the papers. He was a solemn, horn-rimmed youth who looked more like a Sunday-school teacher than like a daredevil.

MARTIN once played the hero's role in a Mary Pickford movie called *The Girl of Yesterday*. The plot called for Mary to make a flight and Martin was the only flyer she trusted. He earned \$700 a week and, wearing his spectacles and a faint look of disdain throughout, established what many consider a record for the school of wooden acting.

His hippodroming led to two significant aviation advances. One was the development of the free-fall parachute. His county fair repertoire called for a young lady (Tiny Broadwick) to drop from his plane with a loosely folded parachute. He conceived the idea of putting the chute in a pack, and he watched her go over the side with the new device for the first time in June, 1913. Martin took out patents on this "life vest," and predicted that one day it would be used to drop troops from planes.

The second outgrowth of his circus flying had even greater implications. One night, as a movie stunt, he dropped

(Continued on page 65)



1919 photograph of L. D. Bell, Donald W. Douglas, Glenn L. Martin, and test pilot Eric Springer with the Martin BM, famed in its day as a bomber.

The BATTLE of the RUHR

BY HILARY A. ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS

London.

WE will not allow a single bomb from a hostile aircraft to hit the Ruhr." So said Marshal Göring, speaking to a huge concourse of Krupp workers in Essen on August 8, 1939. Less than four years later, more than 7,000 tons of bombs had fallen on Essen. By the end of July, 1943, the Battle of the Ruhr was over. Only now has the time come to take stock of this finest achievement to date of the Royal Air Force.

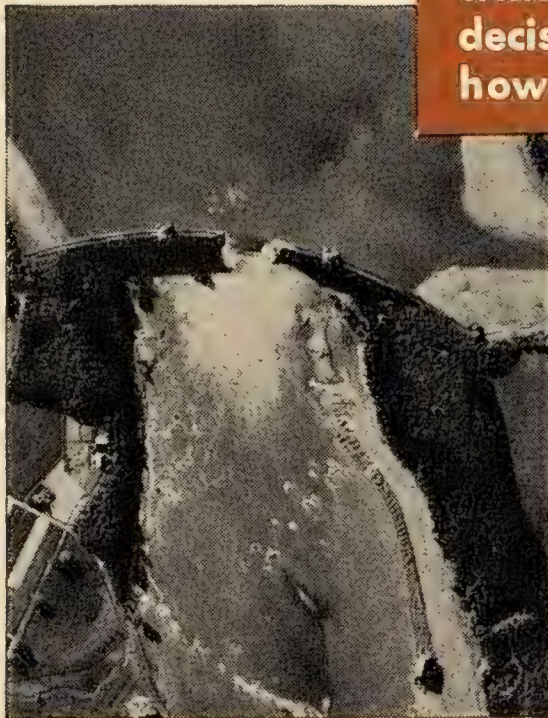
The Ruhr is the industrial heart of Germany, and, most fortunately for the United Nations, that heart is situated on the outer circumference of the enemy's carcass. The Ruhr Valley measures some fifteen miles north to south and forty miles east to west, and contains, together with the neighboring Rhine Valley, 60 per cent of all Germany's coal and steel. Within that small area a population of three and a quarter million Germans, living in a density of more than 20,000 to the square mile, forged the weapons of war which Hitler and the German General Staff were convinced would secure their country's victory.

The target was in many respects ideal. It was well within range of heavy bombers and the number of military objectives in its area was very great. Moreover, it was impossible for the Germans to disperse the Ruhr industries. No means has yet been found of shifting a coal mine or a blast furnace or an iron-and-steel foundry. To put the Ruhr out of action even for a week would alter the course of the war in our favor, while to keep it out, or virtually out, would make victory certain. The stakes, then, were very high when Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, Air Officer in Chief commanding Bomber Command, began his attack on the night of March 5-6, 1943.

For three and a half years the Air Staff had had its eye on the Ruhr and that part of the Rhineland adjacent to it, but it took some time for Bomber Command to increase its strength to a point where a series of continuous heavy attacks could be launched. A few pinpricks were delivered in 1940 and 1941, and attacks on a slowly increasing scale were made at intervals until the night of the Great Experiment. On May 30-31, 1942, a thousand bombers raided Cologne, a little north of the Ruhr. The purpose was to discover whether, without incurring crippling casualties, it was possible to put a very large force of bombers over a heavily defended target, overwhelm the defenses, and do a great deal of damage in the shortest possible time.

The raid proved it could be done. The losses were low, and the results, 250 factories destroyed or badly damaged, highly encouraging; but the Air Staff was not entirely satisfied and the experiments were continued at intervals throughout 1942.

One other thing was necessary before the onslaught on the Ruhr could



Lancaster bombers tore this breach in the Möhne dam—loosing millions of gallons of water to flood the blasted valley of the Ruhr. All facilities were wiped out and the region devastated.



In six great raids upon the heart of industrial Germany Essen was obliterated. Photo is a mosaic of the Krupp Works built up from RAF reconnaissance photographs made after the last raid.

The Ruhr is Germany's industrial heart. The aerial assault which stilled it was one of the decisive battles of all time. Here's how it was fought—and won

be delivered—a new technique for lighting up the target. Flares were too momentary. Buildings blazing by the dozen, whole streets aflame, wide rivers of fire were needed. To provide these is the main task of the Path Finders. These men are volunteers specially selected for their skill and resolution. They fly equipped with technical devices which enable them to find the target with very great accuracy and then to set it ablaze with incendiaries. They were first in operation in January, 1943, and they proved their worth in the opening assault on the Ruhr in March, when 1,000 tons of bombs were dropped on Essen. It was the opening of the battle.

Once the Path Finders have discovered the target, they are followed after an interval of a few minutes by the bombers, carrying mostly high explosive. This they drop in the shortest possible space of time. In the attack on Bochum on May 13-14 more than five "cookies" (4,000-pound bombs) were dropped each minute, and the same rate of discharge was maintained against Düsseldorf ten nights later. The attack on Duisburg on May 12-13, when 1,600 tons of bombs were dropped, was over in forty-five minutes.

Such a concentration of aircraft—"There seemed to be a thundering regiment of bombers behind and above us," as one pilot has described it—needs most accurate timing if collisions are to be avoided. Flying against Dortmund, two Lancasters were so close to each other that the rear gunner of one of them saw the starboard wing of the other flash over the tail plane of his own aircraft. There is also the risk that aircraft flying at a lower level may be hit by those flying higher. In the attack on Elberfeld an incendiary dropped from above struck the bomb release of a Lancaster as it was running in and freed the bombs several seconds too soon. Some nights later a Stirling returned with the fins of three incendiaries dropped by another bomber wedged in its wing.

The assault on the Ruhr and on part of the neighboring Rhine Valley had three main objectives. First, the Ruhr proper, including Essen, Dortmund, Bochum, and Duisburg, with their satellites Mülheim, Oberhausen, Gelsenkirchen, and Remscheid; second, the cities of Düsseldorf and Cologne; and, third, subsidiary targets such as Münster, Barmen, Elberfeld, Krefeld, and Hülse.

If the Ruhr is the heart of industrial Germany, Essen is the heart of the Ruhr, and the heart of Essen is the Krupp plant. It produces locomotives, heavy guns, torpedo tubes, armor plate, tanks, tank engines, armored cars, artillery tractors, crankshafts, and bombs of

all descriptions. The factory, or series of factories, covers a little less than a square mile, and is bounded on the north and the south by railway lines. It is nearly always shrouded in fog and smoke, which the Germans augment by artificial means.

This shroud was pierced on the night of March 5-6, and it was pierced again on the night of the 12-13th, when another 1,000 tons fell on the city, and for a third time on the night of April 3-4, when the third 1,000 tons in less than a month came raining down. By then the center of the city was wiped out, fifty-three of the Krupp shops were destroyed or put out of action, and 85,000 square yards of the locomotive works badly damaged. In addition, 27 per cent of the buildings had been hit by high explosives, not counting those damaged or destroyed by fire. Work of every kind ceased for a week, and the total loss of production from the city was then estimated at two months.

But this was not the end. Another attack, unfortunately hampered by weather, was delivered on the night of April 30-May 1, when 750 tons were dropped. Then came the devastating raid four weeks later, when 1,250 tons fell. By then the city's civil population, including the workers, was fleeing in all directions, and for days the overloaded Ruhr railways carried nothing but refugee or food trains.

Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris gave Essen its *coup de grâce* on the night of July 25-26, when 2,000 tons of bombs were dropped. Thus in six attacks over a period of four and a half months, with a month's respite in June, Essen received about 7,000 tons of bombs, at a cost to the Royal Air Force of 118 bombers—an average weight of 60 tons per aircraft shot down. By then forty-eight heavy engineering shops and buildings in the Krupp works alone had been totally destroyed or had suffered major damage, and sixty-six had been hit.

WHILE Essen was thus being eliminated as a center of war production, other targets in the same area were suffering similar fates. In April heavy raids were made on Duisburg, the big inland port on the Rhine where most of the heavy Ruhr products are handled in transit. By May the entire center of the city was gutted. Its satellite town of Mülheim felt the weight of 2,000 tons of bombs in June. Wuppertal, Krefeld, Bochum, Oberhausen, Gelsenkirchen, and Münster were included in the program of destruction.

The defenses of all these towns were very strong, the enemy, as the nights went by, making greater and greater use of night fighters. The bombers had to fight their way in and out almost as vigorously as do Fortresses by day. Sergeant Mather from Australia, piloting a Halifax against Mülheim, had two engines put out of action over the city. Struggling home, he fought and shot down an ME-110 when only a few thousand feet above the sea, although, to lighten the Halifax, one turret had been dismantled and thrown overboard, together with everything else movable. Flying Officer Harvey's Lancaster was blown upside down over Gelsenkirchen. "I looked up," he reported, "and was amazed to see cloud. There hadn't been any before the aircraft had begun to drop. It was only then that I realized we must be flying upside down. I got the Lancaster right side up, and the same thing happened all over again."



Remscheid, one of Germany's principal centers of machine and precision tool manufacturing, has had its turn as a target for the heavy bombers. Photo shows damage to factories and railway station.



Duisburg has not been overlooked. Reconnaissance photograph shows severe damage to its chemical works and synthetic oil plant. Wrecked gas tanks can be seen, and roofless factories.

"Minnie the Moocher," a Lancaster, got back from Oberhausen with a dead rear gunner, a dazed and useless wireless operator, holes "as large as coconuts" in the fuselage, and both starboard propellers bent. Such narrow shaves are the lot of those who go out to bomb the most heavily defended spot in all Germany.

Fire was judged not enough to destroy the Ruhr. Water, too, could play its part, and water was available in enormous quantities—336 million tons of it—in two huge reservoirs, one at Möhne-Talsperre, twenty-five miles east of Dortmund, and the other a few miles away at Eder. To destroy the dams would deprive the whole area not only of water but also of electric power and light, while the floods caused would hamper and perhaps paralyze all means of transportation. Such an objective had never been successfully attacked.

SPECIALLY trained crews with special weapons went through a long course of special instruction at isolated bomber stations. They studied large-scale maps and models; they rehearsed elaborately and often, for they were to carry out what can be justly called a Commando raid from the air. This small force of experts was under the leadership of Wing Commander Guy P. Gibson, and after long days and nights of waiting for ideal weather the moment came at last on the night of May 16-17.

The Lancasters reached their objective dead on time. Wing Commander Gibson was the first to swoop to the attack. Among the passive defenses of the Möhne dam was an elaborate system of torpedo netting, and the wing commander determined to drop his load between the nets and the masonry. Flight Lieutenant H. B. Martin, captain of the third Lancaster to go into action, has vividly described the scene. "The wing commander's load," he said, "was placed just right, and I saw a spout of water shoot up 300 feet into the air. The Lancaster behind him attacked with equal accuracy, but there was still no sign of a breach. Then I went in, and what we dropped caused a huge explosion right up against the dam. It was not, however, until another load had been dropped that at last the dam broke." Meanwhile Wing Commander Gibson was flying up and down the dam deliberately drawing the fire of the defenses.

Photographs taken for several days after the attack show how devastating was its effect. In the Möhne dam a breach 230 feet wide was made. The water pouring through swept away a 6,000-kilowatt power station and entirely dislocated the flow of water to 300 pumping stations and waterworks situated all over the Ruhr. Furthermore, the network of canals which forms a vital element of the transportation system of that part of Germany was rendered useless. Many villages were destroyed or flooded in the Ruhr Valley. All rail and road bridges were swept away, and one of the main supports of the Herdecke viaduct on the Dortmund-Düsseldorf line was broken. All traffic was paralyzed for days. Within forty-eight hours of the attack the Möhne reservoir was nearly empty, a condition in which it still remains.

The breach blown in the Eder dam was 180 feet wide, and a wave thirty feet high at once swept down the valley for fifty miles. The 30,000-watt Ering-

(Continued on page 67)

WINGS ON HIS HEELS

America has her own entrant in the "perfect mile" sweepstakes—Bill Hulse, a young scientist who makes a science of running

BY HARMAN W. NICHOLS
and OSCAR FRALEY

NOW that science has proved on paper that a four-minute mile is possible, it is sending out one of its own men—a scientist—to put the blueprint into action.

This man is William Frank Hulse, and as he dabbles with test tubes and Bunsen burners during business hours he is the picture of a perfect scientist. But when the blond twenty-three-year-old youngster draws on spiked shoes and track suit he becomes a handsome, well muscled athlete who may well prove to be the perfect miler.

William Frank Hulse, as plain Bill Hulse, has run the outdoor mile faster than any other American, past or present; yet the public doesn't know overmuch about him. He is something of a Johnny-come-lately to the idolized mile set, a man of mystery who rocketed into a brief prominence last summer when he gave Gunder Hägg the scare of his track life.

Bill hasn't been around the cinder paths very long. It was only six years ago that he made his running debut as a gangling New York University freshman. At the N. Y. U. freshman camp Emil Von Elling, shrewd track coach of the Violets, spotted him as a fine prospect and invited him to try out for the cross-country team.

It has taken those six years to prove that Von Elling was right—that here was a kid with wings on his heels. They were six years of disappointments, but now the "also-ran" college miler believes he is just the man to prove science is right about that four-minute mile, even though most track experts believe it impossible.

The perfect miler, so far, is just a runner on paper, a mathematical man who lopes along on curves and charts. He's the creation of Dr. Alfred W. Francis, and, according to the doctor's rather mystical figuring, he can do the mile in 3:58.7!

And where does that leave Bill



Running the mile in 4:06, an American record, Bill finished second to Hägg, but cured the fireman of the habit of looking over his shoulder.

Hulse? Well, Arne Andersson of Sweden has stepped the mile in 4:02.6. His countryman Hägg, has run it in 4:04.6. Bill Hulse did it last summer in 4:06. That seems to fall considerably short of 4 minutes flat, let alone that 3:58.7.

Yet Lawson Robertson, famous University of Pennsylvania and Olympic track coach, thinks our man Hulse would be a cinch to kick off a four-minute mile if properly paced—not by other runners, as Glenn Cunningham was when he hit off his unrecognized 4:04.4 indoor mile at Dartmouth, but by a mechanical rabbit such as the greyhounds pursue at the dog tracks.

Bill Hulse doesn't go in for any foolish fly-by-night schemes, but in the name of science, if the four-minute riddle has to be solved that way, he'll run against Br'er Rabbit. However he attacks the problem, it's a pretty lofty ambition for a young man who less than a year ago was practically unknown to the generality of the country's mile fans.

HOW did he get this way? Hulse was always a good student if not always a good runner. He attended high school in Netcong, New Jersey, and wound up his senior year as the class salutatorian with a scholastic average of better than 95 per cent. College at New York University was not quite so easy, since he had to sandwich organic and inorganic chemistry in with the various jobs that paid for his education—ushering, janitoring, and waiting on table.

When he was a kid he spent more time learning how to be a good Boy Scout than how to become a good

runner, and he admits he was nothing to write home about as a high-school athlete. He started out humbly enough as a water boy for the Netcong football team, and later branched out into basketball. The track coach coaxed him into intramural competition in his senior year, and he chose the high jump, in which he made an ordinary leap of five feet four inches.

At the outset of his collegiate career as an athlete Bill wasn't what you would call a world-beater. He says he was a perfect bust at basketball and baseball, but he was determined to take up something "even if it was nothing more than a gentle game of toss the bean bag." He elected track as the easiest way out, but it proved to be one of the hardest. He went to N. Y. U.'s freshman camp and won the high jump, but Von Elling was more interested in his potentialities as a runner.

He made the cross-country team and, indoors, won his track numeral—but again as a high jumper. During the following outdoor season Von Elling got him down to 2:04 for the half mile, and Bill pared that to 1:50.7 in his senior year. That still is the school record.

It wasn't until his senior year that he ran his first mile. They needed some one to help fill in the wide gap of daylight that always appeared between Leslie MacMitchell, N. Y. U.'s great miler, and the rest of the field; so Von Elling asked Hulse if he would try the mile in a dual meet against Temple. He did, and turned in a respectable 4:25 performance as he finished second to MacMitchell. It was the first of many such endings, for until the end of his college days he spent most of his time picking cinders out of his eyes, cinders

flicked up by the flying spikes of the mighty MacMitchell.

In his junior year Hulse qualified for the national collegiates in California, but he didn't even place. He was off with the field in the mile run, but at the first turn a little dog trotted out onto the cinders, and Bill, a dog lover, gave chase. Unfortunately, the dog wasn't running in the same direction as the track men, and by the time Bill realized it he had been lapped.

Throughout those college years, while Hulse was chasing teammate MacMitchell to new records in this part of the world, a Swede with flopping hair was burning up the tracks in his native land. It was Gunder Hägg, the Flying Fireman of Gävle, and, as word of his exploits trickled through the war dispatches, the National A. A. U. invited him to come to this country and try his footwork against some of our boys.

Track reporters dreamed up dream miles and dream two miles and dream metric miles. Mentioned as likely competition for the swift Swede were barrel-chested Greg Rice, former Notre Dame star, now in the Merchant Marine, Don Burnham of Dartmouth, Jim Rafferty of Fordham, and Gil Dodds, the thundering theologian from Boston. MacMitchell was in the service.

Somebody suggested that the field might be small, and why not call on the New York Athletic Club's Bill Hulse? Once again, as in college, big Bill was to go along for the run—"just some one to fill in the field." But by this

time Bill had started to earn recognition as a half-miler, and, furthermore, had shown that he was building up for distance running by clicking off two thirds of a mile in the world record time of 2:39.9.

The first Hägg race was a match affair in New York between the Swede and Rice at 5,000 meters. Bill Hulse sat in the stands that day the Flying Fireman ended the long winning streak of the out-of-condition Rice. A few hours later Bill learned that he had been selected to make the tour with Hägg. He asked for a two-weeks vacation from his defense job and trained diligently, doing five to ten miles of cross country a day and polishing up on his speed with time trials on the cinders.

THEN came that afternoon at Berea, Ohio—the day Big Bill became America's fastest outdoor miler. Hägg, Gill Dodds, and Hulse toed the mark. Bill was off at the crack of the gun and grabbed the lead. He held it through the first turn, when Hägg pulled out front, and finally coasted back to third place behind Dodds at the quarter-mile mark. At the turn into the stretch, Hulse gathered himself, hustled past Dodds, and concentrated on the flying heels of the slender Swede. That was one time Hägg couldn't afford to watch proceedings over his shoulder.

As Hägg streaked across the finish line, Hulse was only a stride behind and pulling up fast. In another five yards he would have overtaken Gun-

der. Hägg was clocked in 4:05.4—only one tenth of a second under the record he set the previous week in Boston. In finishing second, Hulse was timed in 4:06 flat—the fastest outdoor mile ever run by an American.

On top of that, last Thanksgiving Day, Hulse won the National A. A. U. 10,000 meters cross-country championship at Baltimore in new course record time. That's significant. It was cross-country running that made Glenn Cunningham's great indoor campaigns possible.

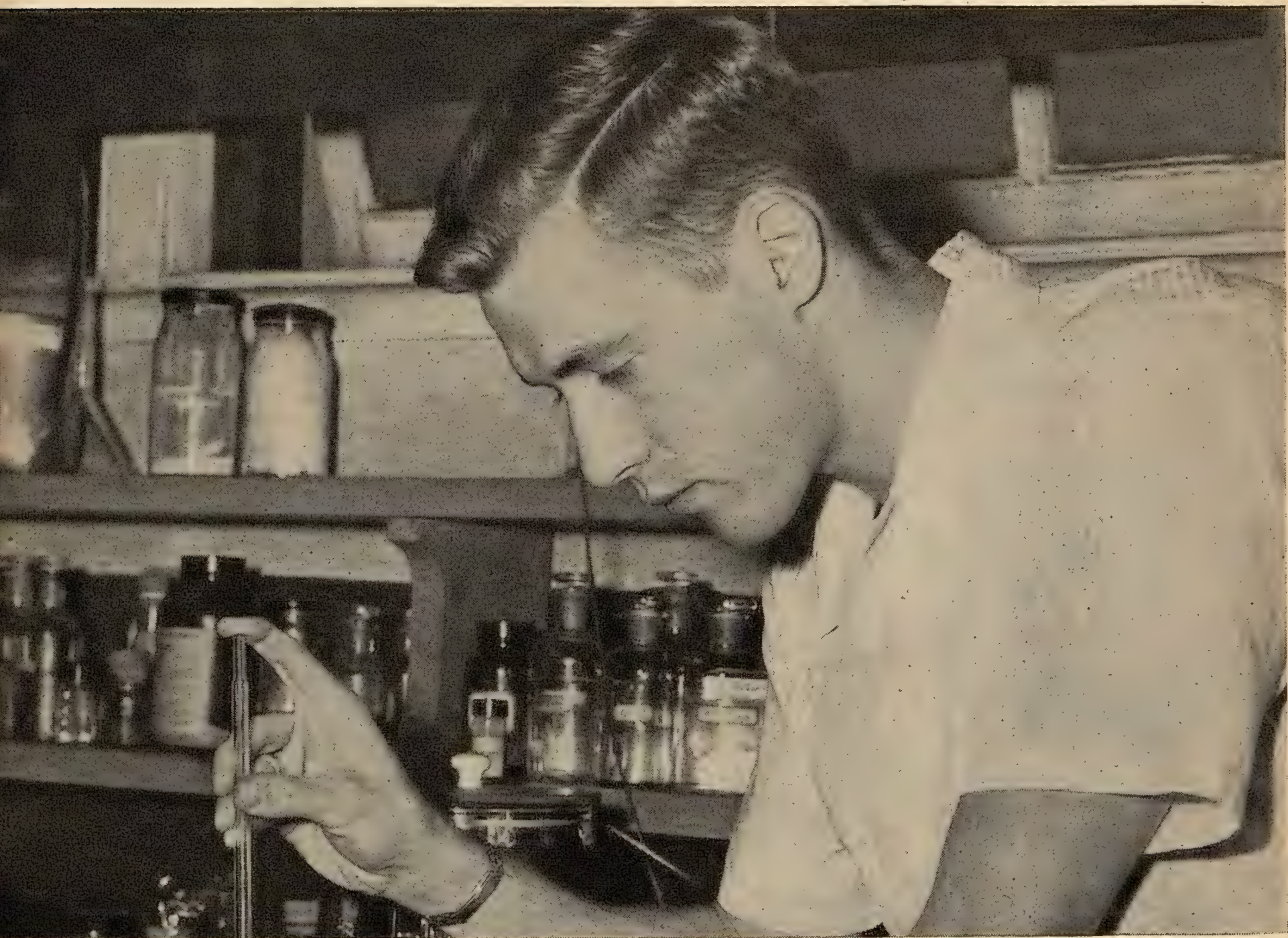
Emil Von Elling, who started Hulse along the mile road, explains his protégé's rapid improvement with the statement: "Bill has come of age physically."

Whatever the explanation, Hulse comes honestly by those churning, muscular legs that almost ruined Hägg's triumphant tour. His father, Frank, was a sprinter and low-hurdler at Rhode Island State College. And it's from his dad, a man with a booming laugh, that the handsome youngster gets his quiet brand of humor.

Explaining why he is still single, Bill says blushing: "There was a girl—a professor's daughter at N. Y. U. But she was too fast for me and she got away."

Bill has no time for the girls now. He's after that four-minute mile and is training constantly. And from the determined way the kid from Passaic is going at it, he threatens to do it even if science reconsiders and declares that the magic figure is impossible.

THE END



Bill's job keeps him in the laboratory of the U. S. Rubber Co., but keep your eye on him as a prospect to run the four-minute mile.



PHOTO FROM BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY

It usually takes 60 days to re-line a blast furnace, but old Number Six was back in war service in 18 days 20½ hours.

DO MORE AND YOU GET MORE

BY A. D. RATHBONE IV

THERE was no doubt about it, old Number Six would have to be re-lined again. No one could legitimately complain, for Number Six was the second oldest blast furnace at the steel mill. In sixty-four years it had spewed out millions of tons of mighty fine pig iron, with only fifteen re-lining jobs.

The old furnace deserved new bricks, all right—but it was tough to think of the drop in wartime production while the furnace was idle. It usually takes about sixty days to re-line a blast furnace, and Number Six had been turning out around 21,000 tons of pig iron a month. You can make a lot of good wartime steel from 21,000 tons of pig iron! Somehow the job had to be speeded up.

So one morning, just after the night shift had completed its cast from Number Six and while the repair crew was moving in on the job, they “tapped the salamander”—the steel man’s term for extracting the mass of partially reduced ore from the hearth of a blast furnace. With semi-molten steel still in the hearth not much could be done, but this was a hurry-up job and the gang didn’t wait. They tore out penstocks, hanger pipe, splash plate, mud gun, and all the other equipment in the cast house. As soon as the wind was off the furnace, men swarmed to the top of the still hot

It never fails—when a man can earn an extra dollar or two he’ll work harder and better. Here’s the story about incentive wages

86-foot stack and began the cleaning process.

And that’s the way the whole job went. Riggers and carpenters installed a swinging scaffold with masons and bricklayers literally troweling at their heels. It takes hundreds of thousands of bricks to line a blast furnace, but old Number Six was back in wartime service in the unprecedented time of 18 days 20½ hours.

That happened at the Johnstown plant of the Bethlehem Steel Company, and it is an outstanding example of what a carefully thought out, properly administered system of “incentive wage” compensation can accomplish. Everybody wins. Management gains time and increases production; a nation at war has more steel; and the workers go home

with fatter pocketbooks because they are paid extra for doing more work in fewer than the allotted hours.

The “incentive” idea is very much in the air these days. The Baruch manpower report urged, among other corrective measures, incentive wages for workers and incentive contracts for manufacturers. Vice-Chairman of the War Production Board Charles E. Wilson has been selling the idea to industry at large as a method of boosting production. The WPB itself has set up a new management consultant division to encourage war-work contractors to adopt compensation programs that stimulate output without increasing the cost per unit.

The War Manpower Commission keeps its fingers crossed and hopes that incentive pay will help a little in solving the labor shortage. Even labor unions are no longer averse to fair and proper applications of incentives. Recently the National Maritime Union asked for a form of incentive pay as an inducement to get seamen to remain aboard their ships. There have been numerous instances in which incentive plans were established in co-operation with union leaders on bases that proved fair to both sides. As for the worker with a lid on his pay, an incentive wage is the one legal tool available with which he may lift that lid.

Fundamentally, the idea is neither complex nor new. Application of it to old Number Six was nothing new so far as the Bethlehem Steel Company was concerned. Not only has open-hearth construction and repair at Bethlehem plants been accomplished on an incentive basis for many years, but the idea has been successfully applied to a wide variety of other operations. Today 72.2 per cent of all Bethlehem's steel-plant workers are on some form of incentive pay.

Steel men didn't wait for the pressure of this war to study how to attain maximum production by paying individuals extra for extra services rendered. Andrew Carnegie, who began laying foundations for his great steel enterprises in 1868, had sound pioneer ideas concerning the incentive pay system. Among the young men to benefit from his profit-sharing plans was Charles Michael Schwab, who began his steel career as a stake driver in one of Carnegie's engineering corps and at forty-three became chairman of the board of the then reorganized Bethlehem Steel Corporation.

When Schwab went to Bethlehem in 1905, he took along not only the Carnegie ideas but also some well formed theories of his own. He believed thoroughly in a bonus system, but on a monthly basis. He maintained that the average man couldn't show much enthusiasm today for a reward which was to be his a year hence.

Schwab lost no time in putting his doctrine to work at Bethlehem. Convinced there was sufficient youthful talent already on the firm's pay roll to take charge of the company's operations under his tutelage, he chose fourteen young men, later to become known as "the Boys of Bethlehem," to serve in various executive capacities. And "boys" they were—E. G. Grace, now chief executive of the firm, was just twenty-nine the day he and his associates sat down for their first conference with the new boss.

At that initial session Schwab laid down the principle of giving as many employees as possible an interest in and a share in results. Stated explicitly, his idea was: Whoever you are, if you can cut cost, if you can increase tonnage, you deserve and shall have a share in the earnings.

From that time, when Bethlehem's employees numbered about 3,000, to the present, when they total around 300,000, Schwab's doctrine has been the dominating management-labor policy at Bethlehem. Today, after thirty-eight years of experience, the firm's officials feel they have been and are on the right road.

If incentive pay had had no effect, they say, if it had been a "gyp" from the standpoint of either labor or management, the whole business would have washed out long ago.

When asked recently how the system has progressed, Mr. Grace pointed out that, over the years, it has expanded normally following the methodical course of a sound economic theory. He and his associates are today justly proud of their ability to maintain, increase, and constantly divert into more and more workers' pockets the ever-growing flow of incentive pay begun by Charles M. Schwab back in 1905.

"It is very gratifying and encouraging," Mr. Grace said, "to find more and more people who recognize the importance of individual effort and initiative. Here at Bethlehem, to augment and en-

courage it, our managerial organization is set up in divisions, each headed by an executive officer. Under him, and in accord with one incentive plan or another, each group of managerial employees becomes interested in the results as a whole, not merely in what takes place on each individual desk. They have the same view of the broad picture as do the chief executive officers, and they participate proportionately in the results.

"The next logical step in extending incentive pay was from general management to the various Bethlehem plants. Each plant has its manager and his staff; each is departmentalized. Plant manager, staff, and all departments, their superintendents and employees, are exposed to incentive pay benefits of some type. They now apply to nearly every occupation needed in the manufacture of steel. We have found satisfactory methods to encourage and reward initiative and skill in the foundries and the forges, among yard labor and on the cinder dump.

"As far as possible, incentive compensation is based upon the efforts of an individual employee. But whenever a group of employees is engaged on a single task or in a joint effort, incentive compensation is measured by the results accomplished by the group. Increased productivity of the individual or his group means increased earnings for him and them. Indifference or incompetence of the individual brings about decreased earnings, not only for him but also for his group. Every man in the group, therefore, has an incentive not only to put forth his best efforts but to discourage ineffectiveness in others."

In those few sentences the president of Bethlehem Steel Company has succinctly summarized what must have been a long, hard row to hoe. In the beginning, both management and labor had many things to learn, with literally thousands of major and minor obstacles to overcome. Today the records show that over a period of years Bethlehem employees have received a higher average hourly pay than have most other workers in the steel industry. This holds true even in comparison with steel companies where the base pay rate has been higher. The fact that the net "take-home" pay has been higher at Bethlehem is traceable to the incentive wage program.

In the very early days, with few employees, the incentive rate plan wasn't too difficult to apply, but as the list of Bethlehem steel products from its forty-one steel and manufacturing plants, fabricating works, shipbuilding yards and ship-repair yards grew, new problems arose. How would you proceed, for example, to establish piecework rates for the hundred or so men of many trades needed to repair and re-line old Number Six blast furnace? Wouldn't it give you a momentary pause to be faced with the job of setting a method of incentive payment for riggers, carpenters, painters, erectors, linemen and wiremen, the men on the cinder dump, common laborers—and, of all things, pattern shop workers, in the shop where practically everything that is built comes into being for the first time and must be carefully hand-wrought?

The answer to these manifold problems
(Continued on page 69)

HOW INCENTIVE WAGE PLANS WORK

PRODUCTION

BEFORE
INTRODUCTION
OF PLANS



AFTER
INTRODUCTION
OF PLANS



100% =
EFFICIENT
OUTPUT



WAGES

BEFORE
INTRODUCTION
OF PLANS



AFTER
INTRODUCTION
OF PLANS



SOURCE: Study by the War Production Board of 16 war plants in New York and New Jersey

PICTOGRAPH CORPORATION

A JOB FOR GOOF-UP

Superman had nothing on Goof-Up, the wonderman of the Army, but sergeants and wives only believe what they see. So another hilarious letter goes to F. D. R.

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt
The White House
Washington, D. C.

Personal

DEAR Mr. President: While I fully realize that a private is not supposed to contact his Commander in Chief except through channels, I am taking the liberty of writing you direct because I do feel you might possibly be interested in a quick and simple method of bringing peace and the Four Freedoms to the world. And, apparently, Sergeant Grite isn't. When I asked him for permission to see the captain about writing to you, he said, "Crawford, if you're not satisfied with a week's K. P. for that affair, just remind me again and I'll double the ante."

He was referring to the night Goof-Up, Ed Barnes, and myself were on the very brink of settling the world's troubles for good and all; and, as a matter of fact, Mr. President, this happy state would be here right this minute if Goof-Up hadn't forgotten his handkerchief. And now, instead of being world-wide heroes, we are on K. P. But they laughed, Mr. President, at Columbus.

However, Mr. President, this opportunity is still open, in the event you might be interested, and the project can be carried out any evening that suits your convenience, though preferably not on a rainy night on account of Goof-Up's sinus trouble.

Incidentally, Mr. President, this let-

ter will serve as a reply to the greetings you sent me at the time I was called up for induction.

I must give credit to Ed Barnes for first discovering a clue to Goof-Up's uncanny abilities. Ed Barnes was inducted along with me, and, as you no doubt will remember from my previous letters, he used to be our town garbage collector at Prairie Center.

I was preparing for bed in the barracks one night when Ed drifted over. "Will," he said admiringly, "you are, next to me, the best bedmaker in the barracks." Then, with a glance around, he said, "Look, Will. Have you noticed Goof-Up?"

This seemed a silly question. Everybody in the company had noticed Goof-Up with sorrow, disdain, or amusement, according to temperament. Every company has one, Mr. President—a company goat. Goof-Up can't march. He can't stand at attention. He can't learn his General Orders. And such things as the correct manner of wearing the uniform or adjusting the full field pack or policing his bunk area are apparently occult mysteries to him. And he is always on K. P. for sleeping in the mornings. He is a big fellow, almost six and a half feet tall, and beautifully built, but just plain worthless. Or so it seemed, Mr. President.

"Goof-Up's got something," Ed whispered. "He's a wonderman."

I looked down to where the big fellow was wiping his nose while poring over one of the comic books he read constantly. I'm afraid I made a derisive sound.

"All right, wait and see, smart guy," Ed said testily.

Lights went out, but there was a full moon and I could see Goof-Up preparing for bed.

He stripped down, unlocked his foot locker and took out what looked like a pair of pajamas, which he put on. Then he lighted a cigarette, put it in his right ear, and lay down on his left ear. Presently the barracks was quiet except for the regular breathing of sleeping men. Curious, I watched the glow of the cigarette in the darkness. After a time, Goof-Up suddenly awakened, snatched the butt from his ear, and settled back again. Presently there was the nightly bed check, during which Goof-Up snored lustily. But the door had scarcely closed on the O. D. when Goof-Up slipped out of bed.

"Now, watch," Ed had crept beside my bunk.

Goof-Up was crouching in the open window. Outlined in the moonlight, he was a beautiful physical specimen, even in the baggy pajamas or whatever it was he was wearing. He had his old carpetbag in one hand. Then he made a little hop and was gone.

I gasped. We were in the second story of the barracks, and it was rocky below. I jumped to the window and looked out, expecting to see Goof-Up sprawled below. Then I blinked and looked again. The moon was bright. There was no place to hide alongside the bare wall of the barracks. Thirty feet beyond was a high mesh fence. Goof-Up hadn't had time to get out of sight—but he was gone.

I turned to Ed. "What the devil?"

Ed nodded, satisfied. "Well, didn't I tell you he was a wonderman? He goes out like this almost every night. That cigarette in his ear wakes him up just before bed check."

"But—where does he go?"

"That's just it. He just jumps and—poof!" Ed made gestures indicating a cloud of smoke. Then he yawned. "Well, see you in the morning, Will. Hard day ahead." And he went to bed.

I was just dozing off again when a light flashed in my eyes. I blinked. "Awake, huh?" came Sergeant Grite's biting voice. "Where's Comet?"

Comet, Mr. President, is Goof-Up's name. No first name. No middle name. Simply Comet.

"Goof-Up? Why, I—don't know."

"You don't know! Nobody knows! Well, I knew it wasn't human for a
(Continued on page 52)



He swooped straight for the earth, headed for a little white cottage.

LIBERTY





Lieutenant (j. g.) Frank Cankar, U. S. Coast Guard

SEAGOING CIGAR BOX

A trip on an LCI across the Atlantic to a shell-swept landing on a Sicilian beach is a voyage strictly not de luxe

BY PHILIP HARKINS

IN the Civil War the ingenious Yankees constructed an ironclad ship that looked like a big floating cheesebox. Its name was the Monitor, and it worked. Today Yankee ship chandlers have worked out another weird seagoing contraption that looks like a cigar box—and works. It is called an LCI—landing craft infantry. When the spindrift begins its mournful song and blue waves turn into menacing green snow-capped mountains, the members of its cursing crew give it another name—Lousy Civilian Idea.

This is the story of an LCI—how it crossed the Atlantic under its own power and crunched onto the shingle at Sicily and Salerno under the fire of German guns. The story comes from Lieutenant (j. g.) Frank Cankar of the Coast Guard, whose five shrapnel wounds have sent him home to shore duty. Frank, a good-looking curly-haired young man from Waukegan, Illinois, was the executive officer aboard this LCI, which left the Gulf of Mexico last spring, fought its way through Atlantic storms, and then took part in what is euphemistically called an “amphibious operation.”

There were twenty-nine Coast Guardsmen aboard this seagoing Trojan horse—four officers and twenty-five crewmen—and a dog called Soogie, after the swab used to scrub decks.

What makes an LCI look like a cigar box is its square conning station, which juts up out of the main deck. In the heavy weather Frank Cankar's LCI encountered during at least a third of the trip across the Atlantic, the conning station was the only part of the LCI visible to other ships, and at times it looked like a submarine. However, the convoy of LCIs was large and its place and position well known to the destroyer escort, so no mistakes were made and the LCIs were unmolested, save by the ferocious green-gray waves that thundered against their strange shapes.

Actually, there were times when the trip wasn't half bad, according to Cankar—times when Frank could sunbathe and imagine he was on the shuffeboard deck of the Ile de France. To help the illusion, there were elegant

meals served up by cook Jules Fassy, former chef at the Royal Palm Hotel in Miami.

Jules missed the big ovens of the Royal Palm, but he did wonders with the oil stoves of the LCI and the menus at times were positively epicurean. At other times there were no menus, for the LCI would roll and pitch so severely that even a culinary genius like Jules Fassy could not coax a meal out of the oil stoves. Not that it mattered then, for practically all hands had become violently sick.

“A FOUR-HOUR watch in the conning station of an LCI in heavy weather is a workout you'll never forget,” says Mr. Cankar earnestly. “It's like climbing to the top of a ten-foot platform and jumping off, climbing back up and jumping off. I'd go below from a watch in the conning station feeling like the apple at the bottom of the bushel basket, bruised and green.

“The spindrift would whistle by and the waves would crunch against that LCI. She'd ride up a mountainous sea, all 153 feet of her, and then slap down hard into the trough, shuddering all along her hull, which is about as flat as a pancake because the LCI has to be able to roll right onto the beach. You can imagine what it's like with a hull like that in an Atlantic storm. Roll? Pitch? Listen. The men aboard the LCI have a regular chantey they sing when the seas start making up. It goes ‘Roll and pitch, pitch, you

— — — — —
“And then somebody will say, ‘The old washboard's starting up again.’ That's exactly what it was like—a washboard. Our LCI didn't have that corkscrew motion of a destroyer. It would just climb up and down the washboard. We'd rumble up to the top, and then bump and shudder all the way down. Topside in the conning station it was that platform business, jumping off, climbing up, jumping off. Below decks it was this washboard business. And I don't know which was worse. You should have seen us trying to get sunsights on the bridge in heavy seas. It was like the old cartoon of the

drunk wrapped around the lamp-post. You had to hang on, brother!

“Rough? A hundred and fifty-three feet, and no hull. You won't believe it, but one night that LCI hit a wave and picked me up in my berth, tossed me in the air, and turned me over like a flapjack. I used to sleep with my legs straddling the mattress as if it had been a race horse. When I'd get up to go on duty, I'd take off on the roll so my feet would hit the table we ate on, and then, with the next step, hit the deck.”

The LCI bounced along the coast of North Africa, swung to starboard, and churned up the channel into Lake Bizerte. That's about all that was left of Bizerte—the lake. The Coast Guardsmen let out deep sighs of relief and rushed for the mail at the Fleet Post Office. Then they relaxed for a while. Some visited Carthage, where wily Arabs sold fake old coins. Some swam. The weather was hot and the water of Lake Bizerte, though slightly dirty, looked very inviting. Frank Cankar took three swims a day, one before each meal.

Meanwhile the LCI rocked gently at anchor and the men could scarcely believe it was the same ship that had so recently put them through the wringer.

But scuttlebutt rumors flew thick and fast. Invasions were at hand. After all, the LCI hadn't come over just to enjoy the Tunisian summer. There was action ahead and some were going to get hurt. Heads were shaved, Mr. Cankar officiating with the ship shears. And when rumor said that if two wounded men were brought into sick bay, one shaven and one with a head of hair, the shaven one would be treated first, more heads were shaved, faster.

Then on July 6 they sailed for Sicily. “Every one got busy,” says Frank Cankar. “There was a last swim in Lake Bizerte and then we weighed anchor. Somewhere along the North African coast we picked up our contingent of soldiers, about 100 of them. Normally in an invasion an LCI would carry 200 soldiers, but this was a heavy-weapons company and the weapons took up a



LCIs landing troops in the invasion of Italy. Flat-bottomed and shallow draft, the boats are not built for comfort.

lot of room—not to mention the burros, which came along to haul the guns. With Soogie and the burros, we began to think we were aboard Noah's Ark."

With the flotilla of LCIs that formed part of the great invasion convoy, Cankar's craft sailed over the Mediterranean, waiting for the hour of attack. Mare Nostrum began to growl. In rising gray seas the LCI began to climb the washboard—to climb and bump and shudder down and climb again. It wasn't like the Atlantic, with a steady surface swell coming from one direction. The Mediterranean waves came every which way, in a sort of conga-samba motion, and the crew began to sing its chantey—"Roll and pitch, pitch," etc. Frank Cankar swears it was so rough you could see sky under one third of the flat hulls of the plunging LCIs. The burros snorted and stumbled; the soldiers began to look green; buckets were passed out.

Bruised, buffeted, nauseated, American sailors and soldiers aboard the LCI approached the shores of Sicily. For days the LCI had rolled and pitched, putting out the flames in Jules Fassy's oil stoves. Cold hot dogs were the menu, and the men turned from them in disgust. Cook Fassy worried about the boys going into battle on empty stomachs. Before leaving North Africa, he had baked a dozen mince-meat pies. Now, on the eve of invasion, he forgot his own misery long enough to prepare one good meal of spam and mince pies. No one touched it. Monsieur Fassy of the Royal Palm was heartbroken—and seasick.

MIDNIGHT drew near. The gale slackened. Aboard the LCI the soldiers were silent. Except for the rattle of gear and the shudders running along the flat hull, it was quiet. To port and starboard rode other invasion craft. An officer on deck broke the ominous silence. Off to starboard was a big LST (landing ship tank), much bigger than the LCI. The officer on the LCI called out over the rough Mediterranean, "Hello, mama!" Back over the waves floated the answer from the LST's bridge, "Hello, son!" They were sick and miserable and ap-

prehensive, but they would laugh if it killed them.

The voices made a friendly sound on the stormy, hostile Mediterranean. Off to port was another LCI, the one carrying the flotilla surgeon, Lieutenant Commander Gentile of Suffolk, Virginia. From the conning station Frank Cankar yelled, "Is the doctor there?"

"Yes," came the answer over the waves.

"You awake, doc?" yelled Cankar.

"You bet," called Lieutenant Commander Gentile.

"Well, stick close to us, doc—we love ya!" yelled Cankar.

Lieutenant Commander Gentile did stick close, as Frank Cankar was to know later.

Suddenly the gray shape of Sicily loomed ahead against a dark sky. It was still quiet, except for the usual ship sounds and the thump and crash of the sea. The crew went quietly about its tasks of preparing for the landing. The soldiers sat silent in the bottom of the boat. Then, with the suddenness of a tropical thunderstorm, the Navy barrage began. The curtain was up. White flashes brightened the sky; the roar of big guns dimmed the sound of the sea.

Dead ahead was their prearranged landing place, Licata. The LCI was about half a mile offshore when Sicily's guns began firing. The little red balls that were tracers arched out over the water. "It was like watching a tennis match," said Frank Cankar. "My head was swinging back and forth on a swivel."

German shells splashed around the LCI as she sped swiftly toward the roaring surf. Bullets pinged against her plates. The LCI's own guns were silent, under orders not to reveal her position. Commands were coming over the telephone to the officers fore and aft on deck: "Stand by to drop anchor." "Pay out cable." It was fairly heavy surf to the Coast Guardsmen; that meant a raging surf to the soldiers aboard the LCI.

Here at Licata there was no time for the usual Coast Guard trick of

waiting for a "slatch"—a comparative calm in the surf that follows a set of enormous waves in the regular rhythm of the sea. It was just a question of plunging ahead through the surf at two-thirds speed, bouncing, crashing—"Check her!" came the command; and scraping on the shingle—"Drop your ramps!"

Shells were roaring overhead and bullets were pinging, and there was trouble with one of the ramps, for the heavy surf had damaged part of the landing equipment. Quick work under fire straightened out the tangle and the ramps crashed down into shallow water. The two burros stood there, frightened, soaked, lashed to the forward deck. A soldier cut them loose and they stumbled reluctantly onto the soil of Sicily. The soldiers were piling out, dragging their guns down the ramps. There was little sound from the seasick invaders—no cheering, no wild Indian yells; just a scuffling noise as they scrambled down the ramps and a splash as they jumped into knee-deep water.

FRANK CANKAR saw a soldier slump to the deck and went to help him. There was a lot of stuff coming out now, but it was mostly flying overhead. The LCI had done its job. It had delivered its heavy-weapon company and the two burros. It had come skillfully through the surf without broaching. Now its shallow draft would permit it to pull itself off the beach and get out to sea. So far, casualties had been light despite the bullets and shells. The LCI was O. K.

Thinking so, Frank Cankar leaned over the soldier. Then he recoiled. The soldier was not wounded. He was just terrified into paralysis, and it was not a pleasant sight. Frank leaned over him again. Suddenly there was a stunning explosion and Frank was on the deck of the LCI. He got up, cursing the impulse that had led him from his post. Then he slumped down again. He felt no pain but, probing with his hands, he could feel plenty of warm blood.

(Continued on page 72)

THE DRUM of JUSTICE

To the beat of an ancient Chinese drum Lao Poh metes out a grim and fitting punishment for the crime of one who had betrayed a trust

Liberty's
SHORT STORY

Lao Poh stood up. "Where is Soy Kee?" the sergeant demanded.

BY WALTER C. BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG



IT has been said that the Chinatown of exotic mystery and legendary Oriental guile has gone forever, if indeed it ever existed in fact. Tong wars, opium dens, and fan-tan dives have vanished. The telephone, the radio, the cash register have come to Chinatown. Felt-soled slippers, long silk *shaams*, and three-foot bamboo pipes are things of the past. Chinatown has gone modern.

The war has hastened this process, it is said. Chinatown's service flag boasts more than a hundred stars, and the ancient rivalry of the Five Tongs is confined now to the amount of war bonds sold; to the number of dollars collected for the China War Chest.

Despite all this, however, the Celestial Dragon is not dead, but only sleeping. It may be an old and weary dragon now, but sometimes it wakes again, and stirs with an ancient roar, and then we hear of something that could happen only in Chinatown—something, for instance, like the story of Soy Kee's Honorable Dollars and the Drum of Justice.

This Drum of Justice stands in the Plum Blossom Joss House, in the very heart of Chinatown. It is a huge barrel-like drum, its head a thick sheet of greasy gray parchment held taut by a crisscross pattern of thin silk ropes.

The origin of the drum is somewhat of a mystery. Some say it is a relic of the old days of the tong wars, around the turn of the century. Others say it represents an ancient Chinese custom of placing a drum outside the governor's *yamen* so that any Son of Han with a grievance and demanding justice could wield the heavy drumstick and assure himself of a public hearing for his plaint.

Whatever version is true, no more appropriate spot could have been found for the legendary drum than the Plum Blossom. For the joss house itself, and wrinkled old Lao Poh, its *bonze*, were pure and undiluted products of the Orient.

Now the unlucky Soy Kee was thoroughly familiar with this room in the Plum Blossom where the Drum of Justice stood. It was called the Hall of Wisdom, and the Council of Elders met there each month to receive and audit cash collections made by the agents of the China War Chest—the Honorable Dollars, as the Chinese phrase it. Smooth-tongued Soy Kee was one of these collectors.

How Soy Kee first fell into betrayal of his trust is not known. But it is known that he was too fond of tiger-bone wine and the Rice Face game of cards called "po-kair."

WHATEVER the cause of Soy Kee's first downward step, his later course was quite clear. Finding himself short in his War Chest accounts, and the day of reckoning drawing near, he took what remained of the Honorable Dollars to Mark Sin's House of Chance in a desperate effort to recoup his losses. There was testimony later from those who saw him there, his fingers trembling, his face beaded with sweat as his table stakes dwindled and at last melted away.

Soy Kee came empty-handed from the House of Chance, with only a few hours remaining before he would have to face the Council of Elders and confess his betrayal of trust. One thing was certain—he could expect no mercy from grim-faced old Lao Poh.

On the night of the Council meeting, Soy Kee arrived a little late and somewhat out of breath. But he presented

his collection sheets and his Honorable Dollars, and they were found in good order.

"It is strange that Kim Loo has not reported," old Lao Poh remarked, consulting his list of agents.

Kim Loo's absence was explained about an hour later, when his body was found lying in a dark corner of Lantern Court, a knife slipped between his ribs, his pockets picked clean.

Kim Loo, however, was not quite dead when found, and before his last shuddering breath he managed to gasp to Sergeant O'Hara, "Soy Kee! . . . Soy Kee steal Honorable Dollars!"

So Sergeant O'Hara sent his bluecoat men into swift action. "Pick up Soy Kee! And move fast! If Lao Poh's Council gets hold of him first, he's a dead pigeon!"

Soy Kee managed to elude the police dragnet, however, and around midnight there was a whispered rumor that the fugitive agent had been secretly captured and taken back to the Council Chamber for judgment.

O'Hara rushed back to the Plum Blossom Joss House. The Council of Elders was still in session—Lao Poh the *bonze*, Hugh Lee the merchant, and the five chieftains of the Chinatown tongs—seven silent yellow men whose faces were calm, smooth, slant-eyed masks.

"WHERE is Soy Kee?" O'Hara demanded. "Better turn him over, Lao Poh. If any of you takes the law into your own hands, you'll be arrested on a murder charge."

But Lao Poh stood up, tall and straight. "Sah-jin," he asked blandly, "have you forgotten that this is the House of Prayers? Within its doors the shedding of blood is strictly forbidden. If you fear we hold Soy Kee prisoner, you are free to make search."

Sergeant O'Hara made a thorough search of the joss house—the Hall of Sorrows, where funeral services were held; the Hall of Ancestors; the Hall of the Elder Gods, with its row of shadowy shrines—even Lao Poh's personal quarters, bare and austere as a monk's cell.

"All right, Lao Poh," O'Hara said when he had finished. "Personally, I would have taken your word for it, but I have to follow regulations."

Lao Poh bowed quietly, politely. "Sah-jin, when Soy Kee is found, we shall make no interference with the working of Rice Face law. For myself and for all Sons of Han I give a sworn promise that no drop of Soy Kee's blood shall be shed, that no hand shall be laid in violence upon his person. Wah! Since Soy Kee has broken the law of Han, I shall order the Drum of Justice to be beaten without rest or pause until the hour of his capture."

And thus began the strangest man hunt in Chinatown's history. Sergeant O'Hara's bluecoat men and the slant-eyed Sons of Han combined their efforts in a ceaseless painstaking search, the Drum of Justice meanwhile pounding out a rumbling, tireless rhythm that could be heard a full two blocks in any direction from the Plum Blossom.

That night passed, and Soy Kee still eluded capture. The sun rose and set again, and still the search went on, grim and tireless as the thunder-beat of the Drum of Justice itself. Two slant-eyed tongsters faced each other across the big-bellied drum, alternately pounding the taut gray parchment with leather-headed bamboo rods. As soon as the drummers tired, others took their

places, without breaking rhythm.

It was thought that Soy Kee had found a refuge in some empty building or was concealed in the shadow of a rooftop, and that hunger and thirst would surely force him into the open. But three days and three nights passed without the slightest trace of the fugitive killer, and the Drum of Justice sounded tirelessly, relentlessly—

"That damn drum's beginning to get on my nerves," Sergeant O'Hara growled. "Boom—boom—boom! Day and night—night and day! It's enough to drive you crazy."

Then, as the drumming stopped, suddenly, abruptly, Sergeant O'Hara, walking along Mulberry Lane, straightened up as if he had heard a shot. He hurried toward the Plum Blossom.

LAO POH the *bonze* was waiting for him in the joss house doorway. "Sahjin, word has just come that Soy Kee has been found! He lies dead in Lantern Court, on the very spot where Kim Loo was found."

O'Hara rushed over to Lantern Court. It was true—Soy Kee lay on his back, open eyes staring sightlessly at the night sky. How or where he had remained hidden during the long search for him was a mystery—almost as great a mystery as was the manner of his death.

For O'Hara found no trace of violence upon Soy Kee's body—no mark of death by gun or knife or noose. And Doc Stanage, the police surgeon, was equally baffled.

"He's been dead only an hour or so," Stanage asserted. "Died hard, too, sergeant—look at the convulsed expression on his face. Poison, maybe. Can't tell till we've had the autopsy."

The next day Stanage presented his autopsy report in person. "Frankly, sergeant, I don't know the exact cause of death. It wasn't poison. My best guess is that Soy Kee died of some kind of shock, or sheer fright—"

"Shock!" Sergeant O'Hara repeated, then his rugged face slowly hardened into grim lines. "Well, I'll be damned! So that old *bonze* double-crossed me after all!"

"Lao Poh?" Stanage said. "I thought you trusted him. Didn't you tell me once that his word was as good as his bond?"

"Exactly!" O'Hara snapped. Lao Poh swore to me that no hand would be laid in violence upon Soy Kee, not a drop of his blood would be spilled! Well, he kept his word all right—to the exact letter. But he had Soy Kee killed, just the same. I wondered why they hammered that damn drum hour after hour, day and night. Now I know the answer—they had Soy Kee shut up inside the drum all the time!"

The police surgeon stared at him. "Good Lord! Something like the old Spanish water-cask torture, but with a drumbeat instead of the falling drop of water. Sustained vibratory shock! Yes, that could do it, sergeant—but can you prove your case?"

Sergeant O'Hara gave a sardonic laugh. "Of course not! And after seventeen years on the Chinatown squad I know enough not to waste time trying. Can you imagine the laugh I'd get at headquarters if I turned in a report on Soy Kee saying, 'Cause of death: percussion. Instrument of death: one large Chinese drum!' The commissioner'd have them checking on me to see if I'd starting hitting the poppy pipe."

THE END



NO LITTLE ENEMY

The Caravan disbands, beset once again by stark tragedy, and in a breathtaking conclusion Tom is cornered by Stock, and the fight for his life at last takes place

BY

OLIVER WELD BAYER

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

CONCLUSION

NADINE had pictured the scene to herself a dozen times. She would be standing in Daniel's dressing room when he came off the stage in Boston. He'd be smiling, flushed with the great ovation he always got. He'd throw open the door and stalk in to pack, and then he'd stop, astonished—because she would be there, and his suitcase would be all packed, and she'd say: "Everything is done. You don't have to touch a thing. So we've a whole hour before your train leaves to go to lunch and say good-by."

Beyond that the scene grew hazy. He would laugh, and take her to a little place that he knew of (Boston was his home town, after all) and then—well, it was up to him to say something if he ever wanted to see her again.

Now she jerked and twisted at the knob of his dressing-room door. It wouldn't budge. She couldn't imagine why Daniel had locked it. Her whole plan was ruined unless she could find some one who had a master key. When she did find the old man who served as custodian, he was doubtful about doing what she requested.

"Oh, really, it's all right," she insisted. "Mr. Stock won't mind in the least. You see, I want to pack up for him. He hardly has an hour before his train to the Cape leaves."

When the door was open, Nadine said gaily, "You can come in and watch me, if you think I'm going to steal anything!" She bustled around the dusty cubbyhole, gathering up things. There really wasn't much.

She had opened the suitcase to begin putting them away, when she noticed the cardboard folder tucked under the clean clothes. Curiously she drew it out and flipped it open. Why, what is he doing with Tom Bonbright's sketches? she thought.

Then, as she looked at them more

(Continued on page 58)

My Fighting Congregation

By Chaplain William C. Taggart and Christopher Cross

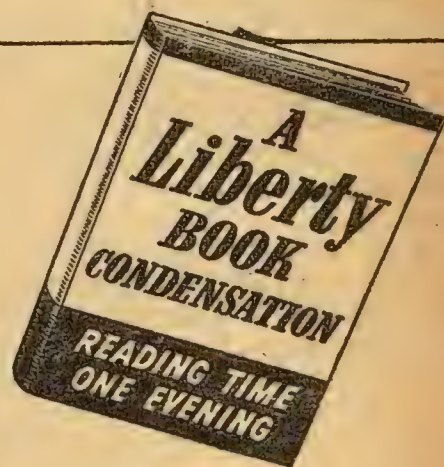


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—*Raymond Clapper.*



ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

THERE are some situations for which a man can just never be prepared.

At religious school we never considered what to do if, while leading a Sunday service, we learned that our congregation was at war. Yet that is exactly what happened to me on board a transport, the old S.S. Republic, ten days out of Honolulu, bound for the Far East.

I was about to begin my sermon when I noticed the transport chaplain coming toward me from the back of the room. He had been conducting services for officers at another end of the deck and should have been in the middle of his service. I went to meet him.

"It's happened, Bill!" he whispered. "The Japs have attacked Pearl Harbor. We're at war!"

"Shall I tell the men?"

"No; just dismiss them."

I walked quickly back, looked into the faces of my congregation and said, "You are dismissed."

They started to come to the front of the room, as they usually did. But before they got to me the order boomed

over the public-address system: "Lay down to your quarters. . . lay down to your quarters . . . lay down to your quarters."

Within a few hours the organization for protecting our transport against enemy attack was well under way. Portholes and windows were being blacked out. Guard details were posted throughout the ship. Lookouts were stationed day and night to watch the sea for hostile craft, to watch the sky for enemy planes. Guns were hoisted on deck and placed in position.

As I walked to staff headquarters where General Barnes had summoned me, I was impressed by the speed with which the ship was put on a war footing and wished I could have had a part in it.

"Tonight our commander in chief, President Roosevelt, will speak on the radio," General Barnes said, when I reported. "I want all men, except those with specific duties, to be on deck. After the President speaks let's have a singsong. Let's have stirring, spirited songs."

I had an important function to perform, General Barnes

wanted me to know. The morale of the men must be at the highest possible level. Their spare time must be occupied. He wanted no brooding, no worrying about possible attack. I left staff headquarters feeling taller and stronger. I had a job to do, and, according to the general, an important job.

I chose the songs we could sing, and had them mimeographed. The first song following President Roosevelt's speech was lacking in spirit. Too many of the men were thinking of home, just as I was. This was one moment when we knew exactly where our loved ones were. We could see them at the radio in the room we knew so well, sitting in the familiar chairs, their faces tense as they listened.

However, the voices rang out from every corner of the ship when we sang "Hail, hail, the gang's all here!" I looked across the water at the seven other ships trailing us at half-mile intervals and hoped they could hear. In their singing the men had expressed everything—their loneliness, their fears, their determination. A



technical sergeant passed me as I was getting off the hatch, and said, "I feel like a kid who's just seen a Boris Karloff picture and is scared, but doesn't know of what."

As the days went on, attack was, of course, always imminent, and I often wondered if I would know when the ship's bells were signaling a real one. "When the real thing comes, you'll feel it," a sailor once told me, and he was right. One day the sound of the ship's bells came to me while I was in the dentist's chair. There was a note of alarm in them that made me quiver.

The dentist whipped the bib off my neck and dashed out to his cabin. I jumped from the chair and walked quickly to mine to dress properly for this emergency.

I felt trapped in my small cabin. But I mustn't rush. I had better make certain I had everything—knife, flashlight, emergency medical kit, helmet, canteen, the pocket-size Testaments, my Bible. I walked through the corridors up to the deck, tugging at my life vest to make sure it was fastened securely, while I breathed a prayer that God would protect our convoy.

Only those with definite duties were allowed on deck. Enemy machine-gun bullets or bombs mustn't find it crowded with victims. I was glad that my duties as a chaplain permitted me this much liberty.

Men were hurrying to their battle stations. Others were at their lifeboat posts. Above me on the bridge were the ship's captain, Guy Clark, and his officers peering through binoculars. Off to the portside, the cruiser the U.S.S. Pensacola was ready to engage the enemy and draw fire away from us. I looked around and counted each of the seven ships in the convoy. I looked for the light yacht that served as our subchaser, but couldn't find her. I could hear Captain Clark shouting orders from the bridge. One of our staff officers was near him, his helmet on his head, a phone transmitter in his hand and the earphones clapped over his ears. He was talking to his gun crews.

The outline of a ship on the horizon was becoming clearer. From the appearance of its superstructure it began to look more like a cruiser. That meant fight. Perhaps it was the advance vessel of a Jap fleet.

The gun crews were tense. The men at the lifeboats had finished testing the pulleys. The rope ladders had been rolled over the sides of the ship. The first-aid station was ready. The officers on the bridge were silent. In a moment we would know.

I saw Captain Clark look through his binoculars. He turned to the officers near him and spoke. The staff officer's grip on the transmitter relaxed. He took off his helmet and wiped the perspiration from his forehead with the back of his hand.

"It's His Majesty's Ship the Achilles!" came from the bridge. There was a moment of silence, and the voice again: "It's His Majesty's Ship the Achilles, to join our convoy!" The men cheered wildly. Their cheers swelled louder as the men below deck learned that the danger was over.

That was our greatest excitement until word began to get around that we would soon sight land. Then we were on deck every possible moment, looking ahead for a sign of the Fiji Islands. Ammunition and guns on the various ships were to be brought together, the ships were to be refueled, and we would leave, perhaps for Australia, but more likely for the Philippine Islands to reinforce General MacArthur's troops.

A FEW days before we had heard that the Philippines had been attacked. Maps were studied. From the Fiji Islands we would probably try to make a dash across the Coral Sea and through the Torres Strait which separates the Netherland Indies from Australia.

Those who weren't on deck were busy writing long letters. Surely from Fiji we would be able to send them. But presently company and squadron officers distributed postal cards with printed messages on one side. We were to check the lines we wished, sign our names and address the cards. Nothing more. No letters were to be sent. We read the messages:

I AM WELL
I HAVE BEEN SICK BUT AM BETTER
I MISS YOU
I HOPE TO WRITE SOON
LOVE TO YOU

Disappointment soon gave way to an eagerness to make the most of this opportunity. We began to see in the cold type a personal meaning which I am sure those who prepared it did not anticipate. Carefully we checked those lines that appealed most to us. The signing of our names was important. We must make sure that they recognize our signatures.

The port of Suva slid into view as if by magic. The men crowded the decks toward the bow, pointing and cheering as we moved closer to the first land we had seen since we left Honolulu. Suva rises from the docks and mounts the side of a densely settled and heavily wooded mountain. Crowning the city is the governor's large white mansion surrounded by brilliant tropical flowers.

Two of our ships were docked. We dropped anchor and waited till Sunday morning for our turn to move into the harbor. As our ship was made fast I saw on the hill the spire of a church and its St. Andrew's cross.

"Swell to see a church again, chaplain."

"Nice if we could have services in that church today, eh, Chaplain Bill?"

I conducted services on ship that morning for both the officers and the enlisted men, but not many came. There was too much to do. Many of the officers and enlisted men were on the dock, carrying out details.

During the enlisted men's service the British residents and natives of Suva came to greet us. We heard a band playing The Star-Spangled Banner, so I cut the service short and we went to the deck railing beside the lounge.

The New Zealand Military Band of the Fiji Battery was playing for us. The big black-skinned native guards looked as if they had just stepped out of Gilbert and Sullivan. They wore red jackets with white webbed belts, and white skirts were wrapped around their shiny waists.

They marched barefooted, smiling broadly, their long hair formed into a bushy ball at the backs of their heads.

Later, on the dock, I mingled with the natives and exchanged coins with them. After a while a fine-looking Englishman in spotless whites greeted me.

"It's wonderful what the British have been able to do with these native guards. It's a pity, however, that more couldn't be done with them," I said, pointing to the natives behind the high wire fence that separated the docks from the town. The scalps of the native children were hairless and covered with scabs. Protruding veins, sores, and scabs were on the arms and legs of many of the adult natives. Many of them seemed emaciated. All were an unhappy contrast to the proud healthy native guards.

"Do you know who you were talking to?" a New Zealand soldier asked, when the Englishman was called away. "That was the governor of the Fiji Islands."

WE pulled out of Suva that day, and arrived in Brisbane three days before Christmas. Christmas Day found us working harder than ever. Supplies, ammunition, and parts of planes had to be unloaded.

Men who had been confined to the ship for thirty days grumbled a bit when they learned that furlough couldn't be granted. They had tensely awaited action in the Philippines, but when they learned that they were bound for Australia they began to look forward to getting away from the ship. They wanted to walk on pavements, see automobiles and trolley cars. They wanted to eat in a restaurant or have an ice-cream soda. They wanted to see men and women in civilian clothes.

But they soon got over their disappointment. General MacArthur's troops were fighting desperately against superior forces, and the Japs were not taking the day off because it was Christmas. We must get those planes assembled and send them into the air as quickly as possible.

We had a brief Christmas service early in the morning in a shed that served as our mess hall. We sang some carols, I read the Scripture lesson from the Gospel of Luke, and we remembered our homes as we prayed. For most of us it was the first Christmas away from home.

During the following week one of our men, Lieutenant Milton Kaslow, was fatally injured while helping move men and supplies from the Ascot Race Track, where we were temporarily stationed, to Archer and Amberley fields. He and I had been neighbors at Fort Douglas in Salt Lake City. It gave us all an eerie feeling to bury our first American soldier in a strange country on New Year's Day.

After the chapel service, conducted by Chaplain Kinney, the men of the 8th Matériel—which was attached to a bombardment group—carried the coffin, draped with an American flag, to the funeral car. Milton's body was in a sheet-metal casket inside a hardwood coffin, so that it might be brought back after the war.

Officers and enlisted men took their places in the cars behind the funeral coach, and we proceeded slowly to the cemetery on the outskirts of Brisbane. Few of us noticed the heat that day. As we passed through the streets of the city the people stopped to watch. They knew that an American soldier, who had come to fight the common enemy, was to be buried in Australian soil.

The men, without letters from home, worried about their families. That "where-do-we-go-from-here fever" was beginning to set in. A chaplain can sometimes do a great deal toward keeping that "fever" from soaring dangerously high.

I could have stayed downtown in the hotel in Brisbane where General Headquarters had been established. Living with hotel comforts was enticing after weeks on a transport. But when a soldier wants to talk to a chaplain, he shouldn't have to take a half-hour trolley ride into town. A half hour is precious when he may be going into battle any day. If a man wants to pray now, wants to seek God now, it shouldn't be put off until tomorrow.

So I moved into a tent easily accessible to all the men. I made my straw mattress as comfortable as possible and put a lantern on a box. In a corner of the tent I piled up some Testaments and hymnbooks. Private George Barker was assigned to me as clerk. The transportation officer gave me a jeep. When I opened my portable organ

and tried to play, all the keys were stuck; but some of the men helped rebuild it. I put the balls, bats, and baseball gloves in a box where the men could see them. I placed the chaplain's flag—a white cross on a blue field—at the entrance.

Soon my tent became the center for outgoing mail. There was no mail coming from home. Our folks were writing to "PLUM"—which meant the Philippines. "PLUM" was all we had known about our destination when we started. It would be weeks, perhaps even months, before mail reached us. The men would drop their letters into the box and often stay a few minutes. Two of them, Bob and Nick, came in one day. "This's the third letter I've written her this week," Bob told me. "Don't know if she'll ever get any of 'em. But it's nice writing 'em—it's like talking to her."

I knew how he felt. I had been writing my letters, too, ever since that Sunday when Pearl Harbor was attacked. They weren't really letters. Most of them I didn't even mail. It was just a way of talking to the folks.

"Say, Bob," Nick remarked. "Chaplain Bill is always sympathizing with us when we get excited about not hearing from home. Why don't we give him some sympathy, huh?"

"Have you got a girl you expectin' a letter from, too, Chaplain Bill?"

"I have parents I'd be mighty happy to hear from, Bob," I said.

"But how 'bout a girl?" Nick put in.

"Sure, boys, I have a girl friend."

"So how do you keep from goin' nuts from thinkin' about her and worryin' 'bout her?"

"I'll tell you, if you won't kid about it."

"No, chaplain. Honest, we won't."

"Well, boys, I worry, too—plenty. But when I find it's getting tough to bear, I always pray to God, and it relieves me, because I know that if He wants to He'll see to it that I get a letter."

"Why doncha pray for us, too, sometime, chaplain?"

"I do, all the time."

TWO months before, while I was at camp in Salt Lake City, I couldn't have said that to boys like Bob and Nick without leaving myself wide open for some wisecrack. That's one of the great differences between peacetime soldiers and men about to go into combat. There is less cynicism, a greater humility. And it's a humility that doesn't soon leave them.

After that Bob used to come to my tent more often.

"Were you really afraid that day we had the alarm on the Republic?" he asked me one day.

Bob had met me in the corridor as I was going to the deck and had asked, "Why're you so pale, chaplain? Don't tell me a minister gets scared too!" "Sure I'm scared—just as scared as you are," I had told him.

"Yes, Bob," I answered now, "I really was afraid—afraid for myself and for all the men in the convoy."

"But how is it, chaplain, that you get afraid too? Don't you trust completely in God?"

"Of course I do, Bob. I trust in Him completely. But there's the danger always of taking the Lord for granted. A little fear now and then makes you realize that it's all in the hands of God. A minister, too, can sometimes begin to take the Lord's work for granted."

Soon Bob was helping me assort the mail or carry the portable organ to the mess hall for services.

We were now rapidly becoming conditioned for the hell awaiting us on an island in the Southwest Pacific. Men were coming to Australia from the Philippines. They had been ferried back to get the P-40s and A-24s, the fighters and dive bombers we had brought. We sat around while they told of their encounters with the Japs. Some of us toyed with our caps and others etched patterns in the ground with sticks. One tall blond lad carefully drew the outlines of two hearts, one behind the other, kicked the dirt over them and started again.

"Did you run into any chaplains in the Philippines?" I asked one flyer.

"Sure I did; and they're all real men—real heroes. Do you know Chaplain Brown? He was right there with the men, helping to carry the wounded and dead off Clark

field, and those eggs were exploding all around. But he just kept ferrying to and from the hospital in his old jalopy. It gave me a queer feeling, watching him without any weapon taking the same chances as the rest of us. I kinda felt more clearly than what I was fightin' for. It was so that guys like him could have a church for guys like us to come to if we wanted to without anybody ordering us to go to any particular church."

"Did you see much of Chaplain Brown before Pearl Harbor?" I asked, wanting to hear more.

"Sure. He used to come all the time. He used to travel over rough roads and tricky jungle trails to get to the different camps on the island. Do you know Chaplain LaFleur of the 19th Bombardment Group? There's a great guy. The day after Pearl Harbor one hundred and fifty planes shower Pampanga for almost two hours with bombs. But, cool as a cucumber, he goes around among the wounded and dying, praying for them and helping to get them out of range and into hospitals while the field's being strafed."

I had already heard of Chaplain Joseph F. LaFleur, a Catholic from Louisiana, whom I was destined to succeed as chaplain of the famous 19th Bombardment Group.

"Yes, those chaplains sure are swell guys," the flyer continued. "You know what one of them did? It's just before Christmas, and we are all wanting to get a message home. He knows it, so he goes around asking us if we want to send a telegram. Boy, oh, boy! What a Christmas present! So he collects our messages and makes the dangerous trip to Manila to send them out. And you know what? He wouldn't even take any money from us to pay for them. What a guy!"

A flyer who had met the enemy and outwitted him—a hero himself—was talking proudly about the chaplains, calling them heroes. I hoped that my men would have reason to be as proud of me. I hoped that some of them would say about me in the same way, "What a guy!"

ON OUR first Sunday in Brisbane I conducted a service at the camp which was well attended. George Barker led the singing as I pumped the little organ with my feet. After service I asked some of the men who could get away from the camp if they would like to come to the Tabernacle Baptist Church, where I had been invited to preach.

"Think we'll get some dinner invites, chaplain?" one man asked.

"Can't tell; mebbe."

"Did you say a Baptist church?" another queried.

"Yes; the Tabernacle Baptist Church."

"Then are you a Baptist preacher?"

"Sure I'm a Baptist preacher."

"By jiminy cricket, then how's it I didn't know? I've been hearin' you preach ever since we pulled out of Frisco, and been thinkin' how nice it'd be to be able to go to a Baptist church. Well, I'll be darned!"

I was pleased. I was fulfilling my responsibility to the men. I was not preaching my particular doctrine. It thrilled me to be one of the first American Army chaplains to preach in an Australian pulpit. The church was filled with Australian civilians, soldiers, and sailors. In a corner the group of American soldiers who had come with me seemed to be looking at me proudly.

I felt as I had when I preached my first sermon and mother and dad were listening. I was just as nervous. I foolishly called attention to my bald head and explained I was not naturally bald: that my hair had been clipped while we had crossed the equator. A fine way to start preaching! As if they cared anything about my hair! But they smiled at me and I found it easier to continue. One of my boys winked at me reassuringly. That helped.

The Australians gathered around us at the close of the service, asking questions and making friends. How did we like Australia? How long would it take to beat the Japs? What were our "stations" like?

"Our 'stations'? What's that?"

"Stations—where cattle is raised."

"Oh, you mean ranches."

"Yes. Why not come home and tell us all about it?"

The questions kept pouring at us: "Is America prepared for war?" "Are American girls as pretty as the girls in the cinema?"

I decided to stop in at the Veterans' Hospital on my way to the home of Mr. Lionel Price, the city engineer who had invited me to "tea." It would take more than tea to satisfy my hunger. But the Prices were charming, hospitable folks, Pastor Butler had said. Maybe, I thought, they would serve sandwiches with the tea.

In the hospital I talked to Captain Joe Crates, a supply officer. He had worked too hard unloading those transports, and was stricken with pneumonia. Joe was getting real service from the nurses—called "sisters" in Australia—and was improving rapidly.

Men who had escaped from Dunkirk and Crete were here, too. I moved along wards that would soon hold many of our American soldiers, and chatted with the men. They couldn't get their minds off their defeat. There was a bitterness in everything they said, in the hard, straight line of their mouths, in the expression in their eyes. It was a bitterness, I thought, that might be erased only if they could participate in a battle that would inflict a Dunkirk on the enemy. But it didn't look as if many of them would ever be able to fight again.

When finally I sat down at the table in the Price home, I learned with relief that "tea" in Australia means a complete evening meal.

BY NOW the men who had come over with me on the S.S. Republic had been dispersed to various camps. We were busy assembling fighter planes and dive bombers which had been brought by truck from the Brisbane docks. The Australian railroads could not be depended upon to solve our transportation problems. Every state had different gauge tracks. This meant long, slow hauls. Fortunately, the S.S. President Polk, which later carried us to Java, brought some transport planes. The mechanics quickly assembled them, and soon our pilots were busy delivering great quantities of precious supplies and personnel. They flew through danger zones unarmed, with some fighter protection only when near their destination.

One morning one of them, Lieutenant Whitaker, came by to see me. Hesitantly he pulled out a photograph of a girl. "Take this, Bill. Her name and address are on the back. If I don't get back, write to her for me, please." It was a picture of his sweetheart in Dallas, Texas. Watching Whitaker prepare to take off, I remembered his mother, whom I had met in San Francisco just before we left. She had smiled shyly when somebody told her that Whit was the handsomest fellow in our group.

All through our weeks in Java I carried this picture in my wallet. When I returned to Australia I thought I'd check at air corps headquarters, and later get around to the hospitals to see if Whit had gotten out.

One day in March, as I was leaving army headquarters in Perth, Australia, I ran into him.

"Glad to see you, Bill."

"Glad to see you, Whit."

"So you got away from the Japs all right, did you, chaplain?"

"What would the Japs want with a chaplain, anyhow!"

"Sure, there's no Christianity in those —! By the way, chaplain, I hope you didn't write to her."

"No, Whit," I began to take the picture out of my wallet.

"That's good. It would've been terrible if you had."

"Why, Whit?"

Whit carefully tore the picture in small pieces and let them fall to the ground like confetti before he answered:

"She married another guy soon after we left Frisco."

One Sunday, when I returned to my tent after a service, my assistant, George Barker, told me that Captain Nichols wanted me to phone him immediately. I did so.

"The men are moving north, Bill," Captain Nichols said.

"Action?"

"No doubt."

"I ought to go. There's plenty of chaplains here."

"You don't have to convince me, Bill. That's why I called you."

"When do we leave?"

"Pack immediately and stand by."

George helped pack the portable organ, the hymn-books, and the Testaments. My chaplain's flag was folded and placed in a bag near my Bible. I took the dozen books

which constituted our library. We piled the bags and boxes into the truck and drove to the Brisbane docks, where the men were loading the S.S. President Polk with trucks, gas, cars, jeeps, ammunition, and food. In our convoy was the cruiser S.S. Houston, three World War I destroyers, or "tin cans" as we called them, a tanker, the Pecos, and one freighter. It was not a large convoy, but it was important that we get through. We had vital personnel as well as supplies aboard. In a cabin near me was Lieutenant Commander Corydon Wassell, a Navy doctor from Arkansas, whose work later with the wounded of the Marblehead was to be praised by President Roosevelt.

ABOUT the sixth day out of Brisbane, seven sharp blasts pierced the air—the signal to prepare to abandon ship. The executive officer of the ship, to whom I had been talking, grabbed his life vest and I mine, and we hurried on deck. By the time I got to my boat station on the main deck the ship was moving full speed ahead, like an animal that had suddenly sensed danger.

I saw the S.S. Houston turning into position to catapult her two planes into the air. The destroyers were spinning in large circles. The tanker and freighter were swiftly moving away from our port side.

It was a submarine. The captain of our ship had noticed that "question mark"—the Jap submarine periscope is shaped like an interrogation point—sticking out of the water. The two planes were climbing and circling. After a few minutes their circles became smaller and smaller as they sighted the sub. The destroyers turned and went back to the position probably radioed by the planes. Soon the depth charges exploded, shooting sprays of water into the air like great fountains. If we didn't sink the sub (the Navy men later told me they thought they did) we certainly did scare it away.

"Chow! Chow! Come and get it!" The portly second steward of the ship walked along the deck ringing his large bell. "It may be your last!"

On the heels of possible tragedy we laughed even at a grim thought like that.

Our service that Sunday was a rejoicing and thanksgiving that we had been delivered safely from the Jap submarine. This was the first service to be held on the President Polk. Cots were moved back in the beautiful lounge to make room. Officers and enlisted men came. Dr. Wassell had suggested to me that the triangular Navy church flag be hoisted on the ship's mast. This was regular procedure in the Navy, the ship's captain informed me, and he was pleased to comply with the suggestion.

We were relieved when we passed through the Bali Straits and entered the Java Sea. We stood on the deck and saw land on either side. The channel separating Bali from Java is so narrow that only one vessel can go through at a time. The sinking of one of our ships might have blocked that passageway.

As we pulled into the well equipped busy harbor we saw ships and submarines of the United States Asiatic Fleet taking on supplies. We felt as if we had come home. We had all been anxious about our plane crews, the pilots, the co-pilots, navigators, bombardiers, engineers, radio operators, and gunners.

Since the officers sleeping in my cabin were both leaving the ship immediately, I asked Major Kenneth Hobson to stay in my cabin while he was in town. He was one of the officers who had been on the dock to welcome us.

"Taggart," he said that evening, "it won't be long till we'll be attacked. Every time we fly a mission out of here the Japs trail us back a little closer. They want to see where we're basing our planes."

"What have you been doing about maintenance?" I asked.

"The field artillery boys have been helping out all they can. They're at Singassari. The crews, however, have had to do their own work a great deal. After a mission those who get back clean their own guns, refuel, patch up, and work on the engines. We're mighty glad to see those old-line chiefs and their crews coming in."

"How about the landing fields?"

"Terrible! Terrible! Grass fields. Last Sunday I was leading a flight of three. On the return we hit heavy

rains. Not a field on the island was open, so I radioed them to crash-land. One landed in a rice paddy, the other on a beach, and I set mine down on an athletic field."

I asked Major Hobson how I'd be able to get around to the men scattered throughout the island.

"You'll have a lot of territory to cover, Bill, but planes'll be going back and forth all the time. I think you had better go to Djokjakarta. Send your things on by train and you'll come in with the car."

A convoy of one staff car, two ambulances, and several half-ton trucks was almost ready for the 260-mile trip across the island to Djokjakarta. The men and supplies had to get through, and as a line officer for the job was not available, Major Hobson asked me if I would take the convoy over.

A Dutch Army sergeant on a motorcycle with a driver was detailed to guide us. On the outskirts of Surabaya we stopped and gathered around our Javanese guide to tell him how fast we wanted to go. The words "forty miles an hour" didn't mean a thing to him. He would let loose a torrent of Javanese and then throw up his hands



in a gesture of defeat when he realized I didn't understand him. Finally I pointed to the "40" on the speedometer. He smiled and climbed into the side car of his motorcycle, chattering to his driver and pointing to the number.

But we were moving too slowly. This would never do. We stopped again. I talked in pidgin English; I made signs on the ground. I pointed again to the "40" on the speedometer. He nodded, pleased. He pointed to the number also, and started again, at the same slow pace.

"Maybe there's a law here against driving more than twenty miles an hour," some one suggested.

At this speed we would be at least twelve hours behind schedule. I stopped the convoy again, and was about to resume wrangling when one of our men started laughing.

"The joke's on us, chaplain! His speedometer is in kilometers and ours is in miles. A kilometer is a little more than half a mile."

So I pointed to "70" and we proceeded at the right speed. We drove through narrow paved roads with the jungle all around us. Monkeys stopped to look at us and then swung playfully through the trees. Brilliantly colored parrots darted across the road. We passed acres of tall sugarcane stalks, hills terraced with rice paddies, and neatly planted rows of tapioca.

We drove without any lights. The Dutch officer at the Madoen Naval Training Base had warned me that the soldiers had instructions to shoot first and ask questions later if they saw vehicles with lights. At about one o'clock in the morning one of our gas trucks was lost. I went back in the staff car and located it several miles back, stalled at the side of the road.

"Engine trouble—she won't start."

We tinkered with the motor without results, and then I had an idea. We poured some gas into the tank—and the motor turned over. The gas truck had been out of gas!

We passed an airfield at about two thirty. The outlines of the hangars were visible in the moonlight. After a few minutes we were in Djokjakarta.

I was up for an early breakfast. I wanted to get my equipment unpacked, organize my office, and find a place for services. I wanted also to meet the crews that had flown in from the United States. One of the first men I spoke to was Lieutenant Robert Trenkle. I liked Trenkle immediately. I liked his frank, pleasant manner. There was a sturdy confidence about him.

"When I'm in combat," he told me later, "I just call on God to look after me. There's nothing more for me to worry about. All I have to do from then on is just do my job. If He wants me to come back, He'll get me through."

I walked to the orderly room with Captain Charles A. Stafford of Hinsdale, Illinois, the flight surgeon of the 9th Squadron, whom I had known at Fort Douglas.

"You'll like it here all right," he assured me. "It's lots better than what our boys have in Malang."

Major Hicks came into the orderly room. Since we had so few officers, he wanted me to serve as billeting officer in addition to my duties as chaplain. We drove to the airfield, about three miles from the barracks. It was a reclaimed rice field which we shared with the Dutch. There were no paved runways. I left the room and drove around the field to the various hangars. The men seemed so tired, so in need of relief as they worked on the planes, many of which showed gapping bullet holes.

JAVA was a great improvement on Australia, where we had received no mail and hadn't been permitted to cable or telephone. The men beamed when they learned they could telephone to the United States.

"This war ain't bad at all," one of the boys remarked. "Heck, it's like fightin' in your own back yard! You return from a mission, you pick up the receiver and say you wanna speak to your wife. In a little while she's talking to you. 'Did you have a hard day at the office, dear? Now hurry home, 'cause dinner is almost ready.'"

I thought often of telephoning my parents, but I was afraid that the shock might be too great. I considered calling a girl friend in Salt Lake City, or Flip Hoskins in Wichita Falls, to ask them to contact my parents. But somehow I never did. Too quickly I became involved in so much tragedy that I forgot to satisfy my own desires.

Lieutenant Bernice Barr telephoned his wife, Doris, one day.

"Well, has the baby come?" I asked afterward.

"No," he said pathetically in his Mississippi drawl. "What'm I gonna do, preacher? My baby hasn't come yet!"

"There ain't nothin' he can do, Barr—he ain't the stork," some one kidded him.

"Hope it's a girl, chaplain; wouldn't want my child to have to go through any of this, ever."

"Say, that's no protection. They'll probably have the women fightin' the next war."

"Yeah; that'll really be the war to end all wars!"

"Well, let's work and pray that this'll be the last time," I put in.

"Amen!" some one said.

My work as billeting officer helped bring me closer to the men. The Dutch brought us bamboo poles, which we split and put up as frames for the mosquito nets. We used Army cots and gave the men as many blankets as we could spare, so they could use some for mattresses.

Men were flying in from the United States all the time. Whenever possible I would meet them as they came in and show them to their quarters. They would talk about the places they had seen en route to Java; and their arrival was always a sort of holiday. We'd grab for the magazines they brought; a book might be added to our library; and a piece of American candy was always welcome.

One day word came over the telephone that the Japs had hit Surabaya and Singassari. Captain Stafford, our flight surgeon, called and asked me to come with him to the railroad depot. The hospital train was bringing in the wounded from the Houston and the Marblehead, which had been in action off Surabaya the day before. "I have a feeling there'll be work for you, Bill," he said.

The little depot of Djokjakarta was seething with goats, chickens, people, and baggage. A group of ten Chinese Boy Scouts, dressed much like our own Scouts, were on hand to help with the wounded on the hospital train. I talked with Dr. Yap, a Chinese eye specialist, who was chairman of the Red Cross, while the Dutch ambulances were being made ready and women from the Red Cross were preparing food and refreshments.

The train pulled into the station slowly. The cars were white with large red crosses painted on the sides. It was suggested that I go into the cars first to try to cheer up the men.

In the car I was almost overcome by the odor of burned flesh. I hesitated and then felt ashamed. If they could stand it, I could too. Cots were suspended one above another from the sides of what were formerly freight cars. There were about eight cots in a car.

I stopped to talk to a sailor in the first cot. My eyes clouded. His face was burned charcoal black. His hair was singed almost to the scalp. Even his eyelashes and eyebrows were gone. There was color only in his eyes.

"It's been a tough trip. It's a wonder we didn't all die." The sailor barely moved his lips.

I paused beside another bunk and started to speak.

"No use, chaplain. He's out of his misery."

I pulled the blanket over his head. It was as if his face had been covered with a stiff black mask. I moved to the next cot and saw what looked like a pile of blankets. A voice spoke, like a faint hollow echo:

"You aren't going to pass me by, are you?"

I knelt on the floor and pulled back the blankets. There



was a large red gash on his skull over his blackened face. Blood was oozing through the bandage. Down to his fingertips, his arms were charred black.

"Pass you by! I should say not. What can I do for you?"

"Just talk to me. Talk to me, please."

"Everything'll be all right. The Dutch are swell. They have good hospitals. We'll take good care of you."

"Do you think I can get well?"

"Of course you'll get well. We're praying for you."

"Thanks, chaplain. Will I get new skin? Gosh, I can't go home looking like this after the war, can I?" He raised one arm and looked at the scorched skin. He didn't know what his face looked like.

"Don't you worry. Those medics can do wonderful things. They'll make you good as new. Don't you worry!"

At the next bunk the sailor couldn't talk. He grunted. I could see the twitching muscles near his mouth under the dry, cracked, blackened skin.

"How's the war going?" I heard from a lower bunk. The cheeriness of the voice startled me. His face was dotted with holes, many infected. Flying particles of dried paint from the ship had become embedded in his face.

"How are you feeling?"

"Fine. Nothing much the matter with me." He closed his eyes in pain. "I'll be all right in a little while."

Some of the soldiers followed me through the aisles,

talking to the sailors and giving them water to drink, and cigarettes. The Dutch had done everything possible to make the men comfortable, but the sailors liked seeing Americans, hearing their own language.

Captain Stafford had the wounded put into the ambulances and I helped to carry out the dead sailor. I uncovered his body. There was nothing to determine who he was.

I went to the hospital in one of the ambulances. The Dutch doctors and Captain Stafford started to work immediately on the cases that were most serious. In the operating room I helped remove the sailors' bandages. I swabbed their skin so it wouldn't dry up and crack. I held them while hypodermics were injected into those where some skin could be found. I was pleased when it seemed that I wasn't needed there any longer. I don't think I could have stayed another moment. My head was spinning. I was gripped by an unbearable nausea.

NEXT day we buried the unidentified sailor. A local carpenter built the coffin and the wooden cross for the grave. An American flag was borrowed from a hotel proprietor in Djokjakarta. The Dutch provided two drummers, a bugler, and flowers. I had been to the cemetery earlier in the day and had a large plot of ground set aside—enough for about one hundred and fifty graves. Another section was reserved for the British.

When I returned to the hospital I was told that another of the sailors had died. Preparations having been completed for the second funeral, I returned to my quarters, and had several maps made of the cemetery, so we would always know just where our men were buried.

I returned to the barracks, where I ran into old Master Sergeant "Soup" Silva from Puyallup, Washington, talking with some of the boys. He was the Wallace Beery of our outfit; as tough and good-hearted, a sergeant as any Hollywood film has ever depicted. Silva had acquired the nickname "Soup" when he was a mess sergeant. He was forty-three, had been in the last war, and had remained in the Regular Army.

"Hello, chaplain. What're you doin' here?" he demanded. There was that growl in his voice that would get the enlisted men hopping to their chores. "You'd better stand aside, chaplain, and let us fight rough like we have to. It may get too tough for you." He laughed.

"You must be the famous Soup Silva!"

"Howja know?"

"Oh, that's easy. You're making a lot of noise just like they told me you always do."

Soup dug his elbow into some one standing next to him, in appreciation of the retort. "I got a real job for you, chaplain—a job that needs some religion. Tojo's Jinx is out there on the field, and the floor needs cleanin' up. One of our lads bled a lot on it. You wanna help?"

"Not my job, Soup, but I'll be glad to help."

We walked over to the plane, a Flying Fortress. Soup seemed glad I was with him. One of the roughest, toughest men in our outfit, he didn't like cleaning up the blood of his buddy.

"Who was hit, Soup?"

"Hegdahl."

"How'd it happen?"

"We're up there and I spot the yellow guy comin'. I hit him, and he goes down. Hegdahl was trying to hit him, too, but missed. So I says to him: 'Son, here's how y' do it!' and I shoot another Jap down to show him how. Then Hegdahl shoots one down, and the kid gets happy and slaps me on the back. 'Be careful, boy!' I shout. But it's too late. He'd been hit."

"How'd he come out of it?"

"Well, this kid has guts. He takes a loose shell and braces his leg so he can go on shootin' that gun of his, although he's got a nasty hole from a .50-caliber shell just above his knee. Well, I put a tourniquet on his leg and went on shootin' at the Japs. Their hittin' the lad made me madder'n hell. The kid's lost lots of blood and's got plenty of pain, but he just hollers at us to get those dirty rats. I took care of the boy all the way back."

"Where is he? In Malang?"

"Yes. Look in on him when you get up there, huh, chaplain? Wanna see how many Jap planes I've gotten?

Here's the score." There were five red circles painted on the outside of the plane.

Then Soup pointed to the blood on the floor of the plane near the bottom turret. The smell made me feel faint, but I worked along with him. When we walked together from the field, I understood him better and I think that he respected me more. I thought of my father's words to me when I decided to enter the ministry: "A congregation can make or break a minister."

In the mess hall we hardly touched our chow that evening. Our thoughts were of the men we had lost on the bombing mission that day.

The B-17s had taken off at about nine in the morning to attack a Jap airfield at Kendari, in the Celebes. Captain "Duke" DuFrane, having been there before, was given command of and led "A" flight, while Captain Strother headed "B" flight.

"We were climbing slowly because we had a long way to go," a lieutenant told us who was in Strother's plane. "At a few minutes after ten o'clock, at 17,000 feet, with no clouds near us, we hear: 'Pilot to crew: pursuit planes to right and left of us!' They should be friendly planes, being so close to our own base, but we prepare to fight. In the nose the bombardier removes his sight head, unlimbers his gun for action, and stands by. Danny Boone turns the top turret toward the nearest fighter plane. Lewis and Parker man the side and belly guns. Schier is on the tail guns.

"We still can't believe they're Japs. There's only a white splash of markings on the fuselage. We can't see the tops or bottoms of the wings. They fly ahead for about a minute, then suddenly the two lead fighters turn back directly toward us. They head for Duke's ship. The Jap leader closes in, firing all guns. Machine-gun and cannon bullets rock Duke's ship. He's afire. Now we're busy. The Jap has zoomed up right in our face. We fill him full of bullets, and that Jap's out. Duke's ship, burning, drops out of formation and his crew bails out.

"Strother now takes command and calls pilots to close in on him. We're jumped by a large force of fighters. They come from both sides of the nose so fast we can hardly position our guns for attack. We turn one away with our nose gun. Strother calls, 'Fighter, three o'clock ahead, get him, Worley. Another just back of him.'

"We hit the first one, and his cowlings flies off. He turns fast and falls off. 'How do you like that, you yellow dog?' some one yells. We turn our gun on another, and suddenly Bull Dawson yells, 'Here comes that yellow rat again!' We swing our gun. Too late. He's under our left wing, filling us full of bullets. We look at each other and wonder if we'll catch fire. One engine's dead. No hydraulics. One bomb-bay door is swinging wildly in the slip stream. Strother orders us to take cover in the clouds ahead. Gas is streaming from the punctured bomb-bay tank. I've been yelling to Danny to pull the emergency release to dump the tank and bombs, but during the fighting I accidentally knocked my radio-control knob off the circuit, so Danny didn't hear me. But he sees the bombs as soon as we're away from the fighters, and pulls the release, dumping the bombs and tanks on Bali."

"How's it you didn't return to your base at Malang?"

"When we got over Malang there's an air raid on, so we came here."

"How about the boys who bailed out?"

"Not a chance. The Japs machine-gunned them while they were floatin' down."

BEFORE we left the mess hall the message came that our men would go on another mission that night. Briefing of the crews would be at eight o'clock.

I walked up the stairs slowly to my room to prepare for the scheduled evening service, thinking "Am I doing enough?" It tormented me. The men were so tired. If I could only relieve one of them.

Lieutenant Vincent Roddy stopped me at the head of the stairs. "Bill, I'm taking this mission tonight. Pray for us, Bill. Pray for us, because if God is with us we'll return. If He isn't—well, it'll be our last mission."

I wish that every chaplain who is tormented as I was that night had a Lieutenant Vincent Roddy to say to him,

"We're going into combat and we need your prayers."
I rushed to the field early in the morning to check on last night's mission.

"They're all O. K."

"Thanks to God," I said.

A truck was leaving for Malang. I had wanted to get there, but almost every flight went out ready for action, and as a chaplain I wasn't permitted in a combat ship. So I seized this opportunity to ride. Part of the 19th Bombardment Group, some fighters from the 17th Pursuit Group, and the field artillery unit from Texas were stationed at Malang, which had been hit almost continuously. The boys flying in to our base said you could set your watch by the Jap planes. They came punctually almost every morning at about ten o'clock.

WE ARRIVED at the Singassari Airfield at nine o'clock. Everything was black. There had been a bad raid earlier in the day. The men were on edge. A Dutch officer who hadn't spoken soon enough had been shot by a guard. "Better be careful moving around the field, chaplain," I was advised.

I went to the barracks for a cot.

"Here's one, chaplain. Take Lieutenant Holden's cot."

"Thanks. Where's Holden?"

"Killed today. Funny how it happened. He just keeps askin' to go back there and work one of them guns. Finally he gets his chance. We're flyin' at high altitude. Every few minutes he calls over the wire. Soon we don't hear him any more. The pilot calls him, but there's no answer. The aerial gunner goes back, and finds him almost gone. I was co-pilot, so I went to him. We tried artificial respiration for four hours, but he died."

"What happened to him?"

"No oxygen."

I put my toothbrush, towel, and Bible on Holden's cot and went to the field to see some of the men. Although it was late at night, they were working in the hangars, overhauling motors, changing engines. I walked around, chatting with them.

I was up early in the morning. At one of the hangars the men of the 22d Squadron were working. Small, friendly, steady Sergeant "Pat" Patterson with the big voice greeted me. Even Pat was unnerved. A shell had pierced the roof of the car he was driving. The armor-piercing bullet had struck just behind his head and lodged in the floor of the reconnaissance car. The boys liked to tell the story about Pat and a surprise Jap raid. "Pat doesn't see the Japs but hears some shootin'. He comes out of the hangar shoutin' indignant-like: 'Who in blazes fired them shots?'"

Most of the squadron were already at the "picnic grounds" when we arrived. They had created the grounds about five miles from the field as a place to have chow undisturbed by falling bombs. They looked tired and sleepy, for they worked all night and tried to sleep during the day. Some of the men would go to sleep at the cemetery in order to get away from the air raids.

The men wanted a service held, but there wasn't time. Some of them had gone into town to church, but the services weren't in English. "Just having you around, chaplain, is like having a service," one of the boys said.

At the hospital later in the afternoon I saw Private First Class Arvid B. Hegdahl, Soup Silva's buddy, who had been shot in "Tojo's Jinx." With the money I had brought from Djokjakarta I bought books, Testaments, games, and candy for the men. I had evening mess with Colonel Thorpe of Wichita Falls and a number of other officers. It was a real Texas reunion.

"How do you like our skylight?" One of the officers pointed to the ceiling. A Jap bomb had blasted a large hole through the roof.

Next morning I bummed a ride back to my base at Djokjakarta on an LB Liberator. I wanted to get back to organize my work. There were other camps to be visited, and Colonel Hobson wanted me to write letters to the families of the men under his command who had been killed. This I could do better from Djokjakarta. What was happening to the sailors? Several of them had been on the critical list when I last saw them.

I climbed into the plane and slumped into a chair.

"Whatsa matter, chaplain—tired? You look as if you were out on a mission last night."

"I was—I mean I feel as if I was," I said, and I meant it. There's nothing more difficult than waiting on the ground for a flight to return. While I was awake I prayed for them. While I was asleep I dreamed of them dropping their bombs, dodging the ack-ack, fighting their way back against Jap Zeros.

I had gone to bed shortly before one in the morning, after the "briefing." As I walked through the room to my cot I saw lettered on their flight bags the names of the men who had gone out. All around me were their empty beds. They were in those planes headed for Makassar to bomb the Jap landing party reported by Naval Intelligence. And this was to have been their first night off in some time.

"I'm sorry, men. I didn't like calling you back to-night," Colonel Hobson had said. "But the job's got to be done. Planes from all over the island will participate. You will leave at thirty-minute intervals. Captain Strother will lead the first flight. Captain Hughes will give you the order of the flight. Do a good job!"

Captain Hughes had then read the order of the flight, and Captain Strother said: "All in my flight, follow me. The planes are ready."

The men had filed past me out of the room to the field, carrying their flying boots, maps, and oxygen masks. The new arrivals seemed excited, eager for their mission. The veterans moved slowly, calmly chatting.

Captain Strother walked by, looking very tired. I touched his shoulder. "We'll be remembering you, Don."

"Thanks, Bill." He shook my hand.

It was a relief to learn in the morning that they had bombed the objective successfully and all had returned safely to the base.

I THOUGHT about them as we flew on that morning. By the time the volcanic peak and the ancient Hindu temple near Djokjakarta came into view, my eyes hurt from peering into the sky for enemy planes. Kelsay circled the field and skillfully brought the plane down.

"We've needed you here, Bill," Major Earle Hicks greeted me. "Couple more of those Navy boys died."

I went over to the hospital and walked through the wards. The sailors from the Marblehead and the Houston greeted me cheerfully. One of them, his burned face and body still covered with bandages, said in mock-seriousness: "Those Japs sure are unfair. Imagine! I spend two years in the China Sea collecting souvenirs, and then the Japs come along and destroy the whole lot of 'em."

"Yeah, war's so uncivilized!"

"We got an American doctor now, chaplain."

"Is he the Navy doctor we've been expecting?"

"Yeah. Dr. Wassell's his name."

A few minutes later I met the doctor. It was only three weeks since we were together on that convoy from Australia. But so much had happened. I gave him my records of the burials and we talked about the sailors. He wanted to get a rest camp somewhere in the country for the men who were no longer in need of hospital care.

With Dr. Wassell's permission, I later took the sailors who were able to walk on a bus ride. Lieutenant Bernard Donally, a doctor, helped me. We drove to the airfield, where we showed them our planes. Then we went to the favorite American eating place, Toko Owen. They served good ham and eggs and the ice cream tasted almost American. The sailors bought little presents for the nurses at the hospital. Probably every boy got one for the favorite nurse of all, a beautiful half-caste girl.

When I returned to the barracks I learned that Captain Don Strother was dead.

As a chaplain during wartime, you live so close to your men, it's as though every one of them suddenly became your relative. You know his wife, his parents. You've seen for the hundredth time that much thumbed snapshot of his baby. He's told you of his plans when the war is over. He's confided in you. Then he's dead. And his loved ones don't even know about it. While he's dying his wife at home is giving birth to the "blue-eyed baby girl he always wanted."

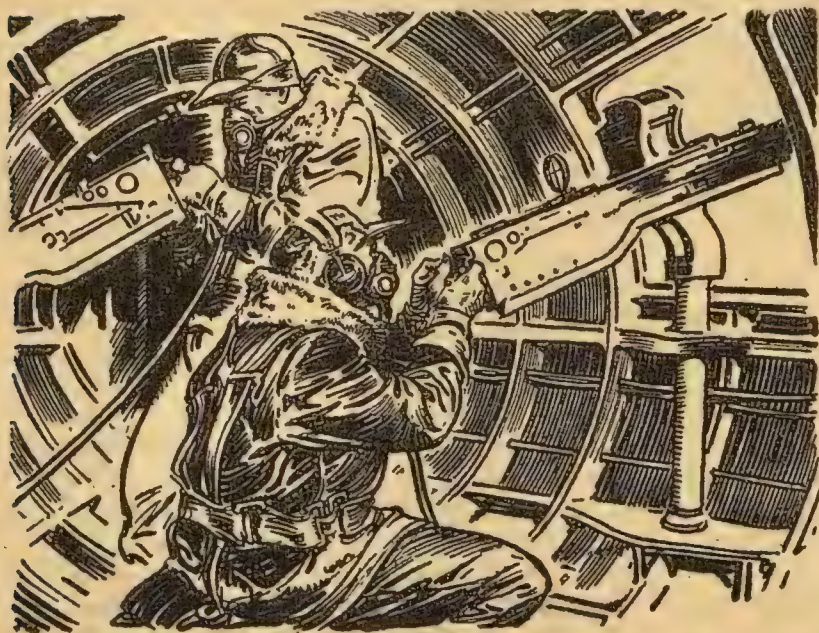
So you learn of Don's death, and you think that maybe

this time it won't hit you so hard, because you've seen so many die before. Maybe you've become a bit hardened.

But you know Don's wife, Eleanor. Only a few hours ago Don was telling you about how he met her the first time at the air-line office where he'd been a pilot. You know, too, Don's son, Toby. Only a few months ago he introduced him proudly as "the future squadron commander." You know of Don's father, too. And so, when you discover that Captain Don Strother is dead, you are learning it for Eleanor and their son Toby, and his parents, and for the baby not yet born. You feel the impact of the tragedy for them all. And you mourn for yourself, too, as his friend and his chaplain. And you look up to the Lord and ask Him to please see to it that Don's death be not in vain.

A few mornings after Don's death, Major Hicks said to me, "Bill, you'd better get your things ready. We're getting off the island tonight."

I went into town to find out about the sailors from the Marblehead and Houston. How were they going to get out? Dr. Wassell wasn't there, but some one told me that he was arranging for their transportation. Later in the



afternoon, when all the men were assembled in the barracks, Colonel Hobson made the announcement. He spoke quickly. He wanted to get it over with. The Japs were landing on the north. We had to leave that night. We were to pack our barracks bags with the things we really needed. The rest was to be put into the trunks and sent by truck to the docks at Tjilatjap. It was a sad meeting.

Shortly before midnight I asked the colonel how he wanted me to travel.

"You've taken a convoy through before, Bill," he said. "I think you'd better go along with Lieutenant Dodd. You'll be able to help."

At midnight the truck convoy was ready. As we prepared to leave, one of the sergeants said to me: "I'll bust wide open the first guy who makes fun of the British or Aussies for 'vacuatin'." He smacked his fist into the palm of his other hand to illustrate what he meant.

A group of Catholic priests who had lived near our barracks watched our trucks roll away.

We moved in a southwesterly direction with only tiny lights. I watched the speedometer carefully. There is always the danger of unconsciously picking up speed in a convoy, and it seemed to me that we were doing it. In a moment we were off the paved road, enveloped in huge clouds of thick dust. "Let's slow down," I said to the driver. "No use killing ourselves."

Just then the driver jammed on his brakes. We couldn't see the truck ahead. Our dim lights couldn't penetrate the dust. We were swiftly heading for the jungle. Our truck swayed dangerously as the driver turned first left, then right, at the fork in the road.

The trucks stopped behind us. I suggested they wait there while several of us went down each of the roads to look for marks from our tires. We drove slowly for about a quarter of a mile and came to another division in the road. There were no signs.

When we returned, the entire convoy had reassembled. One soldier was on the ground, blood flowing from his nose. Another stood over him with his fists clenched.

"If that guy knew how to drive, we wouldn't be lost now," he growled.

The men were on edge. They were irritable, nerves frayed by exhaustion and anxiety. The ship at Tjilatjap wouldn't wait for us if we didn't get there on time.

In a little while a Dutch soldier on a motorcycle came along and led us to the main road. Soon, however, we were on our own again. It was smooth riding until we branched off on a narrow dusty path with jungle on either side.

Again we came to a fork in the road. Natives stood there, some waving us left and some right.

I took a jeep and with Sergeant Pete Tavish went down one of the roads. Soon we saw fresh tire tracks. I sent Pete back to guide the rest of the convoy, while I waited there to make sure that none of them branched off on the road just behind us.

Actually I was there for only about ten minutes, but it seemed like hours. When the jeep pulled away it became pitch black. When my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness and I began to see the jungle all around me, the trees and foliage took on weird, frightening shapes—many not unlike Jap faces. The trucks came by and I waved them on to the right road. The dust was so thick that they looked as if they were cutting through a heavy fog. My throat was parched and my eyes burned.

One of the trucks had broken down and we decided to try to tow it. I rode in the damaged truck behind the lead car. We rolled along for some time, and I must have dozed off. I was awakened by a shout from the driver. We were making a sharp left turn. Then he swerved quickly to the right, and suddenly there was a narrow bridge before us. He pulled hard on the steering wheel, but the truck ahead was pulling us too fast. I braced myself. It looked as if we were surely going through the bridge railing and into the river. We ripped the railing on the right with our front wheel, but the momentum of the truck carried us across safely. We stopped, and discovered that we had lost one of our front wheels.

The contents of the truck were transferred and we drove on till dawn. We had coconuts for breakfast. The cool coconut milk was refreshing, but it couldn't take the place of a dish of ham and eggs and a cup of coffee.

IN A few hours we reached the outskirts of Tjilatjap, and at the docks we were ordered to begin loading the ship immediately.

"But the men haven't been fed. They're hungry," I protested.

"We gotta get out of here. If we stop to eat, it may be our last meal."

I talked to one of the officers about it.

"Sorry, chaplain. Those men have to stand by their trucks for loading orders."

"But they've had an all-night journey. Give them a few minutes to eat. I'll watch the trucks and call them back if you need them before they're finished. They'll work twice as fast after they've eaten something."

The officer agreed.

"Chow, men, chow!" I called loudly. That was a mistake. Every one who heard that thought it was an invitation. Unfortunately, there wasn't enough for the hundreds of soldiers and sailors, Dutch, and natives crowded on the dock, who came running.

The men ate the cold meat, jelly, and bread that Mess Sergeant Dan Fitz prepared, and then started to load the Dutch ship Abbekerk, which was to take us away from Java.

Some of the sailors from the Marblehead and Houston who had come to Tjilatjap by bus came up to me. They were still suffering from burns.

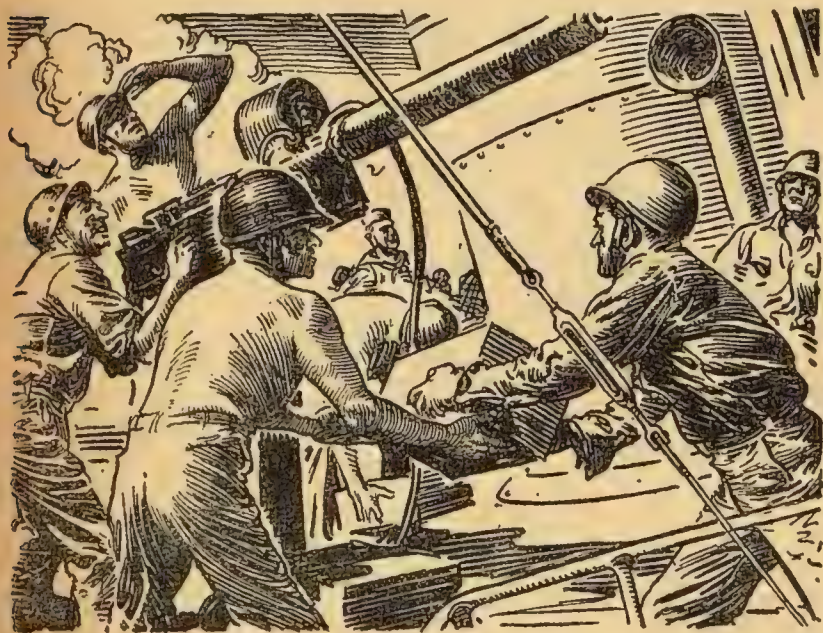
"We can't get on the Navy ship that was supposed to take us. They can't care for us," they told me.

I talked to Major Thompson, commander of the American troops on our ship, about taking them aboard. "I'll take care of them. We'll feed them," I told him, and he consented.

There were only about six staterooms on the entire

ship. These were reserved for the critically sick. One of the sailors was put into a stateroom, and the rest of them slept on the starboard side of the upper deck. At ten o'clock the whine of the air-raid sirens came. The loading lights quickly went out on the docks, but the ship remained lit, as the switch couldn't be found. For a few long minutes we were a perfect target.

"Turn out those lights!" The shouts came from the dock and the ship. A few shot at the lights with their .45s before the switch was found. For almost an hour I crouched in the darkness near the sailors, waiting for



the attack. The all-clear signal was finally heard. The lights went on and the loading of the ship went on for hours. They couldn't possibly get all the cargo into the small freighter. But I heard a sergeant saying, "Drive that truck up here first. That's the chaplain's things, see? It's gotta get on."

Thirteen hundred men—Dutchmen, British, American, and Australian soldiers—were on the Abbekerk, a freighter with normal accommodations for only nineteen.

A kitchen of four field ranges was set up on the deck. Hardtack, eggs (until they became rotten), and "corn willie" made up our meals. We ate out of our mess kits or pans. There were enough lifeboats for the sick only. A few rafts had been rigged up out of bamboo poles and empty gas drums. If it became necessary to abandon ship, the orders were to jump overboard and try to swim to one of these improvised life rafts.

As we traveled south the nights became colder. The sailors were in agony. The strong winds cut into their burned, sensitive skin. I covered the sickest with my blankets and helped him find a comfortable position. After a while he fell asleep, murmuring, "Thanks, Chaplain Bill, you're swell to us." The sea was rough and the boat rolled. I put my arm across his cot to keep him from falling off.

On Saturday at about six o'clock in the evening some one noticed a black speck in the sky. In a moment all eyes were on that speck as it came toward us.

"Rising sun! It's the Japs!" some one yelled.

The alarm to rush to battle stations was sounded. I went down to the main deck, stopping for a moment to pray. My grandfather used to say, "The Lord don't need fancy, hifalutin talk. Just talk to Him plainlike and He'll hear you." I did that now. "It doesn't look like we have much chance of getting through this, Lord," I said. "We have few guns and no escort ships to engage the enemy. We have only You for protection. If it is Your wish that we die now, please help us live our last few minutes as You would want us to." I said "Amen" aloud and went out on the main deck.

Sergeant Donohue was standing there with a number of soldiers. There was no officer to organize them.

"Where are those .50-caliber machine guns, chaplain?"

"I think they're below deck." I jumped on the hatch. "Sergeant Donohue, why don't you lead these men? Why don't you get that stuff up here on deck where it'll

do some good? Fellows, follow Sergeant Donohue!"

A line was quickly formed from below deck. In a moment the boxes of ammunition for the .50-caliber guns were moving up.

On my way back to the sailors I stopped near one of the gun positions and said to the soldier, "Do a good job!"

He winked confidently.

I sat with the sailors as the Jap plane came over us. The plane began to dive, and our big gun boomed. The smaller guns opened up. Our fire must have been too heavy. The Jap climbed, circled, and returned. Our guns roared again. The ship quivered. Several times the plane returned and then disappeared.

The sailors were nervous, restless.

"At least, if we were on one of our own ships!"

"Yeah, then we could fight 'em."

"Here we just wait for them to come back."

"Sure, now that they know where we are, they'll send back a squadron of bombers."

"Or maybe he'll radio our position to the Jap fleet."

"What do you think, chaplain?"

"I think we ought to stop worrying. Worrying isn't going to frighten away any Jap planes or subs. We've got good guns and good gunners. God protected us from that one Jap and He can protect us again."

A hospital orderly came to me. "You're wanted in the sick bay, chaplain."

One of the men had flung himself face down and was beating the floor with his fists. He didn't want to die on a ship! he screamed hysterically. He wanted to get off. Shell shock had left him with a fear of traveling on ships. It was a long time before I succeeded in calming him.

AT ABOUT ten o'clock Sunday morning we had Church Call. I felt keenly the power of God in that simple service on the deck.

"Shorty" Harvey Clark chatted with me afterwards.

"This is the first time I've been to church in six years."

"What made you come today, Shorty?"

"It's Bill Oglesby's fault. I was sitting on my bunk during the attack yesterday, about to take a few drinks from that quart bottle I had brought out of Java. So Bill sees me and asks me what good it'd do me. 'It'll steady my nerves,' I told him. 'Wait,' he says. 'I got something that'll do you more good than that.' And he hands me the Bible, and tells me if I'd read it and believe, come what may I'd have the strength to face it."

"So what'd you do, Shorty?"

"Well, I took the Bible from him, but when he left I also took a drink of liquor. Well, during the raid I notice Bill's as calm as a cucumber and I'm just as nervous. So when I heard there's gonna be a service this morning I decided to come. Maybe there's something to what Oglesby said."

In due time we docked safely at the port of Fremantle, on the west coast of Australia, and had a tiresome three-day trip by rail to Melbourne. Then a task I dreaded had to be done. It hadn't been possible to get to it before, because we were moving around so much. But now I could sit down and write to the nearest relatives of our men who had been killed. Also, arrangements had to be made to send back their personal effects.

As I worked in my tent I began to realize that we had come out of Java with about half the men we had there when I arrived. Approximately 800 men—an entire 131st Artillery unit—were either missing in action or prisoners.

Of course the nearest of kin were notified by the War Department, but I knew that the brief message from Washington wasn't enough. They must long for every scrap of information about their boy—for every detail about how he died. I realized this more keenly when I began to receive letters such as this one from the wife of Technical Sergeant Stephan Androkovich:

Langley View, Virginia.

Received your letter and words cannot express just how much better I feel knowing so many things you have written and can believe. My mind has never stopped wondering and wanting to know just what did happen. In the letter from you, it just seems to answer all my questions that I have wanted to ask. I received a letter from the

19th Group with orders saying my husband, Sergeant Androkovich, was rewarded with the Distinguished Flying Cross on February 15. I also received a fine letter from his squadron commander, Major A. E. Keyes. He said his being alive today was because of Stephan's ingenuity and alertness. Once again thank you for your fine letter. It makes me feel like I could just picture the entire services. May God bless you and help you in your wonderful work. It is to Him I look for comfort as only He can give it.

And from the sister of Sergeant Ralph W. Chorn:

Hendrix, Oklahoma.

Because my parents are prostrated with grief over the death of my only brother, Sergeant Ralph Chorn, they have asked me to convey to you the heartfelt gratitude of our entire family.

Words cannot express our appreciation of your kindness to our loved one, and it is a great comfort to know that, since it was God's will he should be called, he did have a Christian burial.

Since Ralph was the only boy in our family, his passing hurt all of us very deeply. Your letter cleared up some of this hurt by explaining how he was laid to rest.

Just two weeks before we learned of his death we sent him a carton of cigarettes. If it is convenient, would you see that these are given to some other of our boys down there?

And from Captain Don Strother's wife:

Denver, Colorado.

It's very comforting indeed to receive letters from Don's comrade in arms and to know that he was with his friend during his last days. I found his captain's bars in his trunk with the rest of the insignia. From Don's uniform which was returned I made for our boy, Toby, a little Army uniform just like his father used to wear.

And from Lieutenant William T. Morgan's mother:

Binghamton, New York.

Your splendid letter reached me, oddly enough, on Armistice Day, and it did a great deal for me. I was so glad to hear from one who had been in Java at the time my son met his death and who knew him personally.

The small bag of clothes and the clock came to me. The money came to me in the form of a twenty-dollar check. I had no idea it was from some one who owed my son that amount. Your letter cleared that up. Thank you so much for all you went through to get these things to me. I shall always regret that I did not get to Texas or to Salt Lake City when my son was there.

He was such a fine son. Bill read his Bible regularly and had a clear faith in God, and I pray when my time comes he will be "there" to greet me. That gives me courage to go on. May God bless our leaders and help them find the best possible way to an early peace for all countries that will last. Then those who have given their lives or been badly injured shall not have suffered in vain. And those who are left shall be proud for the result obtained.

My prayers go out to all of you men who are bravely facing what is ahead. May God bless you in your work and bring you back safely to your family.

THAT Easter in Melbourne was a holiday I'll never forget. It was Christmas and Easter rolled into one. Just before Easter Sunday we received our first mail from home, and with it came our Christmas packages. A present which proved to be most popular was the subscription to the Arizona Republic from Reg Manning, a cartoonist on the Phoenix newspaper. The boys from Arizona used to read and reread it.

We had an early service in the mess hall Easter Sunday. The boys gathered flowers and leaves and with them we tried to convert the drab room into a chapel. Sergeant Jack Larsen was the soloist.

After the service I took Sergeant Chopping, Sergeant

Peterson, and several others to town for breakfast at the well known American Hospitality Center, then operated by about thirty-five American-born women who lived in Melbourne. Chopping, or "Choppy" as we called him, had a bullet lodged in his backbone. His only thought was how soon he could get into combat again.

After a few weeks of rest and reorganization we left Melbourne on the banana boat James Parker. We went to Brisbane, and from there to Townsville. We were all pleased to be going to an advanced base again. Soldiers' morale drops when there's not much to do.

Our new base was an Australian Army camp near the airfield. For the sake of camouflage, the one-story wooden buildings were laid out to resemble a little village. Each building housed about thirty men. Our barracks were at the base of a little hill which looked like a sentinel standing guard over Townsville. When it rained it was almost impossible to get around the camp because of the islands of mud that formed. When it didn't rain we were plagued by clouds of dust.

I flew into Longreach—about two hundred miles southwest of Townsville—where our 28th and 93d Squadrons were stationed, and spent several days with the men. Sunday night, while I was preaching at a church in town, an elderly kind-faced chaplain walked in. I knew that my "boss," Chaplain Ivan L. Bennett, had come. I felt like a young Timothy standing in the presence of a Paul.

After the service I went to his hotel room, where we talked for several hours. I was surprised to learn that Chaplain Bennett, who was now in charge of chaplains in Australia, was editor of the much appreciated Song-and-Service Book for Ship and Field.

DENGUE fever finally caught up with me in May. While I was in the hospital at Townsville I met Lieutenant Frank Beeson from Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

The first thing Frank said to me when he was well enough to talk was, "Are you a Christian?"

There was nothing pious or holy-looking about Frank. He had a strong body and a sense of humor that kept every one at the hospital smiling, and two qualities that I found not uncommon among our men—a derisive contempt for the enemy and an unshakable faith in God.

He always used the term "we" in talking about the action that shattered his shoulder with an explosive shell.

"What do you mean—'we'?" I asked. "It's a single-seat fighter, isn't it?"

"Sure it's a single-seater, but I don't sit in the cockpit alone. I have a Person in the cockpit with me always who's on my side when I meet the Japs."

Telling his mother about the engagement with the Jap bombers, he wrote:

"... 'Twas in the merry month of May, tra-la, when the yellow bomb buds were bursting into full-size craters and the home saps displayed revitalized energies diving into foxholes. I was enjoying the subzero temperature of five miles' altitude and the rubbery smell of my oxygen mask when I spied a group of large airplanes proceeding toward—well, the place where I came from. Inquisitiveness comes forth and I go to take a closer look, which reveals many red spots before my eyes. To relieve this condition I turn loose a couple of guns, get a very good view of Slant-eyes, and dive underneath the formation. Then some little definitely not nice yellow man pokes a gun out of a hole in his miserable old airplane and slings a slug at me. Needless to say, my feelings were somewhat hurt at this harsh treatment, so I collected my pretties and went home. In the fleshy part of my right upper arm where I was hit the attending surgeon made the following exchange: four scraps of American steel were replaced by stitches of Japanese silk..."

The doctors insisted that Frank would never be able to fly again. But Frank had other ideas. He exercised methodically day after day like an athlete preparing for a contest. Hour after hour he lay on his bed squeezing a rubber ball. Then slowly he began to raise his arm and move it from side to side.

"Yes siree, Bill, I'm going back into combat. These medics know lots about sewing a fellow up, but they don't know that the Lord has plans for us. Heck, they're

not sending me back to Alabama until we've mopped up the Japs."

Several weeks later I was riding across the field in a jeep with my portable organ, hymnbooks, and Bible. I had just finished a service. A B-17 was landing. I pulled up behind the Fortress.

"Hey, Bill! Hello there!" I heard from the plane.

It was Frank Beeson.

"Going to stay a spell at our hospital here?"

"Hospital! Hospital! Heck, no! I'm going up to Port Moresby to join the gang."

Not long after this meeting two pursuit pilots walked into a café in Townsville where I was sitting.

"Join me," I called to them. "You're pursuit pilots, aren't you?"

"How'd you know?"

"It's easy to pick out pursuit pilots. Say, do you know my friend Frank Beeson?"

They looked at each other for a moment; then one of them said: "We lost Frank the other day over Buna, New Guinea."

Almost a year later Frank's body was found in the jungles of Buna when our troops took the area away from the Japs. Although severely injured, he had crawled some distance from his plane. In his pocket was found an envelope addressed to the Forest Lake Baptist Church in Tuscaloosa. The amount of money he was planning to send his church was filled in.

BY the middle of July we were settled at our new field in Mareeba—a dry, barren plateau about two hundred miles north of Townsville. Only a reconnaissance squadron was left at Townsville. We were now within closer striking distance of the enemy and nearer our refueling base, Port Moresby.

With our various squadrons close to each other, I could visit them more frequently and could see the men more often before they went off on missions. I could be at the field to help those who returned. I was closer to the ground crews. I was able to hold services every Sunday.

At seven thirty in the morning I conducted services for headquarters squadron. It was impressive to see the men come to chapel from the mess hall, from the motor pool, and from their tents. Services for the Catholics were held at St. Thomas Church in town. I arranged for trucks to pick up the boys at eight thirty every morning in time for the nine o'clock mass.

At nine thirty I conducted services at the Second Station Hospital, where I ran into Sergeant Chopping.

"What, you shot up again, Choppy?"

"It's nothing much this time—just shrapnel. So long, chaplain; thanks for the service," he waved.

"Take good care of yourself, Choppy."

"I will, so I can get back at 'em."

At one in the afternoon I arranged services for one squadron. At six o'clock the men of another squadron worshiped with me in their "day room." For the men of the third squadron I held services at nine o'clock. The bombsight room wasn't a very churchlike atmosphere, with its flying equipment, tools, radio apparatus, and bunks. But we blacked out the windows, and it doesn't take much to hold a service—just a Bible, some hymnbooks, and, most of all, the will to worship.

I spoke from Revelation 21:22-27, dwelling mainly on: "...And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth. . . but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."

After the service we sat around eating watermelon and thinking and talking about home.

We were still lacking a good deal of the recreational equipment we had requisitioned, so I flew back to Townsville with Major Connally, our commanding officer. I sat in the radio compartment of the B-17 with Sergeant Alva Hascall and Soup Silva.

We were detained in Townsville until the following afternoon. I dragged several bundles of mail to the plane to bring back with me to Mareeba. Hascall and I handed the bags to Soup inside. As the engines were warming up, Sandy McPherson drove up in a staff car and shouted:

"Come on out, Soup. I want you to stay over and fly with me tomorrow."

Soup and Sandy stood on the field as we taxied off. Their arms were raised and their thumbs and forefingers formed circles—the happy-landing signal.

The next day at Mareeba, after morning chow, an Australian officer said to me, "I hear McPherson's dead."

"No. Can't be. It's the same old story. Just rumors."

"I heard it happened last night."

"Well, let's go ask Captain Smith. He'll know."

We walked together to the adjutant's tent.

"Say, Smitty, this's another rumor about Mac, isn't it?"

"It's true this time, Bill. He was killed last night."

"Where?"

"Horn Island."

"Was Soup with him?"

"Yes. Soup was killed. So was Lieutenant Penick, Sergeant Bond, Corporal Hanson, Sergeant Schofield, and about ten others."

On Saturday a telegram Lieutenant Lucius Penick had been waiting for came. Just before we left Townsville on Thursday he ran to the plane and shouted, "You'd better have some news for me about my baby when I get to Mareeba!" Now the news was here. It was a baby boy, his wife had cabled.

I flew back to Townsville with Major Connally to see if there was anything we could do and to check the complete list of dead. As I walked into a shack where some officers were sitting, their mouths opened wide.

"Is that you, Taggart?" one of them said.

"I think so."

"And we were just saying what a nice guy you were. We thought you were on Mac's plane."

I learned later that the rumor had gotten around that there was a chaplain on Mac's plane and the boys thought it was I. It was Chaplain Albert M. Hart, a Presbyterian chaplain of a coast artillery unit.

I flew with Major "Mat" Philip Mathewson to Horn Island to recover the bodies, arrange for burials, and look for their personal possessions. As we landed, the Australians came running to us, urging that we leave at once because they were afraid our plane would attract the Japs. They had been attacked several times in the last few days. We drove to the twisted wreck. The bodies had already been buried by Australians.

We returned to Mareeba about seven in the evening. After a hurried chow I went for my organ and some hymnbooks and held a service. Sergeant Hascall was there. Soup Silva had promised to come to the service with him. It would have been Soup's second service.

SHORTLY after this I made a trip to Cairns to look for Major Dean C. "Pinky" Hoevet and his crew of eleven who had crashed into the ocean. The Flying Fortress was near the beach, its tail end sticking out of the water. It was impossible to move it so we could look for those who might be imprisoned under the wreck. The entire population of Cairns came to help us, though, and for several days we searched the shark-infested water, wading waist-high, with the debris from the wreckage floating around us. We found one body floating about five miles from the plane. Another was found by some Australian children on the beach.

By Friday morning, after finding four others, we concluded it was useless to search any more. We placed the six bodies in brown wooden coffins. Over each we draped an American flag. They were placed in the council room of the city hall, on a long table banked with beautiful flowers from the people of Cairns. An honor guard of three—an Australian soldier and sailor and an American soldier—stood at attention near the caskets. Silently the people of Cairns and Australian and American military personnel passed through the room.

Two of the dead—Ralph Tarod and Bernard Merker—were Jewish. I telephoned Mareeba and requested that they fly a Jewish prayer book to me.

The memorial services were held on the city hall lawn in the afternoon. Groups from the Australian Navy, Air Force, Army, and Nurses Corps, American soldiers, and hundreds of Australian civilians came. Australian flags flew at half-mast throughout the town and the American flag was on the city hall flagpole.

Thirty-six American soldiers brought the coffins out.

Mr. Collis, a citizen of Cairns, sang a solo, *The Trumpeter*. Then I delivered the obituary, reading the names of the twelve men who had been killed.

I opened the Jewish prayer book that had come just a few minutes before and read the memorial prayer, the Kaddish:

"To the departed whom we now remember, may peace and bliss be granted in life eternal. May he find grace and mercy before the Lord of heaven and earth. May his soul rejoice in that ineffable good which God has laid up for those who fear Him, and may their memory be a blessing unto those who treasure it. May the Father of peace send peace to all who mourn, and comfort to all the bereaved among us. Amen."

Colonel Arthur Bell and the mayor of the town, Mr. Collins, paid tribute to the Americans. There Is No Death was sung, after which I delivered the memorial message.

A firing squad of twelve American soldiers faced the ocean toward America and fired their salutes. As the sound of the volleys died away, taps was sounded and the pallbearers carried the coffins into the city hall.

Saturday the coffins were put on the train for Townsville, where I officiated at the burial.

I left Townsville on the first plane headed for Mareeba. After we leveled off, Major Sam Maddux, the pilot, called me into the cockpit.

"How many parachutes do we have, chaplain?"

"We have none, Sam, and you know it!"

Sam looked at me and grinned. He knew it well. It wasn't unusual to fly without parachutes during those days. We had a limited number which were reserved for ships going into combat.

We circled the landing field after about an hour of flying. There were ambulances and trucks moving around, and men in white fire-fighting asbestos suits. We finally got the call to land. They quickly directed us off the runway and onto a taxi strip. I jumped out through the back door and yelled, "What's up?"

"The flight was hit this morning. Captain Webb and his crew crashed in the ocean. All gone."

Colonel Richard Carmichael, who had replaced Major Connally as commanding officer of the 19th Bombardment Group, drove up. "Stand by, Bill. Some of the planes may have to make crash landings. There may be work for you."

As he was talking one plane roared onto the field. It turned slowly and taxied to a position just behind our plane. The rear door opened and a young lieutenant signaled for the ambulance. The doctor, Captain Jacob Gottlieb, came up to examine Lieutenant David Hirsch, who had been hit in the leg.

"Chaplain—say, chaplain," the pilot called through the window. "For heaven's sake, get this body out of here. I've been flying four hours sitting here looking at him."

Other planes were coming in. One was having trouble. It circled the field time after time, prepared to come in, and then climbed. The ambulances and trucks were ready. The men in asbestos suits were standing by. The plane started to approach the field again. It came nearer, and touched the ground. Every one was relieved. Then some one screamed: "Get off that runway!"

One wheel shot off the plane. The ship spun to the right and crashed into some trees. The fire fighters ran to the wrecked plane. But fortunately there was no fire. The plane was riddled with bullets. However, only Staff Sergeant L. H. Penwarden was injured.

AFTER a while I suppose every chaplain in combat is in need of a "morale officer." I used to call Sergeant Alva Hascall my morale officer. He was always around with a word of encouragement. He came into my tent one night as I sat there depressed.

"Feelin' blue?"

"A little, I guess."

"Not so many came to chapel, huh? Is that it?"

"Partly. Look at this."

Hascall took the letter out of my hand, started to read aloud: "If it's at all possible to give comfort to a mother who has learned that her son's body has been crushed and burned to death, then your letter has done that. I don't suppose his watch was found. He must have had

other things that we could get comfort out of having—just something that we knew he had touched. He was such a good boy. Robert was our youngest son. We have been planning on bringing his body back after the war, but now we don't know what to do. We don't want to keep hoping for it if it can't be done. If you were in our place, what would you do. . . Was there anything left of him to bring back? Please, Mr. Taggart, I can take it—would you please tell me. . ."

Hascall stopped reading and sat down beside me. "Well, I'd rather be up there battling Japs than have to be writing letters to those mothers and wives. By the way, do you remember Lieutenant Burkey's flight?"

"All but one were saved, weren't they?"

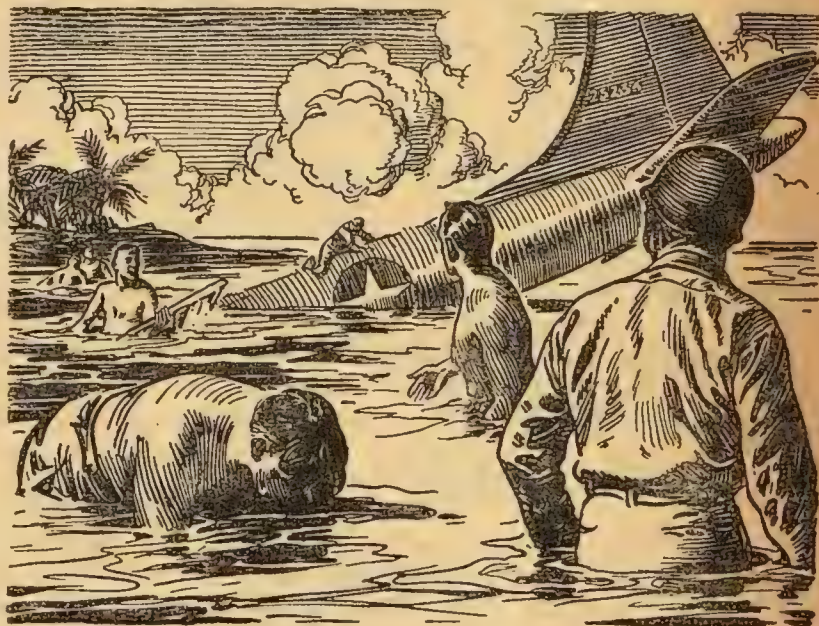
"Yeah; but did you hear the story about 'G-Willie' Schmid?"

"I know he got back all right."

"He says he owes his life to something you said in a sermon."

"G-Willie said that!"

"Yeah. Remember you preached last week about King David and Solomon? Well, after he bailed out he lands in a tree all bruised, with some of his bones broken. There's a bush fire below from the crack-up, and he hasn't the strength to undo his chute buckles. Well, he's just hanging there thinking he's gonna die. All of a sudden he remembers the words of David you preached: 'Show thyself a man.' So he says to himself: 'I'm man enough to get out of this.' Well, he begins to lift himself up, and it hurts so much he thinks he's gonna pass out.



But he just keeps right on pushing and twisting until he gets clear, then he undoes the chute and gets away."

Not G-Willie Schmid! Only a short while ago he had seen Captain Bernice Barr putting a Testament into his shirt pocket before taking off on a mission. "We don't need that with us, do we?" he scoffed.

I remembered the service at which I talked about King David and Solomon. G-Willie was there, but he didn't seem to be listening. I remembered being disturbed because so few had come. Then as I talked I thought of Chaplain Bennett's advice to "preach and preach well, even if it is only to one man. You never know when or how God's Word will help."

"How were they found?" I asked Hascall.

"Lieutenant Burkey says he just prayed all the time he was floating down in his chute. As he crawled through the jungle toward the beam of light he continued to pray. He got to the beach exhausted and thirsty. He wrote in the sand in large letters the word: 'W-A-T-E-R,' and collapsed when he finished the 'R.' His body near the writing on the sand attracted the rescue plane. Natives and missionaries helped find some of the others."

"What's that?"

Hascall went outside the tent and looked up.

"There's a plane circling the field."

"Is there a flight due back?"

"Maybe it's Major Lindberg and his men."

Major Allen Lindberg and his crew were almost a week overdue. The search parties had found nothing.

We ran out to the field. The plane had already landed. Several men jumped out. Their jackets were bleached white and stiff. Their faces were bearded and blistered. "It's Lindberg!"

I started to shake hands with Major Lindberg. He drew back, smiled, and held up his hands. They were red and sore. His lips were swollen and cracking.

"We're back, Chaplain Bill, by the mercies of God," he said. "We never expected to see this field again."

I helped the men into my car and drove them to their squadron headquarters.

"We crashed early in the morning," Lindberg explained. "We just had time to shove off on two rubber rafts without a crumb of food or a drop of water. We were all pretty worried—all except Hernandez here. Right away he starts praying. After a while he says that help is on the way. We ask him what does he mean? How does he know? He says to us he don't know how or when, but *something* tells him that we will be saved."

"That's the gospel truth, chaplain," Hernandez said. "I was only praying for a few minutes when I felt God heard me and was taking a hand to help us out. From then on, no matter how tough it got, I was sure we'd come through all right."

"You've no idea what hell is like until you're crowded in a rubber bubble without food or water and left to drift beneath a broiling sun," Lindberg continued. "Toward evening we thought we saw the peaks of mountains in the west. When they dissolved into mist, Hernandez just prayed harder. Soon he gets the rest of us to pray and sing with him."

"What did you sing, Hernandez?" I asked.

"We sang Rock of Ages and Lead, Kindly Light. On the second day our lips were too cracked and our tongues too swollen for much singing. But the prayers never stopped," Lindberg said. "Then something happened. We felt a current reach us and hurry us along. Before night we saw the silhouette of palm trees, the white streak of surf, and, almost beyond belief, the black hulls of three outrigger canoes."

"Who were they?"

"They were Australian aborigines—black-skinned fishermen from the mainland many miles away. On their way home, they said, a strange urge came over them to come fishing here. They didn't expect to catch anything, but they couldn't resist the impulse to come. *Something* compelled them to change their course and steer for this uninhabited and worthless bit of coral."

"And did they catch anything?" some one asked, as Lindberg, Hernandez, and the others got out of my car.

"Nothing—just us."

"What a disappointment, huh?"

"Not to us. For my money, those kinky-haired lads are the best fishermen in the whole world—even better than me!"

GENERAL GEORGE C. KENNEY, commander of the Allied Air Forces in the Southwest Pacific area, came to present our group with four hundred individual decorations. We didn't have a band, so I rigged up the phonograph to the public-address system so we could have music with the marching. General Kenney thought it was a good idea.

It was a hot afternoon and the men weren't used to parading. But General Kenney's talk and the decorations left them in better humor. The general told us what we had been accomplishing and gave us medals which we could show the folks at home—if we got home.

After the general left, the men chatted about American exploits against the Japs. They sounded like a squad of football players reviewing the plays that had won for them the coveted trophy.

There was that large Jap aircraft carrier that we sank out of Java, reminisced the boys of an old bombardment group. What a big baby that was! And how about that flight to the Philippines to rescue General Douglas MacArthur and his party by Major Frank Bostrom and others? It would be a long time before we'd forget that. Then there was that tough assignment to fly ground

troops to Port Moresby. They said this helped save the port for the Allies. What a job we did in the Coral Sea! Did you ever see so many ships sink? They looked like clay pigeons at a shooting gallery. And don't forget Buna Bay. We did a whale of a job there, too. And say, talking of tough ones, we even licked those brush flies at Cloncurry, one of the boys of the 30th Squadron boasted, and every one laughed. And how about a round of praise for the old B-17? She did everything for us. When we needed a pursuit ship, she was it. Sure, and we used her for a dive bomber and long-range bomber, too! Didn't



we take her into missions without fighter protection? And when those Zeros came, didn't we do a neat job with her guns? Let's pin a medal on those B-17s, too!

I listened to them and wondered what I had accomplished. What was my "box score" of these months in combat? Had the men changed much? Had my work helped for victory?

On the surface no great change had taken place among the men during the year of combat. Most of those who cursed before Pearl Harbor still cursed. There were some who, when they used profane language in my presence, would turn to me and say: "Sorry, chaplain. It's just that I get mad and can't find a better word."

Most of those who liked liquor before the war still drank when they got into town. But it wasn't infrequent that a man would leave my tent saying, "I felt like going on a bender just before I came to see you."

Although we organized as many recreational activities as possible, there were many who gambled for relaxation. My presence among them hadn't changed their lifetime thinking and habits. I learned soon after Pearl Harbor that my chief contribution toward victory would be in my ability to keep the men conscious that they were fighting on God's side and aware of what He expected of them.

Not as many as I hoped had attended services. But the record was good. I had a congregation of men from every section of the country. Some had gone to church before the war. Others had not. Those who had been churchgoers attended my services, and many who hadn't been to church since childhood started to come.

There was no startling record of conversions. I felt, however, that many who hadn't thought much about the Lord now had a greater understanding and faith in Him. Some had been converted. When it happened, it came simply—so simply that when it was over you wondered if it had really happened.

Those who turn to religion in combat are not men afraid to die; they are not weak men seeking a haven in religion. These are strong men with an unflinching conviction that they are fighting on God's side. This belief and faith in Him help them to withstand unbelievable hardships and suffering; help them to fight on to victory against superior strength.

From talks I have had with other chaplains, I am convinced that their experiences have been very much

the same as mine, and so I feel safe in saying that out of the war has grown a tendency on the part of the men fighting it to turn more than ever to religion. Sometimes it is not apparent on the surface. It manifests itself instead in a more intense thoughtfulness, in a sympathetic attitude toward the other men, in a greater willingness to accept the bitter risks of warfare. It has not only made them better men but better soldiers.

The day the decorations were presented, Sergeant Hascall said to me, "You know what I was thinking when General Kenney was pinning those medals on us?"

"What?"

"I was thinking of Hegdahl. He shoulda been here this afternoon to get a medal."

"You were in the plane with him when he was hit, weren't you?"

"He was my assistant radio operator. Boy, what a surprise when he swung the tail guns on those Japs and got a couple of them! What a scrap that was! We were jumped by fifteen fighters. I was in the radio compartment. My first thought was something I heard many times in the old days—that a fellow is worth just three minutes of combat in the air. So for some reason, I looked at my watch. Then I looked at it again a few minutes later, and saw that four minutes had gone by. So I said to myself, I guess this isn't my time."

"What made me fighting mad was their putting a couple of explosives in my radio set. I took the rear guns, neither of which was working. There was only one thing to do—that was, to repair them. I did this, and managed to get into the running scrap, which lasted all the way up to 20,000 feet. When we shook them, I noticed the lack of oxygen, and started to figure out how I could make a mask for Hegdahl. I had some hose and a new mask in the radio compartment. So I went up and fixed up the mask, then returned to the tail-gun position and placed the mask on Hegdahl. When I got back to the radio compartment I almost collapsed. I really needed oxygen. What a feeling! After we shook them off I repaired my radio set, which made it possible to radio Kendari for fuel and medical attention for Hegdahl."

CAPTAIN BERNICE BARR, I heard, was leaving on a well-earned ten-day furlough. There were some things I wanted him to buy for me, so I hunted him up. I found him standing with a group of men.

"It's all off, chaplain," Barr said.

"What's off?"

"The furlough."

"No!"

"Yup. We're going on a long flight, so they've canceled our leave." The rest of the boys nodded.

What a shame! They needed the rest so much. Flight fatigue was setting in. The men were getting irritable. They needed to get away from the field.

"Well, I don't know what to say. I'm disappointed; sorry you're not going."

"Just say congratulations."

"Congratulations for what?"

"We're going home, preacher!" Barr grinned.

"We're going home!" they all chimed in.

I could hardly believe it. The rumor that we were going home had drifted into Mareeba early in September, and I had been deluged with questions. Could they take their Australian wives with them? What was going to happen to the 19th Bombardment Group? They began to look with renewed hope at the photos of their girl friends. "Will you marry us when we return, chaplain?"

We watched eagerly for replacements—a sign that we might leave. But the replacements didn't come. For a while there was little talk about anything else but going home.

"I thought you said we were going to see a postseason football game, chaplain!"

"He didn't say how long after the season."

"Didn't Roosevelt say we'd be home by Christmas?"

"We will. He didn't say which Christmas!"

When weeks went by and there was still nothing official, the men didn't stop thinking about going home, but at least there was less talking about it. The business

of blasting the Japs had to go on. Until replacements could be brought they would have to continue to go into combat.

But at last the order came to return. The 93d Squadron was to leave first, under the leadership of Colonel Carmichael. Soon the others would follow.

At four in the morning the pilots and navigators were in the briefing room receiving their flight instructions, while the crews stood outside exchanging jokes, all confident they would make their flight home successfully.

Driving Captain Barr and his crew to the plane was like the beginning of a picnic. My little Chevrolet car was overflowing with fifteen men who behaved like kids on their way to the circus. They were going home!

I climbed into the plane. Number one engine started, and then they tried number two. But the self-starter wouldn't work. Sergeant G-Willie Schmid became restless. They tried again, but it wouldn't turn over. G-Willie grabbed the hand crank and shouted, "Let me at it! I'll crank her all the way home, if necessary!"

I stood in the cockpit behind Barr as the huge plane rolled slowly down the taxi strip onto the runway.

"Good-by, men. Here's some cake and candy."

"Thanks, chaplain."

"Why doncha come with us?"

"No, fellows," I answered. "I'll be leaving on a transport with the ground crew. I'll be able to do much more on that long ocean trip. So long, boys."

"Good-by, chaplain. See you in Texas!"

"So long. God protect you."

I jumped from the plane. The roar of the four superchargers filled the air. Bernice waved to me. I gave the happy-landing signal, he released the brakes—and they were flying home.

IT WAS about three weeks before the last of the combat crews got their orders to return. Those were three long, difficult weeks. The orders were expected any day, but until they came the men had to continue to go on missions from which some of them might not return.

But finally all the combat crews were on their way home. In the third week, though, a plane with the entire crew was lost. Only the ground crew was left. For a while there would be no more missions. Bernice Barr, G-Willie Schmid, and the rest in that flight had already arrived safely. Soon I, too, would be leaving. We would go as soon as the replacements came. I tried to remember my home, but the harder I tried the more hazy it all became. Home seems to get far away from you after a year in combat. Methodically I tried to figure out how I would get to my house from the railroad station in Abilene. I was puzzled when I found I couldn't remember. I felt as if I had been here all my life. My parents, my friends, my home—they all seemed part of a vivid dream that I couldn't quite recollect.

While we waited for the new ground crew to arrive, I started to make plans. What was I going to do when I went home? I'd visit with my parents, see friends in Wichita Falls, and if there was time I would contact the parents and wives of the men we had lost. But what after that? I found that I had no plans. What plans can you have at home, when our men are fighting throughout the world? When every day they are giving their lives? After some time in combat a man needs a furlough, they said. After a rest they might send me to a combat zone again.

Near the end of November the new ground crew arrived. We traveled by rail to Townsville. There we boarded a Norwegian ship, the S.S. Torrens, and sailed for America.

We arrived safely, and I found that, after all, I knew my way home when I got to Texas.

When I got to Pyote Field on the day we were reviewed and decorations were awarded, I walked over to where "Tojo's Jinx" was resting next to the other planes that had been flown from Australia. The circles Soup Silva had painted on her side to number the Jap victims of his gunfire were still there. I looked at the floor which had been saturated with Hegdahl's blood. Soup and I had cleaned it up in Java, and once again I heard Soup's gruff friendly voice: "I got a job for you, chap-

lain—a job that needs some religion. You wanna help?"

I turned away and watched the preparations for the review and decorations. The stand for General Olds and his staff was ready on the ramp. The band from the Davis-Montham Field in Tucson, Arizona, was on the field.

A sergeant from our ground crew passed.

"Big day, eh, chaplain?"

"Could be bigger."

"Yeah—if the others were here too. We better get going. They'll be startin' soon."

As the last of our squadrons passed in review before the stand, a formation of twenty-five B-17s of the 93d Bombardment Group flew over the field for the aerial review. I glanced at our battle-scarred bombers as the new Flying Fortresses flew in groups of three, one above the other, resembling an eight-story house. While the groups of three were peeling off the formation, I prayed that there would never again be any need for men to go to war; that we would always be a peacetime congregation.

The ceremony ended just in time. A dust storm was beginning to blow up. Parents, wives, brothers, and sisters were hurrying off the field with their men, admiring the decorations and chatting gaily. Some parents and

widows were leaving the field alone. I went back to "Tojo's Jinx."

"Hi there, Chaplain Taggart." A sergeant came over and leaned against the plane. "I wanted to say good-bye to you. Before I go I just wanna tell you I didn't realize until I came back how swell it was to have you with us. I didn't realize it until I got home and went to church on Sunday. While I was sitting there I said to myself: 'There's an awful lot we didn't have in combat, but we always had church services; we always had Chaplain Taggart to come to.' I guess the best way I can thank you for what you done is to tell you that I'm gonna continue to go to church and try to be a good Christian. So long, chaplain."

He left, and I thought: This is my real decoration.

The dust was beginning to whirl around me. My mother and father had taken shelter in one of the buildings. I had better be getting back to them, I thought.

Lieutenant Hascall came along.

"Paying your respects to 'Tojo's Jinx,' chaplain?"

"To 'Tojo's Jinx' and to those who flew her."

Hascall looked at the line of bombers, brought his hand up in a quick salute, and said: "To 'Tojo's Jinx,' to those who flew her, and to those who died in her."

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

ARTHUR KOESTLER, who has already distinguished himself by writing adult novels about our troublous times, has turned in another stellar performance with *Arrival and Departure*.

It is the story of young Peter Slavek, who has fought Fascism in Europe, who has been wounded and tortured doing it, who escapes when Europe is overrun and, as a stowaway, goes to a neutral country. There he tries to enlist with the British to fight again, and while waiting falls in love with a refugee girl who is about to leave for America.

When she sails, as a refugee must, toward the only door to civilized life open to her, Peter faces the conflict of following her

to some as it is exciting to others.

In the end Peter gets himself and his attitude toward life straightened out, though not without continuing his sacrifice. Rather, he understands it better.



William
B. Stout

Arthur Koestler is no man to spare a character. You may not like any of the people you meet on his pages, but I think it is safe to say that once you start one of his tales you'll find it absorbing, and likely remember it.

Published by the Macmillan Co., New York. Price \$2.

A VERY different, wonderfully informative and entertaining book is *Tomorrow We Fly*, by William Stout and Franklin M. Reck, a down-to-brass-tacks outline of what the airplane will be doing for all of us soon after the war.

It describes the helicopter you may actually be able to buy in a few years: how it will fly, and how much it may cost to own and to operate, and how you will use it in your everyday life. It also describes possible roadable airplanes, part motorcar, part plane, which will be useful to those who

land at airports distant from their homes.

It tells about the cargo planes that will carry tons—and make life easier for us because they will bring us whatever we need and can afford from the ends of the earth in a matter of hours instead of weeks. And the passenger planes that will carry us around the world in luxury, at a speed and a price we could hardly dare believe a few years ago.

It's a fascinating book—the more marvelous because it's true. You owe it to your knowledge of the world around and ahead of you to read it.

Published by Thos. Y. Crowell Co., N. Y. Price \$2.

I D be a likely candidate for a modest wager that there are more owners than readers of Shakespeare's revered works. In great part, this is due, I believe, to the manner in which they are presented, usually in volumes too heavy to hold or too closely printed to read comfortably.

The Modern Library has remedied this by presenting a new series of Shakespeare in three beautifully printed volumes that are as much pleasure to hold as they are to read. The Tragedies are in one volume, the Comedies in another, the Histories and Poems in the third, every one complete with glossary and notes.

Published by The Modern Library, N. Y. Price 95 cents each.



Arthur
Koestler

or of going through with his original plan for enlistment and continuing the fight.

Here begins a long psycho-analytic flashback of Peter's life as he relates it to Dr. Sonia Bolgar, who has befriended him while he waits for his papers to come through. This part is a fascinating study of the human mind, though it is not for everybody's taste and might well be as boring

Seven things you can do to stop Inflation



Keep prices down! For Victory and your own post-war security do these seven things: 1. Buy only what you need and make things last. 2. Pay no more than ceiling prices. 3. Pay increased taxes willingly. 4. Pay off old debts and avoid new ones. 5. Live within present income. 6. Build up savings and life insurance for the future. 7. Buy and hold more War Bonds.



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MR. ANGEL COMES ABOARD

Continued from Page 15

Ann covered quickly. "I passed up that one."

"All the ships of the seven seas," Tim said lyrically, "yet those two meet in the Old Bahama Channel! It doesn't add up. Or maybe it does—these being whimsical times."

Captain Angel had told Ann about Johnny, who was on the Rio run for the Gustafson Line, but he hadn't mentioned the Isabel Putnam. He'd had other things on his mind. Ann had heard the voices of the salvage crew reverberating through the ship, shouting for Captain Angel and Mr. Johanson and Mike Flavin, but there was no reason why it should have occurred to her that one of them was Johnny Angel's, or that the Isabel Putnam might be Johnny's ship.

"I don't know what you mean, Tim," she said, prepared to do battle for the Angel name. "The Isabel Putnam was coming up from Rio, Havana bound. The Emmaline Quincy was bound for New Orleans from Dakar. The two met—that's all."

"Did any one ever tell you, darling, you were the nicest piece of embroidery in the newspaper business?"

SOME one grabbed Tim Anderson then. Ann was glad. His sort of temperament wasn't what she needed at the moment. Turning the Johnny Angel factor over in her mind, she insisted to herself that it was purely coincidental. But she had to be sure. Her objective was a man whose face circumstances had fixed indelibly in her memory, and this Johnny Angel interference was exasperating. But she couldn't bypass it. She was too good a newspaperwoman. She'd somehow have to maneuver her way through it.

Four men were coming out of the captain's cabin. The first man was a port official. The one behind him was small and elderly, with an umbrella and a pinch-bottle face. The third man could be some one from the underwriters. But the fourth unquestionably was Johnny Angel. He had lots of length, and his body had a right-

angular construction and a vertical solidity. His face engrossed Ann: its long stubborn lines, the belligerence of the jaw, the bleak eyes beneath the peaked cap. Ann was reminded of something Grandaunt Annabel had once said about Captain Angel: "There are dark angels, too, my dear."

The magnesium flare of exploding flash bulbs cast a yellowish light over the foggy deck and made the grouped faces mushroom-pale. Questions began. The rasp in Johnny Angel's voice proclaimed nerves whipped raw by hours of frustrated speculation.

"If they didn't go off in their own boats, Mr. Angel—"

"Wings. They flew," said Johnny Angel coldly.

"A craft small enough to come up alongside her—"

"But what about the Jacob's ladder?"

"Yes, the ladder. How'd they get it back up onto the deck? Why go to all that trouble, anyhow? And the crew—where's the crew? You must have a theory, Mr. Angel."

"How long do you figure she'd been abandoned?"

"About a couple of days."

"What about her cargo?"

"Her cargo looks all right."

"Mr. Angel, I'd like to ask you about your grandfather."

"He's dead, if that's what you mean," Johnny answered.

His grief had slipped out sideways, as it were, and he looked as if he hated himself for letting it go. Ann resented the stab it gave her. Johnny Angel's grief was none of her business. A man in New York was her business.

"My grandfather was a peculiar man," Johnny Angel said. "Anything he liked he stayed with. He was that kind of a seaman. The Quincy was his right arm. They'd have to kill him to get what they wanted."

"Who'd have had to kill him? And what did they want?"

"You figure that one, mister," Johnny Angel said.

Another man spoke. "Mr. Angel, suppose your grandfather had a—well, a pretty potent reason for leaving his ship."

"Potent?" Johnny said dangerously. The man's eyes wavered. "Are you intimating that my grandfather worked a shenanigan aboard his own ship?"

"I guess I'm talking through my hat, Mr. Angel."

"Don't do it again," said Johnny Angel, "or I'll break your neck. You boys have got your story, all you're going to get, so now maybe you'd all like to get the hell off the ship."

He went below then, followed by the three men with him. Intimidated by the violence with which he had spoken, the group stared after him, and Ann remembered again that Grandaunt Annabel had said that these Angels were dark-blooded men. The group began to break up. The man in the shabby trench coat was one of the last to go. As he went, he grinned at Ann in a way that made her angry. She leaned against the damp rail, uncertain of her motive in remaining. A sense of obligation to Captain Angel had something to do with it, and she was curious about his tough-mannered grandson. But her real reason, she decided, was her innate stubborn reluctance to let go of a fact until she had dredged the last scrap of value out of it. . . . A gust of rain slapped her face. She turned—and saw Johnny Angel looking at her from the middle of the deck.

"HELLO," she said, startled. He came up to the rail.

"I didn't see you come aboard."

"There were quite a few of us," said Ann easily.

He took a big red apple out of his pocket. "Like apples?"

He broke the apple in two and gave Ann one of the halves. Finishing his own in four bites, he threw the core into the sea and began to fill a pipe, shielding it from the rain.

He struck a match, but instead of lighting his pipe, he maneuvered the flame so that Ann's wet face was illuminated by it.

"Newspaperwoman?" She nodded.

"Most of them are all legs and brass."

"They have to get around," Ann told him.

"How old are you?" he asked her.

"Twenty-three." Ann shook the rain out of her eyes.

"Know everything?"

"Just about—but I'm not bragging."

"This Emmaline Quincy is quite a story, isn't it?" She nodded carefully. "Why aren't you somewhere writing it?"

"I haven't got all the story yet," said Ann.

"Neither have I," he said slowly. "All I've got is the middle, and it's the beginning and the end that count—mostly the end. There's a bloodstain on the deck over there. It'll take more than rain to wash it out." His passion moved Ann deeply; and then his tone lightened. "What's your name?" Ann was trying to think of a good one, when he said, "Don't tell me! You're a nice girl, and I don't want you cluttering up my mind. I've got business."

"Call me Scoop," said Ann deftly. "And maybe I'd better be going, Mr. Angel."

"There's a pot of coffee in the cabin," he said abruptly.

The rain smacked across the deck, Johnny's steel-reinforced fingers clamped about Ann's bent elbow. All the way into the cabin Ann worried. She had business of her own to attend to, and she wasn't sure that this was attending to it. . . .

The coffee had a lovely pungent smell.

"What are you going to do?" Ann wanted to know.



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY (Unabashed)

SQUINTET: Five singers with the sun in their eyes.

STANDZA: Any verse of The Star-Spangled Banner.

MELANCOLLIE: A sad sheep dog.

CASHUALTY: Dead broke.

DAMN-YOU-NITION: What to say when the guy doesn't pass it fast enough.

SCENTSATIONAL: A wonderful perfume.

SUBWEIGH: Putting a penny in the underground scales.

DECKAID: Ten years as assistant swabber on a cattle boat.

NEIGHBOB: A wealthy Indian horse.

CORP-HUSTLE: A red blood cell in a hurry.



"He's got a cold, and I'm tryin' to sweat it out of him."

"Look for a sailor named Flavin—Mike Flavin."

Ann set her cup down, the spoon tinkling in the saucer.

A teakwood desk stood against the wall. Above it hung an oil of the Flying Cloud in a heavy sea. The red-brown tones of the rug warmed the room. One of the chairs was an old-fashioned button-back, scuffed and shiny. It had been built for a big man. Years of sitting in it had made it bigger, and Ann Wingate, curled up in it, her damp shoes on the floor, seemed lost. Johnny Angel was moving restlessly about the room, his hair damp against his temples. Ann wanted to push it back where it belonged.

"WHAT about Mike Flavin, Johnny?" she said quietly.

"He was my grandfather's first officer—a so-and-so. During prohibition he ran a rumboat for a couple of wolves named Jewell—Sam and Paul. And I certainly mean wolves," Johnny added grimly.

Something in Ann's eyes that Johnny didn't observe concurred, but she only said suggestively, "An odd name—Jewell."

"The Jewells operated a spot in Paris called the Jewel Box," Johnny said. "Some Heinie's got it now, and they've lost a pile of dough. They recently opened a place in Buenos Aires."

Three or four years ago Mike Flavin got into some trouble, and he asked my grandfather for a job. The old gentleman liked having men around who needed handling. Toughies, like Flavin. He enjoyed it. He took what you might call a spiritual interest in them."

"That must have been something."

"It was. Sundays he'd have all hands piped forward for Gospel singing. My grandfather singing Onward, Christian Soldiers was something to listen to. You sang with him. One voyage I sailed on

the Quincy, Mike Flavin laughed when he sang, and I smacked him off the bridge. My grandfather put me in the brig. But next Sunday Flavin led the hymn-singing."

Ann pulled her toes in under her skirt. "Talk about him," she said gently.

"He was a talented man. If there'd been any more continents to discover, he'd have got there first. He read a lot, too. He said Moby Dick was the best sea story ever written. He always said it would have been a pleasure to meet Captain Ahab."

"And Captain Ahab's whale," said Ann.

"He read the Bible every day, and twice a day in hurricane weather. He said people hadn't changed much."

"That's what my Grandaunt Annabel says," said Ann, and immediately wished she hadn't.

But Johnny only said, "My grandfather knew a woman named Annabel—Annabel Wingate, an actress. But that's enough about him, except that he was salt and vinegar up to his eyeballs, and a cockroach named Flavin has sent him down to Davy Jones."

Ann suggested, "Maybe he took Mike Flavin with him, Johnny. He was a peculiar man, you've said."

"And stubborn. So am I. Flavin's alive. He's got to be. If it isn't Flavin, it isn't anybody, so far as I'm concerned. Flavin's all I know. Flavin's a set of guts I can hate." Rage cracked the cold crust of Johnny's voice. "Listen. A ship without a crew. A fine ship. Everything tight. Some water in her bilges, that's all. But nobody aboard. Nobody! When I go through her, hollering for my grandfather and Nels Johanson and Mike Flavin, nobody answers. It's high noon and a calm sea and no land in sight, and me hollering for my grandfather!"

Ann couldn't bring herself to speak.

"There was something on the Quincy

that Flavin wanted. They'll check her cargo, but her cargo's O. K. It wasn't stuff on her manifests that Flavin wanted—vegetable oils and hides. It was something big. And he's got it. But first he killed my grandfather—he'd have to. He had connections—a boat met the Quincy—but Flavin's where I begin."

"There's a war on," Ann said, low.

"And the ships need men!" His face darkened. "And if I'm ever to be any good on one again it'll be after I've fixed Flavin."

ANN sat turning a gold charm bracelet on her wrist, loaded with a variety of trivia, none of them as big as her little fingernail: a notebook, a telephone, a hammer, a teakettle, a love locket, a bugle, a four-leaf clover, and perhaps twenty other bits of nonsense. This was just about as much as she could stand of Johnny Angel's grief. The sooner she made herself scarce hereabouts the better.

Johnny began again: "When I find him it ought to be pretty. Havana's a good place to start looking. Then down to Santiago and over to Haiti and Puerto Rico and all the way down to Curaçao and Trinidad. I'm not going to quit till I get him." Johnny turned to find Ann putting on her shoes. "Where to, Scoop?"

She stood up. "Places, Johnny."

"Scoop," he said moodily, "you're as pretty as a clipper with a bone in her teeth. Another cup of coffee?" Ann shook her head. "Don't like me, huh?"

"You have a gleam in your eye."

"You put it there, if I have."

"It must be your good intentions, then, if I put it there."

"All lighted up from looking at you," Johnny said. "I want to tell you about Captain Ahab and his whale."

"I met Captain Ahab and his whale years ago."

"Jonah and his whale, then. My grandfather proved—"

"Didn't your grandfather have a whale of his own?"

"And was that something!" Johnny said. "Off Cape San Roque, in the '90s. Sit down and I'll tell you about it."

He came closer, and Ann thought, This is how it's done. This is how nice girls are made to change their minds. This is what Grandaunt Annabel meant when she said that all the dark angels didn't have wings you could tell them by. What did a girl do when her knees were trembling and wouldn't let her run away? A smart girl like Ann Wingate, too, who knew there was only one way to chase a newspaper story, and this wasn't it? Johnny stopped, and she began to feel a little better.

"Tell me your name," Johnny said.

"I wouldn't dare," Ann told him.

"You'd send me a picture post card and a carved coconut shell, and I couldn't bear it. Besides, I'm a nice girl. I'd clutter up your mind."

"Did I say that?"

"And meant it, too."

"I don't mean it any more."

"Go away, Mr. Angel. I haven't even met you."

"How'm I going to find you after I've dusted off Flavin?"

"Run a personal in the Times," Ann suggested. "Something like 'Scoop: All is forgiven. The children want you back. Please come home. Johnny.'"

"Scoop, I'm in shoal water and lonely as hell."

"You shouldn't say such things to a girl."

He kissed her then, expertly, full on



"... But, Colonel, their bid was the lowest!"

the lips, which were soft and willing. It hurt all the way down her spine. If this kept up she'd go off with him in an oyster-shell canoe, if he asked her to.

Some one knocked on the door then. A man pushed into the cabin, a hearty-looking man with a sort of roll to him. "Mr. Angel," the man said, "there's something funny. It's Mr. Johanson's cabin."

"What about his cabin, Bush?" said Johnny sharply.

"After me and Grady looked into it yesterday noon we pulled the door to. It locked itself. Well, it ain't locked now. But that ain't all. When we looked into that cabin there was a thermos jug of coffee on the bureau—I pulled the cork. The thermos jug's still there, but the coffee ain't. Some'dy unlocked that cabin after we left it. Some'dy drunk that coffee."

"That's crazy," Johnny said.

"It's crazy, Mr. Angel, but it's so," Bush said. "We musta had a passenger and didn't know it. The feller then pulled up the Jacob's ladder, mebbe. He'll be ashore now."

Ann waited for whatever was to come.

The circumstance of the thermos jug was one that she could hardly have been expected to anticipate, but she had been stupid about the door, although neither would have mattered had she stuck to her intention of leaving the ship as soon as it was practicable for her to do so. Johnny hadn't yet connected her with the cabin, she was relieved to see.

Bush left, taking an eyeful of Ann with him, and Johnny let go, punishing himself hard.

"What a fatheaded fool I am!" he groaned. "He must have seen the whole bloody business, and I let him get away!" Ann was wrong by his misery. "What a swell beginning!"

He was talking to himself—he seemed to have forgotten that she was there. Ann followed him to the door. She wanted to call after him, but an acute sense of guilt left her speechless. His head vanished below. She put on her hat and raincoat. It was "Good-by, Johnny!" and would the gods who looked out for the Angel men please remember that only one of them was left!

THE rain was over. The air felt cool. Ann hurried below. A man in a police uniform leaning on the rail beside the gangplank murmured, "Buenos noches, señorita," as she passed him. The rain had dispersed the crowd. The dock felt strange beneath Ann's feet. She began to run. One of her stockings popped. . . . Presently she was walking along a street of shops established in solid weathered buildings, some of them with iron balconies. Citizens were enjoying the evening at their leisure. They looked at Ann curiously, the women with tiny shrugs and uplifted eyebrows. The pungent odor of cooked fish coming from the open door of a *fondita* caused her to realize that she was ravenous and horribly tired. What she needed was a quiet hotel where the food was good and she could sleep forever. She stopped a cab, but decided not to ask the driver to recommend a hotel. She had no baggage and his curiosity would be aroused. Uptown, she could locate what she wanted for herself.

"Just drive me into the Prado," Ann told the man. "And please don't blow your horn all the way there."

The cab was shabby and smelled of violets. Flower designs were fluted in the window corners. . . . When Ann opened her eyes again the freshness of the trees along the Prado lifted her spirits.

The boulevard was full of people taking the scented air, the women warm-

skinned and properly escorted, the men debonair in their linen suits.

As she alighted, Ann was amused by the distress which the run in her stocking caused the coffee-colored little man holding open the door. He wasn't any bigger than a peanut. His teeth were beautiful and his eyes were kind. She was fumbling in her purse for her American currency when her fingers touched a match folder which sent her thoughts kittering. She had picked it up in First Officer Mike Flavin's cabin. The match folder was green, with a picture of a nude holding a champagne glass. The printing on it said: "The Jewel Box, Buenos Aires and Havana. Sam and Paul Jewell."

Johnny had remarked that the Jewells had a spot in Buenos Aires, but he apparently hadn't known that they also had one in Havana. The match folder reminded her of what he had said about Mike Flavin's past association with the Jewells, and it suddenly occurred to her that she had been inexcusably lax in even thinking of leaving Havana without first attempting to sound the Jewells out.

SHE was a newspaperwoman on the Quincy story. They didn't know anything about her. They couldn't possibly. And Mike Flavin was all the excuse she needed for approaching them. But the thought of doing so was frightening. "A pair of wolves!" Johnny had called the Jewells, a characterization to the accuracy of which the nightmare from which she had so recently emerged would forever attest. She surveyed her position with grim clear-eyed logic. If she weren't good for the hazards ahead she might as well quit cold right now. The driver was waiting patiently. Ann suddenly made up her mind.

"You didn't blow your horn once, did you?" she said.

"I have great restraint, señorita."

"What is your name?"

"Celestial O'Brien."

"Lovely!" said Ann. "Are you always a good driver?"

"Ah, yes. I sustain seven offspring."

"Bravo! Could I call you just Mr. Celestial?"

"With pleasure, señorita."

"Do you know a place called the Jewel Box?"

"Intimately. It is very ultra. Chico plays the drums."

"Take me there," said Ann.

"But, señorita—" Ann was diverted by his wince. *I'm going to be looked after.* The thought was somehow comforting. "At the Jewel Box one finds a certain veneer of glamorous sophistication. I do not wish to be misunderstood, but my cousin Felicia has a small shop on Calle Neptuno for señoritas who wish to be immaculate—"

"The Jewel Box, Mr. Celestial," said Ann firmly.

"Si, señorita." He seemed hurt.

In the cab again, Ann located her last pair of stockings among the confusion in her purse. Slipping off her shoes and stockings, she pulled the new hose up over her knees and coupled them to the girdle. Her shoes on again, she studied the effect with satisfaction. She began to renew her make-up. Mr. Celestial turned into a maze of narrow streets, and Ann lost track of where they were, except that this was old Havana that once had lived within a wall and shut its gates when the curfew gun boomed. The night was full of a careless, casual vigor. For the town was young, too. Its perennial freshness, the ease with which it wore its black mantilla and its

roguish rumba ruffles made it distinctive among so much of Caribbean decay.

Mr. Celestial pulled up before a stone mansion that dated back to the colonial period. As Ann got out, she caught the muffled rhythm of Chico's drums. The coffee-colored little man beamed at her.

"I shall wait, señorita," he said firmly.

"But I may be a little while," said Ann.

"Still I shall wait." He was almost stern in his solicitude.

Ann was aware of a tremor in her knees as she followed two lively Cuban couples through bolt-studded doors into a reception hall from which a handsomely balustrated stair swept up to the second floor. The heavy door had closed noiselessly behind her, and she had for an instant a sickening sense of being caught, which was absurd since people were all about the place enjoying themselves expensively, and she was as free to walk out as were they.

On her left was a huge long room with small tables bright with silver banked about the dance parquet. The marimba band had just begun to wrap itself around a *paso doble* colored like a gay Spanish shawl. The big Negro, Chico, his huge head thrown back, booming laughter on his red lips, bonged his famous drums. A man in a dinner jacket approached Ann. He had a cadaverous face and bulbous temples made top-heavy by the complete baldness of the front of his head. His arms were long, and they supported tremendous hands with knobby knuckles. His manner was cold and medieval. Ann imagined him in another century with a falcon on his thick wrist and a brace of dead pigeons at his feet. . . .

"Is Mr. Jewell in?" she inquired.

"Which Mr. Jewell?" he asked her. "Mr. Paul Jewell," said Ann at random.

"Mr. Paul Jewell isn't in town at present."

"Mr. Sam Jewell, then."

"Is this a personal matter?"

"Very," said Ann recklessly. "Tell Mr. Sam Jewell I simply can't live without him any longer."

He didn't like that. "Sit down."

Ann's eyes followed him up the stair . . . then shocked astonishment made her forget him completely.

THE blonde coming down the stairs wore a flame-colored gown, one of those modestly immodest little whimses caught up at the throat by a clasp, this one loaded with an emerald big enough for Siva's eye. The frock said, "Find another one like me, if you dare!"

Ann had known Lilah Partridge long before she had become Mrs. Gustaf Gustafson. Lilah had a warm smoky voice and a potent way of putting it across that touched up her deceptive virginal freshness with the brazen impudence of a strip-tease, and she had been doing very well for herself in a New York supper club. Then she had met Gustaf Gustafson, and a little bell had rung somewhere behind the blue-cloisonné look that financial reveries always produced in Lilah's eyes. Gustaf wasn't any fun, but one day soon he'd have five million dollars. The day Gustaf had taken her to see his father, the old gentleman had said she was the chinchilla kind and Gustaf had better skin her and use her for a hearthrug, if he expected any good out of her.

Aboard the Emmaline Quincy the actinic light of early morning had regis-

tered a man's face upon Ann's memory with photographic clarity. Its details would remain there as long as she lived: the light-bronze skin, the brushed-back prematurely gray hair, the uneasy light blue eyes, the impression of frustration which the face left with her—then and previously. That face aboard the Quincy had been unfathomable to Ann from the moment she had first seen it there, two days out of Dakar, and for the sake of her peace of mind she had to confirm its identity—and prove it, too. For that reason she was going to New York.

But this was Havana. And Lilah Gustafson was coming down Sam Jewell's stair. And Sam Jewell was linked by past associations to Mike Flavin, late first officer of the Emmaline Quincy. And the Emmaline Quincy was a Gustafson ship! The events of her last forty-eight hours aboard the Quincy began to recapitulate themselves in Ann's memory with a fidelity that left her sick with revulsion. And then she saw Lilah Gustafson running toward her, both hands outstretched, and she had to call for strength to meet her with composure.

"Ann Wingate, of all people!" Lilah cried. "What on earth are you doing here? I thought you were in Lisbon. When did you get back?"

"Quite recently," Ann heard herself reply; and she managed to continue smoothly, "What have you been doing with yourself?"

"Singing," Lilah said.

"I thought you'd given up all that."

Lilah laughed. "I thought so, too. But it was such an opportunity. Sam and Paul Jewell have a place in Buenos Aires. They'd just opened it. Sam offered me a perfectly gorgeous con-



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tract." She widened her eyes again. They were delphinium blue, and Ann thought, The little tramp! "Gustaf opposed my going, of course, but I talked him down."

"How exciting!" Ann wondered if her next question would sound casual enough. "Did Mr. Gustafson go, too?"

"Heavens, no!" Lilah's laughter implied that Ann's question was too amusing for words. "Gustaf hates the sea. You can't get him aboard a ship—even one of their own. It's enough to make old Mr. Gustafson turn over in his grave. And he's just as bad about flying."

"I hadn't heard that old Mr. Gustafson had died."

"He hasn't, really," said Lilah a little crossly. "But he's been going to for weeks." Ann suddenly wanted to slap her face; and then, as the implications of Lilah's presence here widened their scope, she as suddenly didn't want to touch her. She probably knows! Ann told herself, fantastic as the thought was. Lilah was saying, "How did you get back, darling?"

Freighter," said Ann abruptly.

"Sam and I caught the Clipper." Lilah regarded Ann lazily. "And now you're here."

"On a story," Ann explained, and

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Fred Allen, who does not usually go to banquets, attended one where he was immediately seized upon by one of those ambitious young things. He had long since ceased listening to her when he suddenly realized that she was attacking him with a direct question. "After all," she was saying, "breeding isn't everything, is it?" "Well," he replied, "I don't know that I'd put it quite that way, but of course it's lots of fun."

—The Playboy's Handbook.

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thought, You came for information, and you're certainly getting it! Her revolution began to subside, and she found it possible to set her feet more firmly on the plane which Lilah herself had established between them. She continued lightly, "The gentleman with the too-heavy forehead has gone to ask Mr. Jewell if he'll see me."

"That's Mr. Isherwood."

"What a marvelous name to remember!" said Ann.

"Everybody remembers Mr. Isherwood." Lilah gave a little shiver. "He always makes me think of those people in the history books who used to go around chopping off other people's heads. Sam says he's really a lamb. I suppose your story's the Emmaline Quincy? Isn't it the weirdest thing! Sam's so worried. A man who used to work for him was the first officer. . . . Here's Sam now."

The man in the mess jacket coming down the stair Ann had seen before, only that evening, aboard the Emmaline Quincy, wearing a shabby trench coat and a brassy grin. His grin expanded as he recognized Ann. Her reaction was one of suffocation. She yielded herself to an unabashed longing for the presence of Mr. Johnny Angel. . . .

Ann's longing is satisfied. But Johnny's presence at the Jewel Box, as you will read in next week's installment, places them both in peril of their lives.

A JOB FOR GOOF-UP—Continued from Page 24

man to sleep in like him in the morning without staying out nights. O. K. He's done it once too often!"

With a snort, Sergeant Grite turned and stalked down the aisle, his erect bantam figure rigid with the fury peculiar to sergeants.

Just as he reached the stairs there was the sound of a razzberry, or Bronx cheer, loud and derisive.

Immediately the lights came on. Everybody seemed peacefully sleeping except me. Mr. President, I couldn't help laughing.

So I spent the remainder of the night on guard, with orders to apprehend Goof-Up when he came in.

Came the dawn. When the C. Q. came with his whistle to get the men up, I went inside. There was Goof-Up, sleeping like a baby in his bunk, with Ed Barnes vainly trying to wake him up. There was no entrance to the upstairs of that barracks but through the door I had guarded all night. It was simply impossible for Goof-Up to have got back in. But there he was.

So Goof-Up and I went on K. P., he for sleeping in, and me for allegedly falling asleep while on guard. There was no telling Sergeant Grite that Goof-Up hadn't come through that door.

"Goof-Up," I said, as we attacked the breakfast dishes, "how'd you get in last night?"

"Never went out."

"I saw you. Me and Ed. We saw you jump out the window in them funny pajamas of yours."

Goof-Up was in the act of washing a coffee cup. As you may know, Mr. President, an Army coffee cup is a durable article about half an inch thick, and practically indestructible. Goof-Up's hand tightened on the cup and it crumpled like a stale biscuit. I gulped.

"My gosh, look what I went and done!" he said, and got rid of the pieces in the trash can.

I didn't mention again about where he'd been.

Next day two other peculiar incidents occurred. It was raining, and we rode out to the rifle range in trucks. Our truck ran off the road, hit a soft spot and went in past the axles.

"We'll march from here on," the corporal in charge announced.

GOOF-UP looked up from his eternal comic magazine. "Why not push the truck out of the mud?" he asked.

"Maybe you'd like to do it," the corporal said acidly.

"All right," Goof-Up said. He hopped from the truck, pushed it out of the mud and back onto the road, hopped in, and continued with his magazine.

"My Lord," one man breathed in the awed silence. "And to think I used to tease that!"

"I told you he had something," Ed whispered, "but you wouldn't listen. You're so dumb you busted out laughing last night when I give Sergeant Grite the razzberry. You wouldn't know a wonderman if you seen one."

Our platoon went into the pits, tending targets. Sergeant Grite was in charge. Goof-Up and Ed had target thirteen, and I was alongside with number twelve. Ed's target didn't work too well, and it stuck during the rapid fire. Ed was struggling with it, while Goof-Up was engrossed in his comic magazine.

"Get that target down!" Sergeant

Grite yelled in a voice that cut through the shooting like a knife through smoke.

Goof-Up came to and jumped, an easy little jump that carried him twelve feet or so into the air, alongside the target. He brought the target down. Then hell broke loose as the sergeant dressed him down for exposing himself to the gunfire.

But I wasn't listening. I was watching Goof-Up's pants. There was a small hole in the seat—a small dark-edged hole. As he listened to the sergeant's tirade, Goof-Up absently felt that hole, loosened something that was clinging to the fabric, wiggled a bit, and shook a bullet out his pants' leg. As I picked it up, I saw Ed looking at me. The bullet was flattened into the shape of a mushroom, as if it had struck some firm and unyielding substance.

"All right, Will," Ed said. "So you thought I was crazy."

"But—it's impossible!" I waved at the area behind the targets, where the forest for almost a quarter mile back had been cut down as if by some giant

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DOUBLE CROSS

An Arkansas father of seven children is toting a gun in the Army today. His induction was brought about by his wife's letter, as follows:

"Dear United States Army: My husband asked me to write a recommend that he supports his family. He cannot read, so don't tell him. Just take him. He ain't no good to me. He ain't done nothing but raise hell and drink lemon essence since I married him eight years ago, and I got to feed seven kids of his. Maybe you can get him to carry a gun. He's good on squirrels and eating. Take him and welcome. I need the grub and his bed for the kids. Don't tell him this, but just take him and send him as far as you can."

—Selective Service Bulletin.

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mower. "Look what those bullets can do. And he—"

"Did I say he was a wonderman or didn't I?" Ed demanded.

The voice was loud in a sudden silence. Sergeant Grite was standing with hands on hips, lips tight.

"I don't want to interrupt anything important," he said. "Go ahead, gentlemen, and have your say."

"I was just saying that Goof-Up is a wonderman," Ed said. "Bullets won't hurt him. Look here at one that hit him. Show him, Will."

I showed him. Sergeant Grite's small figure seemed ready to burst, but his voice was deadly calm.

"So you're great kidders—great sense of humor. It's funny when I reprimand a man for exposing himself to rifle fire. Bullets won't hurt him. What do you take me for," he said, suddenly yelling—"a baby?"

"Even a baby can believe his own eyes," Ed said matter-of-factly. "Right here's the bullet, and there's the hole in Goof-Up's pants. Show him where the bullet hit you, Goof-Up."

"No bullet hit me," Goof-Up stated. He seemed embarrassed, as he'd been when he crushed the coffee cup.

(Continued on page 54)

Who was it said, “Democracy is inefficient”?

EVERYBODY knows who — and it was one of the worst of his wrong guesses — as many things are proving.



One proof is the record of the American railroads.

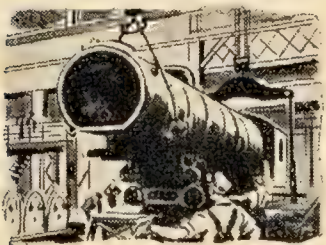


In the year just ended, they handled a volume of traffic which dwarfs anything in the history of transportation.

And this job was done—not under the arrogant compulsion of dictatorship, but by voluntary cooperation in the finest American tradition.



There was first of all, the cooperation of railroad men and railroad companies with one another.

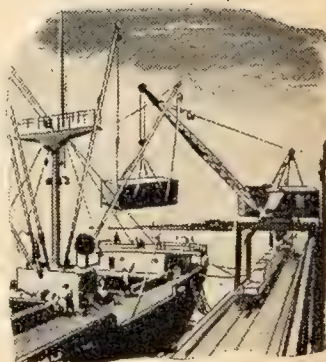


There was the surpassing cooperation of shippers and receivers of freight, who did their indispensable part in keeping freight cars on the move.

There was the helpful cooperation of govern-

ment agencies with railroad management.

And there was, on top of all this, the cooperation of the Army and Navy — the greatest shippers in the world.



Without all these, the record would never have been possible.

And finally, there was the friendly and patient cooperation of the traveling public — which accepted the inconveniences, and sometimes the hardships, of wartime travel, with typical American good humor and good sense.

So far have we come together along the road to victory. The road ahead calls for still more effort, still closer cooperation, in getting the utmost transportation service out of our railroad plant.

And when the victory is won—as surely it shall be—it will have been won by free men, working together under the rules free men established for themselves—the thing we are fighting to preserve.

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(Continued from page 52)

"He's modest," Ed said. "You're crazy if you can't see he's a wonderman."

"Oh, so I'm crazy!" the sergeant said. Without going into harrowing detail, Mr. President, I will simply state that the three of us were confined to quarters for a week. And Sergeant Grite told me and Ed that we'd better see that Goof-Up stayed in nights, or else.

That, Mr. President, was last week, and I didn't get much sleep. Ed and I took turns guarding Goof-Up. The big guy, however, only lay on his bunk and read comic magazines until lights out, and then slept soundly all night long, while we stood guard. By Saturday night Ed and I could hardly keep our eyes open. Ed took the first shift while I went to bed. Along about midnight he shook me awake.

"He's getting ready to go," he whispered. "Hurry! I can't hold him alone."

Then he let out a yell. Silhouetted against the open window was a crouched figure, carpetbag in hand.

I grabbed his legs and Ed wrapped arms around his neck. But it was like taking hold of a locomotive. Goof-Up jumped out the window, and we went with him. I hung on, tensed for a crash on the rocks below. We whizzed through the air with the speed of a bullet.

"Hey, you guys," Goof-Up said, "I didn't invite you along."

"Whither you goest, I goest," Ed said grimly.

"Well, let go of my nose, anyhow," Goof-Up said. "It's hard enough to breathe as it is, with this wind."

"I'm staying with you," Ed said.

"All right, then, but it'll be a cold trip. Why don't you sit straddle of my back?"

This conversation seemed to me rather casual, to say the least, for men plummeting to the earth. Then it occurred to me that we should have landed some time previously, and I opened my eyes, and saw what seemed to be patches of stars below. Turning, I saw stars in the sky above. The patches below were the lights of towns. I gripped Goof-Up's legs frantically.

"We must be a mile or so above the ground," Ed calculated, getting astride Goof-Up's back. "Brrr! It's cold up here."

"Yeah, and me with my sinus," Goof-Up complained. "I wish I could wear more clothes on trips like this."

"Well, why don't you?" Ed said.

"Why, all the others wear a uniform like mine," Goof-Up said, "but none of the others seem to catch colds from it like I do."

"What others?" I asked. "He still don't believe it," Ed said. "Why don't you kick him off, Comet?"

MAYBE I'm just plain dumb, Mr. President, but it was not until that very moment that I caught on to what Ed had been intimating all along. "Comet! You don't mean that you—that you're like those others—I mean those magazine creations?"

Ed said, "Say, Will, why don't you climb up on his back like I am? You're apt to fall off, hanging to his legs like that. Here, let me give you a hand."

I took Ed's hand and clambered up on Goof-Up's back. The wind was pretty bad, and cold. Ed and I were wearing nothing but our G. I. long woolen underwear. I was never much of a horseback rider, and it was a long, long way down to the patches of light below.

"Where you going, Comet?" Ed asked.

"Tacoma. Punkin's expecting me to-

night, and I'm late. Punkin's my wife."

"Wife?" Ed said. "None of the other ones is married. They spend all their time helping maidens out of the grips of fiends, but they never marry 'em."

"I guess I'm just a scrub," Goof-Up admitted sheepishly. He got a handkerchief from his carpetbag, which, strangely enough, was floating alongside, and blew his nose. "Them others—Superman and Captain Marvel and Batman and them others—they're working every day and overtime, saving cities and the nation and such; but I never really had a good job yet. I've been out night after night, catching cold and losing sleep, and I haven't seen a single girl in the toils of a fiend, let alone a bunch of archcriminals doing sabotage or what not. I guess I just ain't on the ball."

"How'd you meet your wife, then?" Ed demanded.

"Why, Punkin and me growed up together as kids and so finally we got married."

"That ain't very exciting," Ed admitted. "Didn't you never work at your gift, then?"

"Not to speak of," Goof-Up said, and blew his nose again. "When I was a youngster I used to take kids for rides on the carpet, but their mothers always made such a fuss that I had to quit. Then—"

"Carpet?" I broke in. "What carpet?"

"Why, the magic carpet," Goof-Up explained. "What do you suppose keeps us up in the air?"

"Don't be a chump, Will," Ed said, disgusted. "Every school kid has heard about the magic carpet."

"You're sitting on part of it," Goof-Up said. "After these here magazines started coming out about the other boys like me, I had Punkin make the carpet into a sort of leopard skin for working clothes."

WITH that he made a flip, tossing Ed and me off his back. He caught us, one in each hand, and held us before him so we could see. Then I realized that what he'd put on at night before going out was not pajamas but a suit such as is worn by the wondermen of the comic magazines. The basic garment was a pair of red woolen underwear, rather baggy at the knees and seat. Over this he wore the magic carpet fashioned roughly into the shape of a leopard skin. On his chest a large "C" of green silk had been stitched to the red underwear.

"Pretty nice, eh?" Goof-Up said, flipping us onto his back again and continuing through the cold air. "Punkin done every stitch of it."

"Where'd you get the carpet?" Ed asked practically.

"It was passed down in the family. Don't know who got hold of it first."

"But that doesn't explain the other things," I said. "For instance, the way you shoved that truck out of the mud, and that bullet that flattened against you on the target range."

"I've always been pretty stout," Goof-Up admitted modestly, "and sort of tough."

"He was born that way," Ed said. "Just like Batman and Captain Marvel and the others. . . . Hey, Comet, why don't you have them put out a magazine about you?"

"I did take a trip to New York one night to see them cartoonists," Goof-Up said, "but they—"

"You mean, you went all the way to New York in one night?"

"I can get there in a hurry if I want

to. I'm going slow now on account of you boys ain't used to it."

"What about the cartoonists?" Ed asked.

"Well, they laughed at me when I told 'em I was like them others they drew pictures about. I guess I'm just a scrub. They wouldn't even introduce me to the boys. Anyhow," he said plaintively, "I ain't never done enough to put out a magazine about. But it's not because I haven't tried."

Ed said encouragingly, "You're apt to stumble right smack into a swell dastardly plot or a nest of archfiends any night, if you just keep working."

"That's what keeps me going," Goof-Up admitted. "I've lived right and I've worked hard. But them other guys are working overtime, with orders stacked up ahead, and me without a single job."

"Well," Ed said placatingly, "you're kept pretty busy in the Army."

"Sure; but most anybody can do K. P., which is what I'm at mostly. And the Army could use a guy like me, I should think."

"Why didn't you tell 'em in the reception center when you was being classified?"

There was a silence except for the tinkle of our dog tags in the breeze. Far below, a crawling string of lights denoted the main highway. We were nearing Tacoma.

"Well—I did," Goof-Up admitted reluctantly, as if recalling a painful experience. "They told me the Army was no place to get funny, and I'd better learn it right away."

"What was your—er—I. Q. in the Army tests?" I asked as delicately as possible.

"I. Q.? He don't need no I. Q.," Ed declared. "How much I. Q. has the other wonder-guys got? All they do is walk around until they see some girl in the toils of a fiend, or a war plant blowed up, or something. They never have to figure nothing out. They just run into things."

"Say, that's right," Goof-Up said, and I felt his body perk up beneath me. "I guess I got as much as the other boys."

"Why don't you talk to the captain?" Ed said.

"Sure; but I have to go through channels. Sergeant Grite told me the Table of Organization for our company didn't provide for a superman and to get my pants out of the orderly room." Goof-Up sighed. "So I thought maybe if I could do a little night work and maybe save a couple of war plants from sabotage, even small ones, then I'd rise from the ranks on merit."

"DIDN'T you never work at the business as a civilian?" Ed asked.

"I did a little carpet sitting during the depression, when the flagpole-sitting craze was on, but the fad passed. I've been keeping books for the past few years. Most of the others are clerks or something like me, until they change into their working uniform."

"Didn't your wife put up a kick when you wanted to go out nights?" Ed asked with a suggestion of a leer.

"That's another thing," Goof-Up admitted. "I been handicapped, sort of. Punkin only let me out one night a week. No wonder I'm way behind the others. But I've been slipping out more often since I got in the Army. Well, here we are, men."

And with that he swooped straight for the earth. The pattern of the town lights spread out as we approached. I saw that we were heading straight for the roof of a little white cottage. I let



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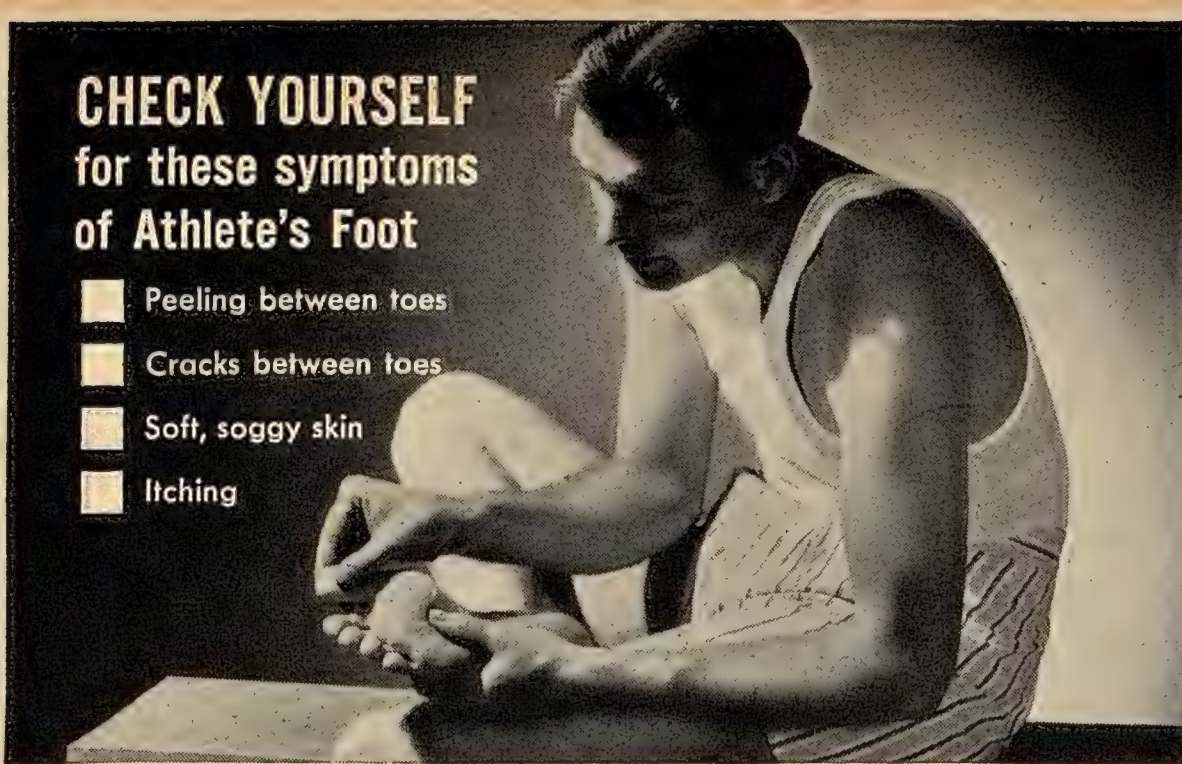
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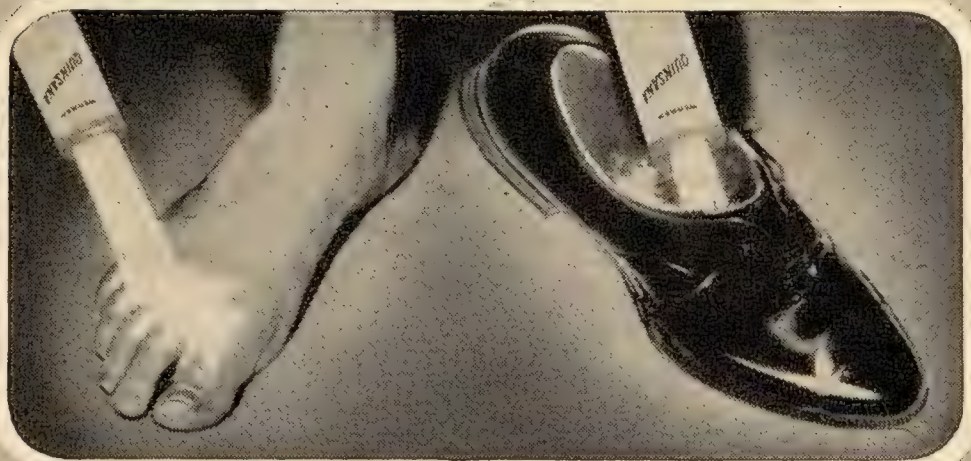
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out a yell. The world turned upside down and the next instant I found myself standing somewhat groggily in the living room of the house. A pretty girl was reading a comic magazine in a chair before the fireplace.

"Hello, Duckling," she said to Goof-Up. "You're late."

"Yes, Punkin," he said. "I've been confined to barracks. When I finally got away I had to come slow because these boys wanted to come along."

I SUDDENLY was conscious of being in my G. I. woolies, but Goof-Up's wife didn't seem offended. On the contrary, she arose beaming. She was a tiny girl, exquisitely formed.

"Oh, I'm so glad, for Duckling's sake!" she cried, shaking our hands. "He's been so lonely! Nobody at all to talk shop to. And, let's see—you'll excuse me, I try to keep up on all the magazines, but offhand I don't recognize you. I expected bigger men, like Duckling."

"Oh, we ain't supermen," Ed said, disabusing her.

"Just learning the business, eh?" Punkin suggested.

"We just came along for the ride, Mrs. Comet," Ed said. "These ain't wondermen suits, they're—"

"Ed!" I said sharply.

Punkin blushed. "Well—er—I'm glad to see you anyway," she said gallantly. "Any friend of Duckling's is a friend of mine. . . . You haven't been chasing around nights with your sinus?" she demanded of her lord and master. "You promised, remember."

"Not once this week," Goof-Up replied truthfully.

"He doesn't take a bit of care of himself," Punkin said. "I tell you, it's hard for a wonderman's wife. I made him promise not to do any night work while he was in the Army. Being in the Army is enough for any man to do for his country, don't you think? Not that I want to keep him from his career. But we all have to sacrifice for this war."

"You're dead right, Mrs. Comet," Ed said.

"Well, have a cup of coffee while you're here, gentlemen," Punkin said. "Duckling gets so cold on his night trips. I often wish he didn't have to wear his working clothes when he goes out, but I know he would be embarrassed to run into Superman or somebody while wearing an overcoat and mittens and ear muffs."

So we had a snack and some hot coffee. Goof-Up had brought his soiled laundry in his carpetbag, and he gave it to his wife to wash. We sat around and talked awhile, but it was late and Ed and I kept nodding, so pretty soon we left, astride Goof-Up's back, the way we'd come. It seemed twice as cold on the return trip. Goof-Up went faster, and our dog tags rattled in the wind, stretched out behind us on our neck chains.

"Comet!" I cried suddenly. "How long would it take you to go around the world—as fast as you could go?"

"Well, let's see," he mused. "I'm pretty speedy when I really try. Maybe it would take about an hour."

"And bullets won't hurt you? Nor bombs?"

"I guess I'm as tough as the other boys in my line of work."

"And you're strong. No door nor bars could block your way?"

"I do everything I see the other boys do in the magazines," he admitted. "Just to keep in practice. If I only got a chance to show my worth—" He reached for his carpetbag, felt in it,

and said, "Heck, I forgot to bring my clean laundry."

"But this is your chance!" I cried. "Can't you see?"

"No; nor me, neither," Ed said. "You ain't said nothing, yet, Will."

"**HITLER!**" I cried. "Tojo! Hirohito! What would happen if they and the other Axis leaders were kidnaped? We'd have peace tomorrow! Nobody left to make trouble! And the minute any other dictator ever started acting up—why, Goof-Up could handle him, too!"

"You might have something there, Will," Ed admitted.

"You can do it, Goof-Up—I mean, Comet!" I cried. "You could grab the rulers all in one night! And their generals and admirals, to boot!"

"By golly!" Goof-Up said. He extended an elbow into the air and rested his chin in his hand, gazing off into space. He spat dreamily. "By golly!"

"But why ain't the other wondermen already done it?" Ed demanded.

In the starlight I saw Goof-Up's broad face fall.

I jabbed Ed in the ribs. "Let them fool around with petty stuff. You go on and save the world, Comet!"

"Yeah!" Ed cried, getting enthusiastic. "If the other boys could have done it, they *would* of. They're not so hot, maybe. I'll bet they exaggerate in them magazines. It's a cinch somebody else has thought of the idea, if Will could. So them cartoonists laughed at you, did they! All right, wait'll you save the world tonight and then just watch! All them other guys will come palaver-ing around, wanting to be friends."

"Gee!" the wonderman said dreamily. "Gosh!" Then he sighed. "But I'll have

to wait until tomorrow night. It's soon going to be daylight."

"It'll be night in Japan when it's day here," I pointed out. "And by the time you've brought back the Son of Heaven and a dozen other big-shot Japs, it'll be night in Germany again. And what do you care if it is daylight, if you're saving the world? You don't have to worry about being seen and laughed at any more."

Goof-Up wiped his nose on his sleeve. "I'll do it," he declared with decision, "just as soon as I get a clean handkerchief. It'll be a long cold trip to Japan, and I forgot to bring back my laundry." Immediately he turned around and flew through the air back to Tacoma.

"Oh, gosh," the wonderman said, stopping just above his cottage. "I promised Punkin I wouldn't go out no more."

So he came down a block from his home, and we went afoot cautiously.

As we reached the pathway leading to the white house, somebody stepped from behind a shrub. It was an M. P.

"You Private Comet?" he said. "You're A. W. O. L. Thought you might come home."

"We're not soldiers," I said firmly. "We've been out to a masquerade."

"Yeah?" the M. P. said. "And since when did you wear a soldier's dog tags to a masquerade? And what are you men doing out of uniform?"

"Go ahead, Comet!" I yelled. "You're going to save the world, Comet! Go ahead! He can't stop you! Nobody can! You're a wonderman!"

"You can't ask him to defy law and order, Will," Ed said. "You never yet seen none of the guys in his line of work go against the law. Another thing," Ed said. "Maybe you hadn't ought to go ahead and save the world

on your own hook. What would Roosevelt think, and Churchill, you butting into their business? And you're in the Army now. If you want to save the world, you got to do it through channels. Ask Sergeant Grite to let you talk to the captain, and he'll take it up with the brass hats."

"And drunk, to boot," the M. P. said. "Come along, you guys."

AND now you understand, Mr. President. Sergeant Grite was waiting for us when we got back. Out of the goodness of his heart, as he put it, he didn't have us court-martialed for being A. W. O. L. in our underwear. He merely gave us a week's K. P. That I do not mind, Mr. President, if it will help to save the world. But what I don't understand is why Sergeant Grite not only will not let me talk to the captain about Goof-Up, but threatens me with another week of K. P. if I so much as mention the subject again.

Of course Goof-Up can do the job any night in the week. But he says that he can't disobey orders, and he's made that promise to Punkin. So he has sent his working clothes back to her, and can't go out now if he wanted to.

And so, Mr. President, I am taking the liberty of writing you direct. In case you might be interested in immediate peace and the Four Freedoms, I believe a note dropped to Punkin and, through channels, to Goof-Up, would turn the trick.

Hoping you have a free moment soon to consider the matter,

I remain,
Yr humble & obt svt,
PVT. WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

THE END



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NO LITTLE ENEMY

Continued from Page 30

closely, her mouth dropped open and she felt her face grow hot. "It just isn't possible," she said aloud. "I don't believe it!" She stared harder at the drawings and at the inscriptions beneath, searching them for some other interpretation, for some hint that the cartoonist didn't mean what he said. But there was no such hint. The cartoons in Tom's simple bold style were clear enough, and his signature was blacked in as usual across the corners.

She glanced through the open door. The custodian had gone, but Mr. Wells was just walking past.

"Mr. Wells!" she called. And then she stopped, not knowing why she had called him.

He paused and eyed her inquiringly. "What can I do for you, Miss Hall?"

The famous voice was thick and listless. She was sorry she had stopped him, but now she might as well show him what she had found.

"Take a look at these," she said, bringing the folder to him.

He opened it, looked through the pictures, and gave it back to her. A strained laugh twisted up out of his throat.

"Our enemies are all around us, aren't they, Miss Hall?" he said bitterly. "If you'll excuse me now, I—I must pack."

She put the folder back where she had found it, put Stock's things away in the suitcase, and fastened the catches. Just as she finished Stock walked in. It turned out not at all as she had imagined. He wasn't smiling; his face was livid.

"HOW did you get in here?" he barked at her.

She faltered. "The janitor let me in. I—I'm sorry. Do you mind? I just wanted to say good-by."

He was making an effort to control himself. "It's all right, then. I didn't mean to sound harsh. You surprised me, you know."

"I have another surprise for you. You're all packed. I thought we might go to lunch and—"

He jerked the suitcase up on a chair and snapped it open. "I see," he said softly. "That was thoughtful of you." His hands rummaged around in the case until he found the folder. He pulled it out and looked at her appraisingly. He appeared to be waiting for her to tell him something.

"Yes, I looked at them," she blurted out. "I thought they were your sketches, and I've never seen anything you've done, so I looked at them—"

"Go on."

"I think they're disgusting. I didn't dream Mr. Bonbright felt that way! Talk about a Fascist mind—he's got one himself. I don't know why you're keeping the cartoons for him, but be careful. He even warned me against you."

"What did he say?"

"Oh, that I shouldn't take you too seriously. That I shouldn't fall in love with you until I knew you better. But I am in love with you."

Stock looked down at her queerly. Then he picked up his suitcase. "Let's get your things and go somewhere for a long talk before my train leaves."

In her dressing room her bag was all ready. The blue satin circus pillow was resting on top of it.

"What are you keeping that thing for?" Stock asked.

"Helen threw it away." She looked affectionately at the painted verse. "Hiram Haversham wrote bad poetry, I know, but I want it for a souvenir anyway."

On the way to the station to check their luggage, Stock said suddenly, "Hiram Haversham was born in this city, you know. Some of his descendants have turned his house into a shrine for his admirers."

Nadine giggled. "Does he have any?"

"You'd be surprised. He even had a beautiful lady commit suicide over him—because he addressed some sonnets to her rival. She jumped into the river behind his garden." Stock turned to her, his face relaxed and beaming. "Years ago I visited his house. Would you like to see it? We'll have lunch afterward and I'll take a later train."

"Will you? That would be wonderful!"

THE house stood in the center of a prim row of similar houses that stretched along a steep hillside. A polished brass plaque fastened to the door of this particular house read: "Birthplace of Hiram Haversham, poet, 1821-1891."

Inside there was a smell of waxed floors and furniture polish and mustiness. An old woman sat behind a desk, knitting. She looked up in surprise as they walked into the hall. A dozen leather-covered. Complete Works of Hiram Haversham and an open guest book lay on a table near the door. Nadine pointed to the last name in the book. It had been put there five days before.

"Business isn't so good," she said, smiling. She scrawled her own name underneath it and held out the pen to Stock.

"No, thanks. Let's look around."

They walked from room to room, examining the more or less commonplace antiques that had belonged to the dead writer.

Nadine found it all boring. She wondered why Stock had brought her. Did he really feel that this stuffy old house was a treat? The dismal quiet of the place depressed her.

When they finally went into the little walled garden behind the house, she felt much better. It was almost cheerful with its garden beds and pebbled walk. Maybe now, she thought, he would say something about her confession in the dressing room—about her loving him.

Remembering the scene, she turned to him impulsively. "Tell me you're not angry any longer because I had your door unlocked and packed your things!"

"I'm not angry. Only very, very sorry."

"But why? Was there something you didn't wish me to touch?" She had a flash of insight. "The cartoons! Did you promise Mr. Bonbright you wouldn't let any one see them? I won't say a word. I swear I won't!"

"It was unfortunate; but now that it is done, don't worry about it, my dear." Stock's fingers pressed into her arm. His tone changed. "The story they tell," he said, "was that she paced around and around this walk, trying to make up her mind."

"Who?" asked Nadine.

"The lady who loved Haversham too much and killed herself."

They too were now walking around and around the walk. Nadine began to

feel impatient. She wished they'd sit down on the garden bench and talk about themselves. Stock's fingers were sunk deep in her flesh. They hurt her.

"You can imagine how she felt when the sonnets were published," he was saying in a low, soothing voice. "All of Boston laughing at her—another woman first in the heart of her beloved. She was half crazed with anguish. Around and around she paced, just as we're doing, looking up at the windows of his room"—Stock stared up at the windows, too—"searching for his face, for a sign that he still cared about her, that he might call her back—"

Really, thought Nadine, he's getting too dramatic. Why, she told herself, he's almost frightening!

"But no sign came," the voice went on. "The sun had gone out of her world. Her heart was bursting. She knew what she must do."

Stock unlatched the wooden gate at the back of the garden and they walked through. Nadine gasped. They were on the bank of a river. The water, brown and sluggish, lay several feet below them.

Stock's voice had sunk to a whisper. "Why live any longer? she must have asked herself as she dragged her feet toward the brink—"

Nadine cried out, "You're hurting me!" She sank to her knees in the grass. "You're frightening me!"

He stood over her, not saying any more, his cold light eyes staring at her. She didn't have a chance to plead, to scream, to do more than whisper two small words—"The cartoons!"—before his hands pressed on her throat and the pain and blackness came.

ON the plane from Boston to New York, Helen tried to analyze the peculiar sensations that were milling around in her. They should have been predominantly pleasant. She had just been through two exciting weeks that had publicized her far better than she had hoped. The tragic and near-tragic fortunes of the OPP Caravan would not be soon forgotten by any literate citizen in the United States. The great Gebhart had offered her a good part in his new play. Tom Bonbright had asked her to marry him. And, if her conscience in any way needed soothing, the troupe had sold twice as many war bonds as the Treasury Department had predicted.

Helen glanced across the aisle at Charlie. He was asleep.

She turned away from him and stared out the window. She deliberately smiled, but the facial movement brought no accompanying emotional response. Why, she asked herself silently and desperately, did she feel so low? Why were the undersides of her eyelids so dry that a sudden blink might spill over with tears? What was the matter? She listened to the vibration of the plane's motors for a few minutes before she admitted to herself that it was Tom—that she was miserable because she was not with him. They'd said good-by so casually at the theater just before she and Charlie got into their cab. He hadn't kissed her. He'd just stood there on the curb, looking at her.

"I'll watch for the show in the papers," he had said. "I'll come up from Washington and be your claque on opening night. No charge."

"Won't you be in New York before then?"

He had shrugged, and, strangely hurt at that, she'd stepped into the cab without another word. He closed the door

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after her and stood leaning against the window.

"What are you going to do until traintime?"

"What do you suggest?"

"You might do something about that eye." The cab started to roll. "And you need a haircut!" she shouted.

She wasn't sure he had heard her, for when she looked back he was still standing there, his hair tousled and his eye black, like a little boy who'd just been in a fist fight. But the instinct she had felt to go back had not been maternal. Far from it. She wanted to hurry back and hold on to him and never let go. I'll phone him tonight, she told herself. I'll phone him tonight and say everything I didn't say. Then she remembered the cabin had no phone. There was no way she could talk to him for two weeks. The tears pricked through under her eyelids. I'm probably the only actress in America, she thought, who started off for a part in a Gebhart play by crying.

Then she began to think about Tom's black eye and how Mr. Wells had given it to him. Now that she had time to ponder on the incident, it seemed even queerer than when it had happened.

Every one was standing about backstage, shaking hands and saying good-by, except Nadine and Daniel Stock, who had left earlier. There was an atmosphere of camaraderie and reluctance to end forever the two weeks of shared experiences. Helen had been talking to Mr. Wells when she saw Tom coming toward them. She sensed that Mr. Wells went rigid beside her as Tom stretched out his hand. Then, in one flashing instant, Mr. Wells drew back his fist and clipped Tom forcefully in the eye, sending him sprawling.

"THAT'S what I think of your filthy cartoons!" The Englishman's voice was hoarse with venom, his face ashy gray, as he stalked away.

Tom leaped up and started after him, but Charlie clung to his arm. "Let him go, Tom," he begged. "He doesn't know what he's doing."

"That's what I'm going to find out," answered Tom furiously. "Just what the hell he thinks he's doing!"

Charlie blocked the way. "Listen, Tom. Let him alone. He's upset. He got a cable yesterday. His son went on a bombing mission and didn't come back. He wouldn't let me tell the rest of you, but he's all broken up—"

Tom stopped. "I'm sorry." He rubbed his head dazedly. "But why's he got it in for me?" He looked around at the stunned faces of the girls.

"What did he mean?" asked Helen. "What cartoons is he talking about?"

"How should I know? From what he's said to me on this trip, he and I see the same way about practically everything."

"He's probably extra touchy now. You know how it is," said Charlie, "with his son missing and all—"

"What's the tie-up?" Tom demanded. "I haven't done a cartoon about England for weeks, and if I had it would be full of praise for the English people. If he's stewing, for some reason, about the things I did about Chamberlain or the Cliveden set— but he can't be. He agrees with me; he told me so." Tom ran his fingers gingerly over the bruised flesh beneath his eye. "I think he owes me a simple explanation."

But, by the time Tom went in search of him, Mr. Wells had already taken his bag and gone.

Thinking it over now, Helen wondered what the explanation could be. It was absolutely incompatible with everything she knew about Rupert Wells that he would passionately strike a man without an excellent reason. All at once it became very important that she should find out that reason.

"It's really none of my business," she said aloud.

"Anything that concerns Tom is your business," insisted the voice.

Yes, she thought. Yes, that's true.

Having admitted it, she felt better. She sat up straighter and watched the long silver wing of the plane below her window. Tomorrow, after the meeting with Gebhart, she'd go to see Mr. Wells, she thought, and then she'd write Tom a note. She remembered that he had to go into town to the post office every few days to send his cartoons and get his mail. She'd write him a letter and tell him Mr. Wells' explanation, and a lot more.

ON Saturday afternoon at five Helen sat on the sofa in Mr. Wells' hotel suite and waited for him to serve tea. He was telling her about his plans for returning to England. He momentarily expected the arrival of some papers clearing his return. When they came, he would go to Canada and leave from some port there.

He put the steaming teacup before her and passed the sugar and milk.

"I don't know why I go on like this," he said. "I'm so delighted at the prospect of returning home, I guess. Although it will be greatly changed without—" He stopped and stirred his tea.

"Without your son?" Helen prompted gently. "I want you to know I'm so very sorry. Perhaps—"

"Not much hope. He was shot down over Germany. I shan't be able to take his place in the Army, but there are other things they might find for me to do. All of our enemies aren't in Berlin."

"That's what Tom always says."

"No one should know better."

Helen balanced her spoon delicately on the edge of her saucer, and in a tone just as delicate, ready to recede at the first sign of his displeasure, she asked, "What cartoons were you speaking of yesterday when you struck him?"

"Did you ask him that?"

"He has no idea. He's completely bewildered."

Mr. Wells laughed shortly and poured himself another cup of tea.

"Do you think if that were true he would have allowed me to walk off, the way he did, without fighting back?"

"He respected your grief."

"I tell you, I saw the cartoons. You'll see them soon enough yourself. No doubt he means to publish them at the proper moments—when they'll do the most harm."

"Please don't mind my cross-examining you like this, but won't you tell me what they were about?"

"Why have you come?"

"Tom has no idea I'm here. I came because I have to know. I'm—I'm in love with Tom."

"All right. Since you ask, I'll tell you." His hand shook so that the teacup clattered a little, and he set it down. "I can't describe the details of the drawings, of course—I saw them so briefly. But they were subtly and viciously anti-English, anti any plan of world co-operation after the war; and one of them came out quite clearly for a negotiated peace before the end of the year. Almost any sentiment that

might make Hitler rejoice was expressed in them, Miss Hathaway. They'll hurt our cause—they'll disrupt this country's unity—when they appear. His influence is no mean thing."

"But Tom's influence is based on the fact that since the beginning of the war he's stood for the very opposite of all these things you've been telling me. Tom couldn't have drawn those cartoons!"

Mr. Wells' voice was frigid. "I appreciate your distraction, Miss Hathaway, for, as you said, you are in love with the gentleman. But there is no doubt about it. I saw the drawings."

"He never drew them!"

Mr. Wells glanced at the leather clock on his desk. "You'll have to excuse me now," he said. "I've an engagement for dinner—"

"Wait, please," pleaded Helen. "Just answer a few more questions for me. Where did you see the cartoons?"

"Miss Hall showed them to me."

"Nadine! But where did she get them?"

"I don't know. I was going down the corridor when she called to me to come in. She was holding them."

"To come in where?"

"Why, into her dressing room."

"She had the very last one on the

HOPE AHEAD

("Wood to be used for making cloth"—Prophecy)

If I get a fir coat
I'll gloat.

—LUCRETIA PENNY.

corridor. Think, Mr. Wells—think. Was she in that one?"

"No." He hesitated and frowned. "She couldn't have been, since I was on the way to my own room when she stopped me. No, it was in the middle of the row."

"Tom's dressing room was next to yours, Mr. Wells. Was it that one?"

"No. Because I remember walking down the hall after I left her, and swearing at his door as I went by."

"There, now." The blood was pounding in Helen's temples. "Where was Nadine? Do you remember anything in the room that might give us a hint?"

A long moment ticked by. Then Mr. Wells said, "A light rawhide suitcase was open on the floor beside her." His eyes met Helen's as they both made a swift inventory of each familiar piece of the troupe's luggage. "It must have been Mr. Stock's room," he said. "But I don't see what difference it makes."

Helen shivered. Pain stabbed at her forehead. "It raises a question," she said. "What were Tom's cartoons doing in Mr. Stock's room?"

"Only Bonbright can answer that."

"No, he can't. Those cartoons are forgeries, Mr. Wells! Some one else drew them—not Tom."

"I'm afraid there'd be no point to that. He could easily prove that—"

"If he was around, he could prove they weren't his, yes. But what if something happened to him?"

Mr. Wells' fingers rapped sharply along the edge of a bookcase. "Can he be reached, up at this mountain of his?"

"Only by letter. I'm going to write him all you've told me. He'll know what to do."

"You know more about this than you've said, don't you?" She nodded. "I should like to believe you are right."

"If you'll only not say anything about this until I hear from him—"

"I won't." One of his rare smiles lighted his face. "I hope I owe him the deepest apologies. It was nice to have you come. Sorry I won't be around to see your show. Maybe in happier days, after the war, some one will write a play with parts in it for a beautiful lady and a grandfather, and we shall have a reunion."

HELEN wrote a long letter to Tom that night, but even after it was sealed and air-mailed she couldn't sleep. Everything that Mr. Wells had told her, everything that she knew about Stock, combined to give her nightmares. She tossed about until dawn.

The telephone must have been ringing for several minutes before it woke her. She reached over and picked it up.

It was Charlie. She glanced at the clock on her dresser. The hands pointed to ten thirty.

"Nadine Hall is dead," he stated flatly. "Her body was found in a river near Boston last night! The story's in all the papers."

Helen held the phone away from her and stared at it in horror.

"Hello! Are you listening, dear?"

"Charlie, I'll call you back. I've got to use my phone immediately. You wait till I call you back."

She hung up and ran barefooted through the apartment to open the front door. The newspapers were flung against it in an untidy pile. The story was on the front page of the first one she picked up—only a few lines near the bottom of the sheet. The body had been found by a couple boating in the moonlight. The cause of death was a broken neck, which the coroner said might have resulted from a leap into the river where the banks were steep and high . . .

Helen ran back to the phone and dialed long distance.

"Operator, I must get in touch with some one who doesn't have a phone. He lives near Essex, New Hampshire." She tried to keep her voice level and reasonable. "Could you put me through to the operator at Essex?"

There were voices and buzzes and questions and waits. Finally the blessed words came:

"This is the Essex operator. What is it, please?"

"I must get a message to Mr. Tom Bonbright."

"I'm sorry. Mr. Tom Bonbright has no phone."

"I know—I know. He's in a cabin a few miles from you, on Lake Sokosu. You must send some one to him."

"Well, I don't know who—"

"It's a matter of life and death!" Helen shouted. "I tell you, you must. He's in danger. He might be murdered!"

"Who is this calling, please?"

"A friend. A very close friend; his—wife. Please, you must listen to me—"

"One moment," said the operator. "I will connect you with Mr. Harmon."

After more buzzes Mr. Harmon answered.

Helen made her plea over again.

"And who is this?"

Desperately she answered, "This is Mr. Bonbright's wife."

This announcement had the desired effect. His voice rose two octaves. "You mean Tom's married? By golly, then

anything's possible! What is it you want, now?"

"I tell you, you must go to Mr. Bonbright's cabin immediately. Take some one with you. His life's in danger. Tell him Nadine is dead."

"Nadine is dead?"

"Tell him Daniel Stock forged the cartoons."

"Daniel Stock forged the cartoons."

"Yes. Yes—and please hurry."

Helen rang off and phoned Charlie: "See if you can get me a seat on the next plane or train to Boston. I've got to get to Tom right away—right away!"

TOM'S cabin was built in a clump of silver birches at the foot of Mount Sokosu, just a few hundred feet from the lake. This Sunday Tom did not take a book to the beach, as he usually did. There was far too much to think about. A radio news reporter had just finished his quarter hour by mentioning Nadine Hall's death.

"Although the two-week trip of the OPP Bond-Selling Caravan ended on Friday in Boston, tragic fate had not yet ceased dogging its trail. The body of Nadine Hall, twenty, young composer of World War II's biggest song hit and a member of the troupe, was found floating in the Suffolk River last night. Death was not due to drowning, but to a broken neck, which might have been sustained in a leap or fall from the steep banks of the river. Boston police are investigating. This is the second time death has visited the Caravan. Kathleen Kennedy, a dancer, was killed at the McAllister Mill explosion during the troupe's appearance in Detroit . . ."

Tom stretched out on the warm



RELAX
with . . .

RICHARDSON

ROOT BEER

"it's so flavorful"



white sand of the beach and stared at the blue sky—as blue as Nadine's serious young eyes. How had she come to be in the river? he asked himself. He reviewed the events of that last morning in Boston. Stock had mentioned something about catching an early afternoon train to the Cape and had said good-bye to every one before the performance began. Nadine hadn't said good-bye to any one; she must have made up her mind hurriedly to leave with him. Where had they gone? What had Stock said to her? Why had she committed suicide? Was it suicide?

A movement far down the lake caught his eye, and, glad of a distraction, Tom shaded his eyes to watch it. It was the fire ranger from the top of Sokosu, off to town on one of his infrequent free Sundays. Tom looked regretfully after the fast disappearing silhouette. For the first time the utter loneliness depressed him.

He was about to try the water when he heard a shout from the direction of the birches.

He knew who it was even before the figure appeared through the trees. It was as if he had known Stock was coming ever since he had heard the news over the radio that morning.

"Hello," Stock called again. "I've been looking for you up at the cabin!"

He was wearing brown corduroy slacks and a tan leather jacket was slung over his shoulders. He looked hot and excited, but his excitement may have been due to enthusiasm over the natural beauties of the place. At least he pretended it was. After talking about them for a few moments, he said:

"I hope I didn't startle you too much."

"Not at all," Tom replied.

"I wanted a rest and a change, and I remembered you said this is a wonderful place to paint."

Tom didn't remind him that it must have been Nadine who had said that. He decided not to mention Nadine.

"I thought I'd try it. I've never been in this part of New England."

"It's a wonder you got through to the cabin, not knowing the country, and the path so overgrown," said Tom.

Stock flung his jacket onto the sand and sat down beside it. "Oh, I've got a sense for finding my way in the forest—at stalking my prey, you might say."

The phrase disturbed Tom. He glanced swiftly at his companion, but Stock's attention was on the moving canoe, now but a speck on the lake.

HE said, "That fellow has made his canoe travel, hasn't he?"

How do you come to know that, thought Tom, unless you were somewhere around here watching him leave?

"He's the ranger," Tom gestured at the lookout tower, tiny and fragile, far above them. "He comes down once in a while. . . . Where are you staying?"

"Haven't decided yet," Stock began playing with the sand. "I left my sketching things in your cabin."

"Later I'll show you around. You might find something you'll want to draw."

"Yes, I'm sure of it." Stock's fingers traced a wavy line in the sand and rubbed it out. "But don't let me interfere with your plans. Weren't you going in for a swim?"

Tom stretched out indifferently. "I'm too comfortable to move."

He narrowed his eyes and saw against the glint of the sun on his lashes an ominous combination of visions: Stock's hands pressing the life out of Tally; Nadine's body floating in the muddy

river. One thing he knew for certain—he must not, on any account, go near the water. There was a rifle behind the kitchen door of the cabin. He must get it quickly. He turned toward Stock, watching the strong never still fingers sliding through the sand. They seemed to be writing a word and rubbing it out over and over again.

Tom squinted at the sun. "It's about time for lunch," he announced. "Did your hike give you an appetite?" He was trying to chat easily, normally. "I can't promise you a very grand spread, but whatever there is—"

He got to his feet and bent down to pick up his towel. It was then that he read what Stock had been tracing in the sand. It was "Bonbright." But it was written in Tom's handwriting—identical to the last detail, to the placing of the dot over the i and the swift stroke crossing the t.

The sudden knowledge that flashed over Tom almost paralyzed him. His fingers grasped numbly at the towel. What was it Charlie had said after his trip to the Cape? *That guy had made a perfect imitation of Kalman's painting.* So Wells actually had seen some cartoons that enraged him—cartoons that were perfect forgeries.

STOCK had stood up, too. He ran his foot over the sand, erasing the name. Expressionless, his eyes met Tom's.

"Whatever you have for lunch will be fine," he said. "Unfortunately, there was no possible way to get a message to you. You are very isolated out here, aren't you, Bonbright?"

They started toward the cabin side by side. Tom wondered when the cat-and-mouse game would come out into the open. He realized, however, that his companion was enjoying himself far too much to stop playing yet. Maybe in that lay Tom's only chance.

As they walked through the clump of trees he talked with Stock about how to prepare bass for broiling, while trying to figure out what Stock's plan could be. If Stock had worked out some way to release the forged cartoons as Tom's own, he would obviously have to shut Tom up—forever.

There was only one consolation: Stock hadn't found out that Wells had seen the cartoons. On second thought, this consolation proved scant. Wells had been completely taken in. If the pictures were released, he would never question their authenticity. Who would? And how much good would it do, anyway? Once they were circulated, the harm would be done and a retraction of their genuineness could never undo it. In the meantime, he, Tom, would be out of the picture altogether.

Tom walked through the open door of the cabin and into the bedroom, to shed his trunks and slip into his old camp clothes. He went into the kitchen and reached behind the door. The rifle was gone!

Now Stock was standing in the doorway, blocking it, hands in pockets.

"You're not really hungry so soon after breakfast, are you, Bonbright?" he asked. "You're being too polite."

Tom opened the cupboard and brought out a bottle of whisky. "Any excuse for a drink," he said. "There's no ice, but I keep the soda cold in the spring out in back."

Carefully, knowing his life depended on not hurrying, he put out highball glasses and pretzels. Then he sauntered to the back door. "I'll get the soda," he said.

He knew that Stock had walked

through the kitchen and was leaning against the window, watching him. He forced himself to walk at a natural pace and concentrated on storing up breath and strength.

There were some little scrub pines just in front of the spring. When he got beyond them he would start running, and he could count on a head start to the path up the mountain. What he figured on after that was knowledge of the way, and a telephone and weapon when he got to the tower.

The main thing against him was that he was soft and out of condition, in contrast to Stock's perfect fitness. Also, Stock now had the rifle and probably a gun of his own. Tom had only one thing to hope for. Perhaps Stock didn't want to shoot him. It would be far more effective to have his death appear accidental.

HE passed the pines and sprinted toward the trail. As he sprang over the soft dirt and pine needles a sense of unreality came over him, and he paused, panting, to listen. Unmistakably, a couple of hundred yards behind him, came the faint sound of Stock's footsteps.

Part of the trail wound upward through a pine forest and along a swift-flowing narrow stream. Tom pushed desperately upward—impeded by tree branches, brought stumbling to his knees once or twice by loose stones.

At one place there was a clearing, and he could see the lake shining like a silver dollar and above him the jagged mountainside stretching up toward the sky. He hoisted himself along the sharp stones with a power that seemed to come from outside himself. Once, when he looked down, he saw Stock leaping across the clearing. After that he didn't look down again. He had begun to feel the cool breeze that blew like a promise over the tip of the mountain, and he had seen the tower on its tall steel stilts fastened to slabs of rock above. In a few minutes he had pulled himself up onto them. He crouched instinctively as he ran to the iron-runged ladder.

He had almost climbed the ladder—was just reaching out his hand to push open the trap door in the floor—when the sharp gunshot rang out and he felt a terrific searing impact against his thigh. He clung to the ladder with both hands, his wounded leg swinging free for a moment as he felt the warm blood trickle down it. Then he pushed again at the trap door, frantically lifting himself up into the room by the strength of his arms. He heard another shot ricochet off the ladder below him, and, turning his head, he saw Stock clambering over the rocks.

He grasped at a chair leg and pulled himself upright. The telephone stood on a shelf across the room. There was no time and no use getting to it now. His eye fell on the glass-covered map spread out on the table and the clutter of field glasses, pencils, papers, and a shiny pair of dividers with sharp needlelike points. He picked up the dividers and pressed the two parts together. The instrument was hardly longer than the darts he had played with on the train, but far heavier. Then he knelt above the open trap door and watched the brittle-looking skull with its down of new hair approach as its owner's fingers pulled him up rung by rung. In an instant Stock would look up.

Tom drew back his arm and waited. He recalled Stock's own instructions now: *It's in the snap of the wrist. Hold*

your wrist open or cocked. He was hardly conscious of the instant when the dividers left his fingers. He saw the long points strike Stock between the eyes, and then the scream as Stock fell backward to the rocks below. He lay there, crumpled and still.

Tom dragged himself to the telephone. He held it to his ear, listening to the operator's "Hello, hello," and unable to utter a word.

"Hello? Hello? Ranger's tower?"

"Who is this?" he whispered.

"Hello. This is the Essex operator."

"This is Tom Bonbright." His voice began to gather strength.

"Mr. Bonbright! What are you doing at the tower? Are you all right?"

"Yes," he said. Why was she asking him that?

"Elias Harmon and two other men set out for your cabin about an hour ago. We thought something had happened to you."

"Something happened, all right, but how did you know?"

"Your wife phoned from New York. She was terribly upset. She said you might be killed and we should send some one. Your wife was so worried."

*****★*****

HOW MUCH IS A BILLION?

In these days of war bond drives we let the word "billion" roll glibly off our tongues as easily as if it were "hundred." We know that it's a lot of money, but how many people have any actual conception of the amount?

Compare it to minutes, of which there are 1,440 a day, and ask any one to guess offhand how many years equal a billion minutes. Answers will generally range from ten to a hundred years, with only a few a little higher.

Actually, figuring 365 days to each year, the answer is approximately 1,902 years. Since the birth of Christ, only a little more than one billion, twenty-one million minutes have passed.

*****★*****

Tom sighed. He thought he must be getting delirious and he had to tell her his message before he was unable to make her understand.

"Operator," he said, "send some one after Harmon. Tell them to come up here and get me. I've been shot in the leg. I can't move."

"Oh, Mr. Bonbright! I'm so sorry! I'll send Harmon's boys after them right away."

Tom hung up and slid to the floor. It was nice, lying there with no reason to move, no place to go. He felt sleepy. What was it the operator had said? His wife had called? That made him think of Helen. He wanted to go to sleep and dream of Helen.

WHEN he woke up it was very dark and he was in bed. The room he was in smelled of antiseptic and his leg throbbed with pain. Some one switched on a small lamp beside him. It was a girl in a white uniform and cap.

"Feeling better?" she said brightly. "Mrs. Bonbright's here to see you."

"If you said Mrs. Bonbright, I guess I'm not so well," Tom said.

"Just the same"—she laughed politely and stuck a thermometer under his tongue—"that isn't going to keep you from seeing her. She's very insistent."

The nurse went to the door and

opened it. "You can come in now," she called.

It was Helen. She rushed in and pulled the thermometer out of his mouth and kissed him.

"Oh, darling," she said. "Oh, darling—darling!"

Tom grinned. "When did we get married?" he asked. "That's one wedding I really wanted to go to."

"I had to say I was your wife, Tom, to get people to listen to me when I called Essex. I had to make them send help to you some way—"

"Then it was you—"

"And you should see what they turned up in that duffel bag in your cabin," she went on. "The cartoons, finished and wrapped and addressed to McLeod Features—all ready to be sent."

Tom hoisted himself up higher on his pillow and winced.

"Does it hurt very much, darling?" asked Helen. "I'm so sorry! I—I get all faint and dizzy every time I remember that he might have killed you."

Tom nodded. "That was his idea. I understand now why he defended me so nobly in Chicago. He'd chosen the date of my demise himself. Poor Nadine—she never had a chance with him."

"He was a madman—a horrible twisted beast. You haven't heard the rest of the story. The police found a letter on him—a letter from Lawrence Kenyon. It complimented Stock on the fine job he did of winning you over!"

Tom's brows went up, and then he whistled, a long low whistle full of comprehension. "So that's what he told them! That he'd won me over!"

"Kenyon's letter said that as soon as your cartoons began to appear, the League would concentrate all its energies on a big propaganda campaign to put its platform before the American public. Bissell was to start on the radio and Landry in his papers. Then, at the end, Kenyon promised that Stock would be well rewarded for his valuable service in bringing you into the ranks of real American patriots."

"Why, sure. I can see how Stock planned it! He figured two weeks of cartoons like those he drew for me were enough to start plenty of confusion and dissension. My friends would be surprised, but he figured they wouldn't come."

"Then I suppose he planned that when I was found dead it would be blamed on an accident or some fanatic who disagreed with my change of heart. In the meantime, Stock would be the white-haired boy of the League of Militant Americans. See how it works, Helen? Don't you think I'm right?"

AT that moment the door opened and the nurse looked in.

"I'll have to ask you to leave in a few minutes," she said to Helen. Her glance was dripping with disapproval.

"She thinks you're immoral, pretending to be my wife," said Tom. "People up here always considered me very conventional."

"And are you?"

"In some ways. I mean, I wear clothes when I go out, and I use silverware when I eat, and I fall for things like Mother's Day, and when there's no moon I tell my girl I love her and—"

Helen didn't listen to any more. She reached over him and raised the window shade. Silvery beams flooded into the darkened room, splashing in bright patches across the bed.

"I realize talking is bad for you, Mr. Bonbright," she said, "but—"

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY  OLD SARGE

FROM now on, whether the Waves are required to wear tasseled caps, feather dusters, or old dishpans on their heads, this department does not intend to comment. I printed a letter on Waves' hats some weeks back, and have been snowed under with replies on the subject ever since.

A yeoman of the Waves in San Francisco, initials P. E., griped that the Waves' G. I. hat has been ruining their hear-dos and isn't as appealing to the eye as the hats issued to WACs and lady



No comment!

Marines. I've printed answering letters from time to time—both pro and con.

Here's a final round-up:

"If I know anything about women, it would be pretty hard to find one hat that would please all the Waves. In fact, it's impossible to get any *two* women to agree on one hat," writes Coast Guardsman R. M. C., Mare Island Navy Yard, California.

Sergeant J. F. S., Texas Technological College, Lubbock, Texas, jumps down my throat with this: "I've read your department in Liberty for many months, and I think this is the first time you ever dodged a question. Are you a Sarge or a mouse?"

(I'll answer that before going on: You are 100 per cent right. I dodged the question—said, "I would sooner get mixed up in a mine field," to be exact. When it comes to an argument over women's hats, I'm a mouse every time.)

A Navy radioman in Dutch Harbor, Alaska, initials J. C. S., wants to know: "What would happen if my fellow shipmates went around griping every few months for a change in uniform? We probably would end up in kilts."

A scolding comes from Mrs. A. H. W. of Milwaukee, who says, "We want patriotic-minded, not stylish-minded women in the service. It seems all some of them think about is to look good to the male personnel."

And they sure do look good to Technical Sergeant J. C. of Daniel Field, Georgia, who writes: "I have no idea how to improve the Waves' hats, but I will say that the girls under those hats are very nearly perfect. God bless our sisters in arms."

To this Aviation Cadet J. E. H. of Marianna, Florida, adds: "We're not dis-

loyal to the WAC, but we honestly and sincerely can't think of any improvement in the uniform of the Waves. I might add that we look 'em over close, too."

As a finishing touch, here's the reaction of Pfc. B. M., who's with the Air Forces somewhere west of Frisco: "Considering some of the nightmares women wear on their heads in civilian life, I can't understand Wave P. E.'s gripe. And, believe me, my helmet (M-1) would not improve her appearance."

Well, there you have it—and I'm still taking no stand on the subject whatever.

OLD (MOUSE) SARGE.

* * *

I have been buying War Bonds regularly for over a year and have been leaving them in the Treasury Department's custody for safekeeping. Why haven't I received any receipts for the bonds? I was given to understand that I would get a receipt for each bond, and I know fellows who have gotten receipts for theirs.

Pvt. G. P. S., Fort Knox, Ky.

There has been delay in handling of clerical work connected with G. I. bond purchases. But it is being speeded up now. Write to the Army Finance Department, War Bonds Section, 336 North Adams St., Chicago, Ill. That ought to bring action.

* * *

There has been quite a discussion around here as to the correctness of a soldier's wearing the Veterans of Foreign Wars ribbon on his uniform. We all want your opinion on the subject.

E. W. C., Jr., T5G, Seattle, Wash.

It isn't a question of opinion. It's fact. The V. F. W. ribbon is a civilian award and not a recognized War Department decoration. Hence, under AR 600-45, it cannot be worn on the uniform, except when attending special V. F. W. functions, such as parades and meetings.

* * *

Recently, in This Man's War, you said, "Please don't anybody ask me the origin and meaning of Snafu." But I've been trying to find out for a long time. I had a goldfish with me on a bus, coming from Seattle to Yakima. There was a sergeant sitting beside me and he suggested I name my goldfish Snafu. He was in a tank battalion and said Snafu was the name of an insignia his company had on their guns. It was supposed to be a bear.

There is a peep with that name written on it here, and I've asked a lot of soldiers, but no one seems to know where it came from.

So, could you tell me whether it is the name of a bear or what it is supposed to be? When you mentioned it, you made me even more curious.

Miss B. L. T., Yakima, Wash.

Seems like I knew what it meant only five minutes ago. But darned if it hasn't slipped my mind.

To clear up an argument, would you tell me what branch of the service Colin Kelly was in when he was killed, and what was his rank?

Sgt. J. J. A., New Orleans, La.

Colin Kelly was a captain in the Army Air Forces.

* * *

I want to pass the laurels to Private Leonard K. Kulisch for his letter in a recent This Man's War about soldiers' sweethearts remaining true-blue until the boys come home.

You see, Sarge, I've got a soldier in active service, too, and I'd rather die myself than walk out on him now. Of course, some people say he may never come back. I guess that's the chance a girl has to take when she falls for a serviceman, and I do mean falls—so hard that it won't ever matter about any one else any more if she can't have him.

Yes, you bet I've got something to wait for, and to fight for, too. Although I'm here (in a war plant) testing the stuff to load the bombs that will help him, and buying the bonds to help pay for those bombs, my heart is there with him, wherever he goes.

I know that if I wait long enough and work hard enough, somewhere, somehow, we'll be together again. Thanks, Sarge, for the motto you suggested: "Keep the Heart Fires Burning!" That's exactly what this gal is going to do!

Miss J. L. C., Bristol, Tenn.

Nice going, lassie. That guy you're waiting for is mighty lucky. And I hope lots more soldiers' sweethearts read your letter and get an inspiration from it.

* * *

If a soldier can make a little extra



"Snafu"

money by working during off-duty hours, is he permitted to do so?

Cpl. J. McN., Cleveland, Ohio.

It's up to the C. O. The War Department has authorized commanding officers to grant soldiers permission to work during off-duty hours, provided such employment does not interfere with their military duties. Many have been permitted to work on farms, in canneries, and in food-packing and processing plants in order to relieve critical labor shortages in certain areas.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

LIBERTY

PIONEER OF THE FUTURE

Continued from Page 17

sacks of flour from a plane in a "bombing attack" on a prop fortress. A short time later an ordnance colonel from Washington visited Martin to ask if he could drop real bombs. Martin put on a convincing demonstration. Shortly before this he had got his first order from the Army for training planes.

Martin moved his factory from California to Cleveland and, some months after our entry into World War I, got his first order for bombing planes. He started to work on the contract in January, 1918, and in August flew the first completed plane to McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio. It was a big plane, and when it appeared over the Army field, unannounced, the soldiery was thrown into consternation. Martin was arrested as soon as he landed, and it was an hour before he could convince Intelligence officers that he was delivering a new bomber for the Army.

An improved model of this same bomber was used by Billy Mitchell in 1921 to prove that a plane could sink a battleship. The Navy agreed to furnish some captured German warships for the experiment, and Mitchell said he would design 2,000-pound bombs if Martin would make planes to carry them. In

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Many excuses have been manufactured by all of us at times when trying to obtain a seat to view some public function, but I doubt if any one ever thought of anything which can compare with the invention of the good lady who was anxious to attend the service in Westminster Abbey on Armistice Day and, on being challenged at the door as to her credentials, ordered the policeman to stand aside, saying, "Let me pass—I shall go in." "But who are you, madam?" "I," said the indignant woman—"I am the widow of the Unknown Warrior."

—Seymour Hicks.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

July, 1921, officials of the Army and Navy watched the historic demonstration off the Virginia Capes. As the last of the fleet—the great German battleship Ostfriesland—rolled over on its side under the impact of the bombs and plunged beneath the waves, Martin turned triumphantly to the man beside him.

It was an admiral, and the grin on Martin's face faded as he saw tears streaming down the admiral's face.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked. "This is the saddest day of my life," the admiral replied. "I was taught that the battleship was the queen of the seas—invincible. But today, I realize, I've seen the end of the battleship."

Soon Martin was getting orders from the Navy for airplanes, and in 1928 he moved his factory to Baltimore. He met the depression by developing a sleek new bomber for the Army, the Martin B-10, capable of flying 200 miles an hour. That was faster than most pursuit planes could travel, and the B-10 obsoleted just about everything that was in the air. Orders for it poured in, and then Martin started to design the China Clipper.

He was doing a comfortable business in 1939 when the rush to rearmament began. The French placed a big order for Martin bombers, and he doubled the size of his plant in eleven weeks. The British took over the French orders later and added some of their own. The Army whipped in a mass order for Marauders and the Navy contracted for the huge Mars and quantities of PBM-3 Mariners. In spite of headaches he's had with the Marauder and Mars, Martin still has complete faith in their designs. He thinks they are the planes of tomorrow, and those who know his reputation for prescience hesitate to dispute this.

Martin holds the honorary degree of Doctor of Science from Brown University and Kansas Wesleyan University, an honorary degree of Doctor of Engineering from the University of Maryland, and the citation for the Collier Trophy for his outstanding contributions to aviation. He has a certificate testifying that he was the second man to qualify with the Aero Club of America as an expert pilot, and another that he holds flying license No. 56 from the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale.

Today one would never suspect that this dignified man with his soft gray hair and impressively high forehead was once known as the West's number one daredevil. Only recently he stopped driving an automobile, and whereas he once wheeled his sixteen-cylinder car along at 100 miles an hour on occasion, now he won't let his chauffeur go faster than thirty-five miles an hour.

Martin, who has never married, lives with his mother. They bought a home in Baltimore recently, and own a farm in Maryland. Mrs. Martin has followed her son's work closely and knows as

much about what went into the Mars as she did about his first plane, which she helped build. Martin admits he makes no major decisions without first discussing them with her.

Many of his top executives started with him as craftsmen in the old days, and to Mrs. Martin they are still woodworkers or metalworkers. When she wants a pan soldered or a bookshelf installed, she summons one of the executives to do the chore. Out of the Martin school came such men as Donald Douglas and Larry Bell, who head the plants which bear their names, and J. H. (Dutch) Kindelberger, president of North American.

MARTIN has a passion for analysis and detailed planning which he applies to aeronautical research and to business alike. He keeps close tabs on his experimental laboratories, wandering through the workrooms and rather shyly making suggestions.

One day he noticed that workmen in his plant had trouble getting soap from the patented dispensers on the wash-basins. He returned to his office, designed a soap dish based on a new principle, and had it installed. He becomes vaguely interested in a new subject, sees room for improvement, and then becomes so interested in the possibilities that he makes a highly scientific study of it. Martin's secretary trounced his boss at checkers once. A few weeks later the secretary was invited to play a return match and was completely outmaneuvered. In between matches Martin had read books on checker playing, worked out a new system, and become a scientific player.

His chief hobby is hunting—he's a dead shot—and in this field his scientific



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instincts have run riot. He designs special sights for his guns. Convinced that the best commercially made decoys wouldn't fool him if he were a duck, he designs his own. He has even evolved a heated duck blind. Still another Martin triumph is a portable goose blind which is invisible from the air. The exact method of camouflage is a carefully guarded secret, for he believes it has important possibilities in other fields.

On his Maryland farm Martin propagates geese. As a youth, he had studied the flight of birds to get pointers for building his first plane. Now he has built a glass observatory, like those at airports, on his farm, and spends hours with field glasses observing the flight of his thousands of geese.

In the aviation industry Martin is known for his austere living habits. He doesn't smoke, swear, or imbibe. He drinks lots of milk and the strongest word any one hears him use is "danged." When he is angered he merely freezes

*****★*****

The American woodcock of eastern United States and southern Canada has no right to fly, according to measurements governing the laws of flight. By all the rules of what may or may not fly, the woodcock is permanently grounded. But he doesn't know that, so he flies.

And, to cap it off, the female of the woodcock is one of three species of birds who know how to carry their young, one by one, in flight. This she does by holding the young one between her thighs and breast while in transit.

*****★*****

up, but those who have seen him in these glacial moments say they are awe-inspiring.

Even after years of public appearances and exhibitions, Martin is still a shy man, and now, for the first time in thirty-five years, he is loath to talk about the future. But it isn't because he has no idea what is coming. He has every step planned for the demobilization of his plant and its rebuilding. But he knows there will be a wild scramble in postwar aviation and he thinks to gain a competitive advantage by keeping his own plans secret.

Recently he announced development of a new substance called Marvenol. It is an elastic plastic, said to be superior to natural or synthetic rubber for many purposes and equal to rubber for others. The manufacture of this product, along with other side lines, will be part of the Martin postwar work.

"By-products are going to be butter on our bread after the war," he said recently.

In the aviation field the Mars represents Martin's big bet. He thinks the Navy will come round to mounting heavy guns on planes like this. But the Mars has an even greater significance in the Martin scheme of things when regarded as the prototype of a line of commercial transports. This plane can cross the Atlantic in a single hop, with 150 passengers. And Martin has a design for a 300,000-pound "Super-Mars" filed away for the dawn of peace.

Then there is Glenn Martin's sleeve. He has always kept a lot of things up there.

THE END



By MARGARET FISHBACK

FEATHERS IN THEIR CAPS: Women workers constitute 25 per cent of the total force employed at the Lycoming Division of the Aviation Corporation in Williamsport, Pennsylvania. They have had a consistently better record than men with regard to absenteeism, contrary to the experience in most plants. . . . The percentage of women employees in a Philadelphia bank has risen from 45 to 62 in the last three years. Many are department heads; others are tellers. Women tellers need not be beautiful but must have pleasing personalities, plus a background of banking experience acquired from



courses in banking and finance. Bankers do not feel age is important. Executives report that women are more accurate than men, probably because of their experience with detail work. . . . Women in dungarees work alongside men at an Eastern port of embarkation. Former telephone operators, chorus girls, housewives, and society women, ranging in age from seventeen to sixty, play vital parts in expediting the flow of supplies to our fighting men. Some are grandmas, some are youngsters engaged to overseas fiancés. Major General Homer Groninger, commanding general, estimates that more than 26 per cent of the civilians employed are women. They operate fork lifts, which pick up and stack crates and boxes; drive tractors, which haul long appendages of trailers carrying supplies. Major T. J. Madden, in charge of freight handling, would rather have women than men drive tractors, because "they respect these machines and are much less inclined to show off." General Groninger says, "The women employees are no longer thought of as substitutes for men. They are here for the same reason men are here—because they know their jobs."

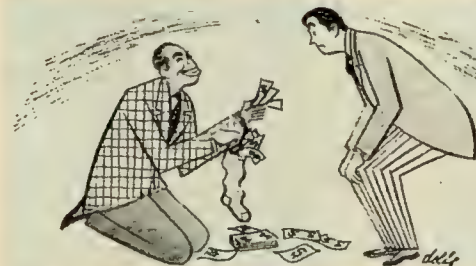
AS GOOD AS NEW: The fountain of youth was a pint to the good when Mrs. Helen Schechter, an under-sixty grandmother, went to the New York City Red Cross Blood Bank at 2 East 37th Street and donated a pint of her blood. "It gave me such a thrill that on my way out I made an appointment for my next visit," said Mrs. Schechter. Like many another smart and sensitive middle-aged woman, she is eager to avail herself of the opportunity to live again in the veins of some young American soldier or sailor who might otherwise lose his life. It is a great comfort to many mothers and grandmothers to be able to make this

particular sort of contribution. Kind of makes the blood race—the thought that old blood is as good as new.

TOO, TOO REFINED: It's a delicate situation Washington retailers are facing these days, when the government outbids them, and they are left high and dry with a serious shortage of help. To lure the aggressively refined into their employ, Woodward & Lothrop, an old-guard department store, posted wistful signs pleading:

YOUNG LADIES WANTED TO HELP
CUSTOMERS MAKE SELECTIONS

DO MOTHERS EAT? Many a mother finds it hard to take an interest in food for herself by the time she has bathed Snooks, dressed him, done his laundry, steamed his rice, managed the marketing with him straining at the leash, cooked his noonday baked potato plus carrots and spinach, then squeezed his beef juice from a wisp of reluctant top round. When she finally has him safely in the hay for his afternoon nap, all she wants to do is clean up his dishes and pots and pans *fast*, then try to get a few personal chores done, such as writing a letter or paying the milk bill. I've a strong suspicion that most mommas subsist on snatches of Snooks' own food which he is humanitarian enough to ignore. As a slapdash first aid to cold odds and ends, to make them a little less unpalatable, add a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a large thimbleful of sherry, stir, heat, and eat. The



dish will at least have a different aroma, texture, and taste.

BOOMERANG: Harry Eaton tells of a Washington friend whose colored houseman sorrowfully announced he was leaving his employ to take a government job at \$2,600 a year. The bereaved marster wished him well, lamenting that he could not meet the figure, and advised him to sock most of the bonanza into U. S. War Bonds while it was coming in so fast and furious. "No, sir," said Sam emphatically. "Ahm not go'n' to do that. Ah wouldn't trust no guvment that pays me twenty-six hundred dollars."

BONUS: After considerable negotiation, the daughter of the President of the Dominican Republic has bought the Clark Diamond house in Washington, at the asking price. Conditions stipulated by the purchaser were that the seller throw in his stair carpet, upstairs curtains, stepladder, and butler.

THE BATTLE OF THE RUHR

Continued from Page 19

hausen power station was partially submerged, road and rail bridges were washed out, and the floods reached as far as Kassel. There was no water at all at Dortmund, and the inhabitants of Gelsenkirchen and Essen were for some time forced to subsist on a ration of one pint a day. For fear of epidemics all water had to be boiled. Our losses were eight Lancasters.

On June 22, in the only attack carried out in daylight, American Fortresses dropped a great weight of bombs on the synthetic rubber factory at Hüls. The damage has not yet been made good.

Cologne and Düsseldorf, close to the Ruhr, were also included in the general assault. Nearly a year previously, on the night of the Great Experiment, 500 tons had fallen on Cologne and almost the same amount on Düsseldorf. These towns had then been left more or less alone for more than half a year. By May, 1943, industry in them had been reconstructed and a huge concentration of defenses put around and over them.

Formidable though these were, they did not deter Bomber Command, and by July 9 Cologne was virtually eliminated from the German war machine. The city was attacked section by section. First general damage was in-

With the country in the throes of a shortage of most everything, this might have been expected. A retailer was annoyed because he had to wait several months for a big order, so he wired his manufacturer: "Please cancel order immediately." This wire came back: "Regret cannot cancel immediately. You must take your turn."

flicted, then the center of the city was laid low, then the industrial centers of Deutz and Kalk on the east bank of the Rhine, and, finally, the marshaling yards. By that date, too, Düsseldorf was in a similar condition. In six nights of attack Bomber Command had destroyed the work of more than six months.

BY the end of July the battle was over. The huge total of nearly 35,000 tons of bombs had been dropped on the targets selected. This figure does not include the tonnage dropped by the American Fortresses on Hüls.

In the accomplishment of this great task Bomber Command lost 723 bombers in those three months. High though the price was, the results achieved were far higher.

In the Ruhr, huddled close together, were workers' dwellings as well as factories. The two are of equal importance to industrial production. Though the worker may not be killed or injured in a raid, yet he cannot continue day after day to make munitions if he has no roof over his head, no light to see by, no gas to cook with, no water to drink. In the Ruhr the housing problem has become almost insoluble. After each big raid, gas, water, and light fail completely for some days.

The factories of the Ruhr suffered as severely as its houses. To the destruction at Essen must be added the

What to tell your husband

if he objects to your getting a war-time job

BUT I CAN SUPPORT OUR FAMILY!



1. ANSWER: It isn't a question of pride! Millions more women *must* take jobs or our war effort will bog down! It means winning the war—saving lives of our boys! It's up to each husband to help his wife get a job.

BUT HOW DOES A CIVILIAN JOB HELP?



2. ANSWER: Just as fighters need weapons, so civilians need restaurants, stores, buses, laundries, etc., to keep going. That's why housewives, with vital *civilian* jobs, speed victory as much as girls in war plants!

BUT I MIGHT GET DRAFTED SOONER!



3. ANSWER: A wife's job does not, in itself, affect her husband's draft status in any way. And isn't it better for you to get a *job* now—if he's called anyway—and have a plan to support yourself and family?

WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT SOME OTHER TIME!

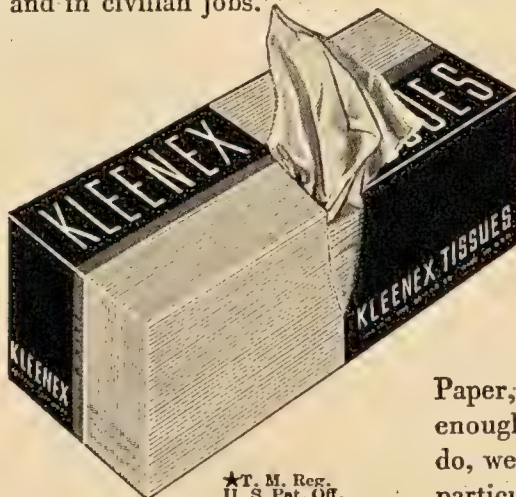


4. ANSWER: Right now *is* the time to discuss it! Because your country needs women *at once*! Millions of them! With or without experience! Full or part time! In war plants and in civilian jobs.

BUT HOW CAN YOU FIND A JOB?



5. ANSWER: Easy! Your newspaper want ads show the kind of jobs in *your* town. And you can get free advice at your local U. S. Employment Service Office. "*The More Women at Work—The Sooner We'll Win!*"



★T. M. Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.

Published in the interest of the war effort by Kleenex★ Tissues



Paper, too, has a war-time job . . . that's why there's not enough Kleenex to go around. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain *Kleenex quality* in every particular, consistent with government regulations.

twenty-seven factories damaged, most of them beyond repair, at Aachen, the sixty-four plants in a similar condition at Düsseldorf, and the havoc wrought in the coal-, coke-, and steel-producing areas of Bochum and Gelsenkirchen.

Neutral observers in touch with German nationals are the best judges of what the R. A. F. has achieved. A German industrialist had informed a Swedish newspaper that "if the Ruhr were seriously disorganized this would inevitably have repercussions on all the rest of the country. If the Allies want to hit us, they must do it there." "This they have indeed done," continues the Swedish paper. "The smoke which always hangs over the area is different from usual. The blast furnaces no longer glow at night. Giant cranes, which can be seen from far away, are still. Work has ceased at many mines. Piles of coal and charcoal are still burning after many weeks. The area of destruction begins at Essen and continues beyond Hamm. In Dortmund the Hoesch works, one of the chief pillars in the German armament industry, had to close down several of its most important sections. The I. G. Farbenindustrie installations were terribly damaged."

THE problem of evacuation crops up when a city is heavily attacked, and there is every sign that it is becoming unmanageable for the German administrators. For some days at the beginning of June the situation in Essen, for example, was quite out of hand. The people fled in all directions. Apart from the physical difficulty of getting the inhabitants away on railways taxed to their capacity and perhaps beyond it, there is the psychological wound inflicted. The Germans are not used to leaving their homes. They hate it even more than we do. It had been drilled into them that they were quite safe. For three years this was more or less true; then came the devastating blows of last summer. Families streamed

away from the stricken towns. Some sought shelter with relatives living in security in the Bavarian highlands. It took them days to get there, and when they arrived they were not welcome. This is what is happening in Germany at this moment.

As for the damage to the morale of the German workers in the Ruhr, they are, if Swedish observers are to be believed, in a curious mental state. One observer said:

"That there is no general hatred of

the British is doubtless due to the fact that the great mass of the German people have a feeling that they are now only reaping what they have sown. Ever since the beginning of the war the Germans have been stuffed almost daily with vivid accounts of what the German Air Force has done in other countries. The names of Warsaw, Rotterdam, Coventry, and Stalingrad are still too fresh in memory for Goebbels' attempts to convince the German people that it was the British who began air warfare to produce more than a shrug of the shoulders from the majority of Germans.

"But one meets many Germans who have a very definite idea as to who is responsible for the sufferings they are now enduring. It is said in Berlin by reliable persons that Goebbels, when he went to inspect the damage, was greeted by the population with whistles and catcalls and shouts of 'This is your fault!' Similar incidents occurred when Dr. Ley visited the Rhineland."

The Air Ministry makes the definite claim that the industrial production of the Ruhr has been injured beyond recovery. The Ruhr could be put into full production again only if Germany ceased all her other activities and transferred every man she could scrape together. Some work still goes on and will continue to do so, for not every factory or house has been destroyed; but when production reaches a certain level, Bomber Command will deliver another series of attacks.

THE END

*****★*****

"Don't tell yer troubles to others," a Nantucket sea captain advised. "Most of 'em don't care a hang, an' the rest are damn glad of it."

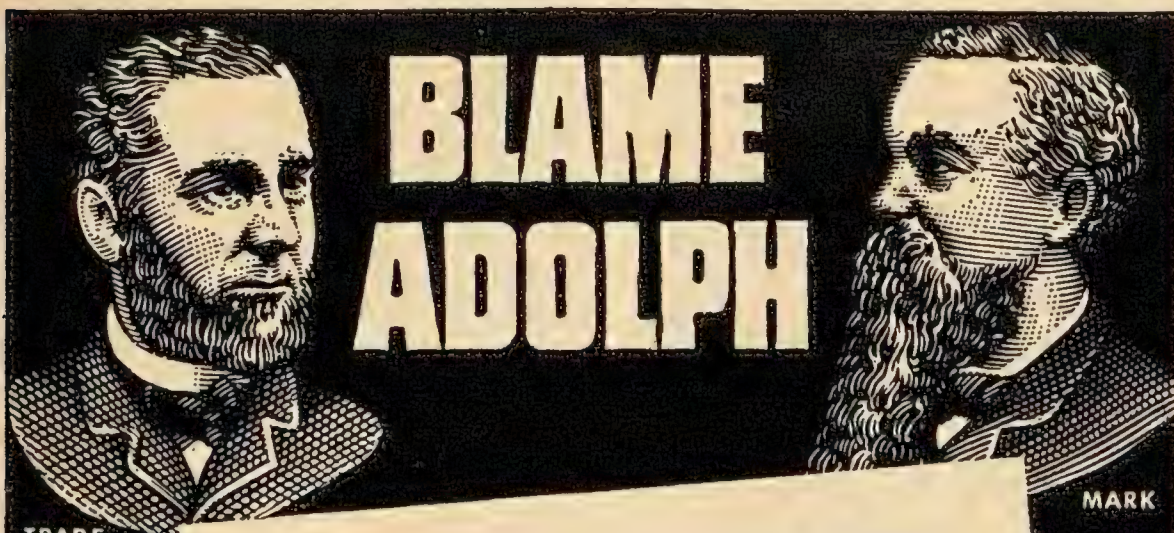
—R. H. Schauffler.

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DO MORE AND YOU GET MORE

Continued from Page 23

lems lies in *planning*—and that means planning to the double-*nth* degree. If the approach to a problem is properly made, if the employee's confidence is secured from the beginning, if the rate schedule is posted where he can constantly check his own progress, then a friendly attitude toward the incentive wage plan cannot help but result.

Each of the many Bethlehem plants now has its own piece-rate supervisor and his crew of experts specially trained in diplomacy and industrial engineering. There are periodic meetings of all the plant supervisors. Problems are discussed, experiences are exchanged, and each receives the benefit of the other's time-study data and information.

Bethlehem learned early that if the inducement pay was set too low, workers would not deem the extra effort worth while. On the other hand, if the rate is set too high, the whole program may backfire. If a fat pocketbook can be acquired without any particular exertion, the stimulus is lost. The incentive then is not to work but to lay off, and of course production isn't improved and the cost per unit increases.

An inducement rate must be at exactly the right level—betwixt and between—to be successfully operative for both management and labor. This takes thousands of tedious hours invested in study, in trial and error.

ONE vital factor in rate setting that is never out of sight at Bethlehem is the matter of quality of product. The incentive wage plan accomplishes nothing if it sacrifices quality for quantity. In fact, the three primary elements to be evaluated in establishing incentive wages are quality, cost, and quantity.

There are numerous instances of the feasibility of incentive wage plans. These days, Bethlehem makes shells of many sizes. Among the largest are the huge armor-piercing messages of steel that are sent posthaste to Hitler and Hirohito from 16-inch guns. In one operation the 2,240-pound shell is derricked into an enormous machine for a process known as "nicking and band-score." Before applying an incentive wage to the job, the average number of pieces produced per hour was 3.36. "Now," proudly states the foreman of the forge specialty shop, "we average 4.27 pieces an hour, and the operators' pay has gone up 20 per cent over the average hourly earnings they used to get."

Over in Number 8 Annealing Shop they're changing the design of the annealing furnaces to make them adaptable to either gas or oil. Before the incentive wage came into the picture it took fifty-seven hours to change each furnace. Now it takes but thirty-two, and the hourly rate of pay has increased 70 per cent.

Number 9 Shop has just made a record for itself, too. They handle some pretty husky rough forgings which have to be drilled, reamed, cut, bored, and heat-treated. These go through Number 9's series of processes at the rate of nineteen hours per forging, whereas before incentive 42.2 hours were needed. As for the men, their earnings have increased 85 per cent over the former hourly rates.

Other companies, too, have had great success with incentive wages. Lincoln Electric Company has been for many

years a strong proponent of incentive. Its president, J. F. Lincoln, says they help to make his workers four times as efficient as the workers of his most prolific competitor.

The Murray Corporation has an incentive plan in which the men chosen to handle efficiency check-ups and the setting of efficiency standards were given a time-study course to qualify them for this exacting work.

At one Kelsey-Hayes Wheel Company plant the production efficiency was raised from an estimated 80 per cent of maximum to more than 113 per cent. Continental Motors, with over 7,000 workers on the production line, all of whom belong to the C. I. O. local, has an incentive program for group performance that is producing famous results and is heartily sustained by the workers themselves.

In American industry today scores and scores of other major and minor organizations and thousands upon thousands of American workers have discovered that successful adaptation of an incentive wage program means fatter payday wallets and a huge job done well in a big hurry.

Of late the War Production Board and labor leaders, with the blessing of the administration, have smiled benignly on the incentive system. That the popularity of incentive plans is

nationally on the increase is attested to by the large number of war plants which have adopted them in one form or another. From April of 1943, when the wage-freeze order of Economic Stabilizer James F. Byrnes was announced, until early last October, some 800 wage incentive plans were submitted to the War Labor Board, and 450 were approved. That they are proving successful is clearly indicated by a recent War Production Board survey of 234 wartime manufacturing outfits, which showed an over-all average of 40 per cent increase in unit of output. For those plants that utilized careful time studies to determine basic data prior to application of incentives, the average increase was 58 per cent.

THE attitude of the Bethlehem Steel Company is best summed up by its president, Mr. Grace, who says: "If Bethlehem has accomplished anything, has grown, has prospered, has contributed to the national welfare, it has done so through the incentive system. It was Charles M. Schwab who so ably analyzed the whole idea when, after Bethlehem's first quarter century under the incentive program, he said: 'Do so much, and you get so much; do more, and you get more—that is the essence of the system.'"

THE END

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY HARRIET GOULD



Jane Eyre becomes governess to Edward Rochester's little ward Adele.

JANE EYRE (Twentieth Century-Fox) Joan Fontaine, Orson Welles

LIKE her sister Emily's classic novel, *Wuthering Heights*, Jane Eyre, by Charlotte Brontë, is a dark, brooding story, full of the pain of living. And, like *Wuthering Heights*, Jane Eyre makes a rich, emotional film.

The story—if you remember your high-school required reading—concerns an orphaned girl brought up in a bleak, brutal asylum early in the nineteenth century. As soon as she is old enough to make her own way in the world, Jane (Joan Fontaine) takes a position as governess to the ward (Margaret O'Brien) of Edward Rochester (Orson Welles), the dour young master of Thornfield Hall. Eventually Jane and Rochester fall in love, and decide to be married. But on their wedding day the reason for Rochester's bitterness—the whole miserable story of his previous marriage to a woman who is now insane—is revealed. The scenes that follow seem almost like an epilogue, as the story progresses to its bitter-sweet ending.

Joan Fontaine is lovely, and slightly breathless, as the demure but determined Jane Eyre. She has a modesty and tenderness that really bring to life one of the most romantic heroines in literature. Orson Welles' portrayal of Rochester doesn't ring so true. The many close-ups of his glowering face, and his constant striding across the moors with his cape streaming dramatically behind him only add to the theatrical unreality of a character already unreal enough anyway.

Jane Eyre has been filmed and dramatized for the stage several times before. But it has invariably turned out to be either straight ten-twenty-third' melodrama or a crashing Victorian bore. This time Director Edward Stevenson has kept a firm controlling hand on the melodrama and the maudlin Victorian sentimentality so that events (and Orson Welles) hardly ever get out of hand. As a result, Jane Eyre now deserves a spot on the shelf just below *Wuthering Heights* as a work of literature that has made a safe and highly satisfactory transition to the screen.



The wedding ceremony is halted. Rochester reveals he has an insane wife.

HIGHER
AND
HIGHER



HOLD your hats, girls—Higher and Higher is the film in which Frank Sinatra makes his movie debut! It's a delightful, unpretentious little musical whose only aim is to please—a Cinderella story about a scullery maid who plays debutante. Frank is O. K.—but don't overlook Michele Morgan, Jack Haley, and the dancing Hartmans in the rush. (RKO.)



SIGMUND ROMBERG'S durable operetta, *Desert Song*, has been spruced up and modernized for its 1944 Technicolor debut. The story is now about Nazi intrigue among the Riffs of French Morocco, but all the original music (*One Alone*, *The Riff Song*, et al.) is still here—with Irene Manning and Dennis Morgan singing it for all it's worth. (Warners.)

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

BATTLE OF RUSSIA (U. S. Army—20th Cent.-Fox). Documentary.
CLAUDIA (20th Cent.-Fox). Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, Ina Claire. Comedy.
CRY 'HAVOC' (M-G-M). Margaret Sullavan, Joan Blondell, Ann Sothorn. Drama.
DESTINATION TOKYO (Warners). Cary Grant, John Garfield. War Drama.
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Paramount). Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Paxinou. Drama.
GIRL CRAZY (M-G-M). Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney. (Gershwin.) Musical comedy.
GUADALCANAL DIARY (20th Cent.-Fox). William Bendix, Lloyd Nolan. War Drama.
HAPPY LAND (20th Cent.-Fox). Don Ameche, Frances Dee, Harry Carey. Drama.
LOST ANGEL (M-G-M). Margaret O'Brien, James Craig, Marsha Hunt. Drama.
MADAME CURIE (M-G-M). Walter Pidgeon, Greer Garson. Drama.
NO TIME FOR LOVE (Paramount). Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray. Comedy.
PRINCESS O'ROURKE (Warners). Olivia de Havilland, Robert Cummings. Comedy.
THE NORTH STAR (RKO). Ann Harding, Anne Baxter, Walter Huston, Dana Andrews. Drama.

JANUARY 22, 1944

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SEAGOING CIGAR BOX

Continued from Page 27

Frank felt another hand. The bosun's mate was sliding a crash basket—a wire stretcher used to transfer wounded from ship to ship—up to him. He crawled in. Still there was no pain, no fear. They worked him below, but couldn't get the crash basket through the compartments. So they stretched it atop the three toilets in the crew's quarters, and there, under Frank's calm directions, they gave morphine and first aid.

Frank needed more help than his crew could give him; so the LCI swung close to its sister ship, where the flotilla surgeon waited, the same surgeon Frank had hailed at midnight. Frank remembers the transfer at sea. It wasn't too gentle in that rough water off Licata, Sicily. Then he remembers the voice of the surgeon saying, "This is going to hurt." But he remembers that it didn't hurt as Lieutenant Commander Gentile sewed up the hole in his chest.

It didn't hurt then, but later in the day it got bad, as they sailed back to North Africa. Frank had lost a lot of blood and he was very sick. He was

*****★*****

Have you heard of the Scotch girl who powdered her nose with a marshmallow before she ate it?

flown down to Constantine in an ambulance plane, and there he remained in the hospital about ten weeks.

During that time his LCI sailed on to Salerno, and Frank received a report of the invasion of the mainland. According to the crew, which always looked on the brighter side, the Salerno run had two high lights. The first came when the LCI hit a sandbar on the way in. Jules Fassy was busy over his stoves, finishing up a fine stew, for he was determined that this time the invaders would invade on hot food. But the cantankerous LCI ruined his pretty plans. As it hit the sandbar and slid over, Mr. Fassy's stew was hurled up against the bulkhead, where it dripped slowly and stewily to the deck.

The second incident occurred when a Focke-Wulf 190 dived to strafe the LCIs. Antiaircraft on the landing craft opened up, and the Nazi pilot was hit. His plane swerved and plunged into the sea, breaking into little pieces, but not before one of his cannon shells ripped over the deck of Frank's old LCI. Frank's fellow officer, Lieutenant Tom Walsh, had taken refuge behind one of the booby hatches. That is, all of Mr. Walsh had taken refuge except his posterior. To the amazement of all, particularly Mr. Walsh, the shell attacked this target and removed the better part of his pants without in any way injuring his figger.

Mr. Walsh, anticipating the doubters among his friends back home, prepared an affidavit attesting to the truth of the episode. The impressive document, signed by every member of the LCI crew, concludes with the line: "With the obvious note that subject officer was not facing the enemy at the time of the action."

Even Soogie, the LCI's mascot, signed the document with an ink-stained paw.

THE END

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES



20TH CENTURY-FOX

REJECTION SLIPS

never deterred Charles Gordon Booth, whose *Mr. Angel Comes Aboard* begins in this issue. They simply served as a stimulus to overcome them. Many short stories and a half dozen novels accepted prove that he did. Hollywood also welcomed him to its finicky heart, and his screen plays include the memorable *The General Died at Dawn*. Mr. Booth was born in Manchester, England, but has chosen California to live in, where he likes to grow alligator pears. Of other hobbies he has none, and sticks close to home and studio. He even leaves world politics to his wife's relatives, where, he says, they are in excellent hands.

ANOTHER ENGLISHMAN

whom we welcome to Liberty is Hilary A. St. George Saunders, whose *Battle of the Ruhr* we are proud to print. At seventeen he joined the British Army as a private, and after serving in the ranks six months was given a commission in the newly formed Welsh Guards, with which, for his action in the battle near Bavai, he was awarded the Military Cross. For seventeen years Mr. Saunders was in Geneva, where he was connected with the work of the League of Nations. He has written a great deal of fiction, alone and in collaboration, and his war books include *Bomber Command*, *Coastal Command*, and *Combined Operations*. He is at present Assistant Librarian of the House of Commons.

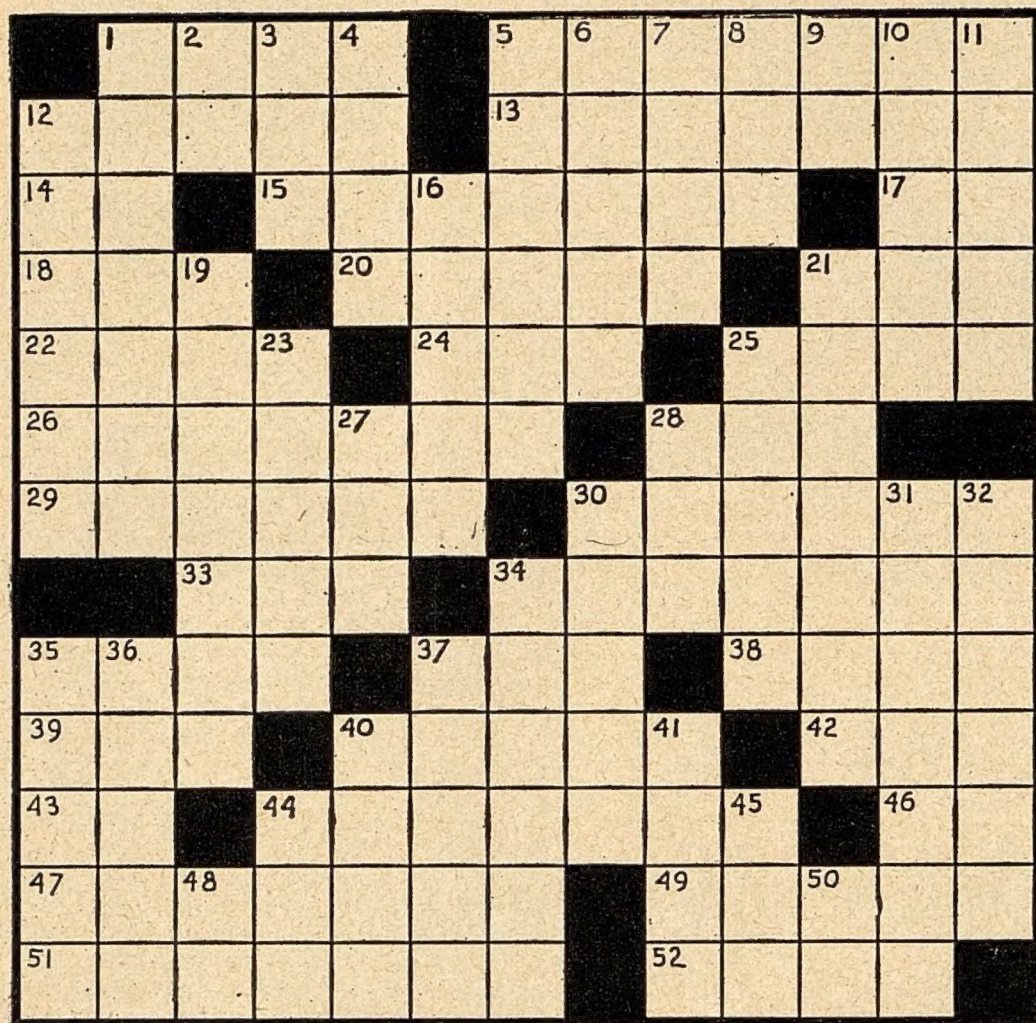
BY THIS TIME YOU

have probably read and enjoyed *Pioneer of the Future*, by Alfred Toombs, who is a Texan, but graduated from the University of Maryland. As a newspaper reporter in Chicago and Washington, D. C., he says he "chased everything from fire engines to senators"—and his legs were good!

THE EDITORS.

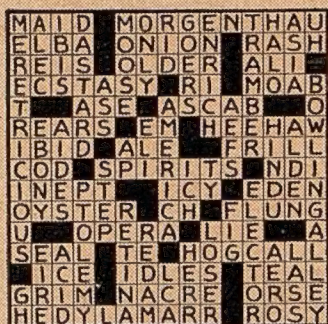
QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Who is Montgomery's constant companion?
- 5 What state's flower is the zinnia; motto: The Crossroads of America?
- 12 The Oldtown Indians were famous for manufacturing a fine what?
- 13 What drunken royalty is cultivated in Kentucky?
- 14 Short right (abbr.)
- 15 What's the hottest capital in the Guianas?
- 17 What perfume would you call Bouquet de gymnasium? (abbr.)
- 18 Pronoun
- 20 Persuasion is said to be better than what?
- 21 Complete this gag: You've buttered your ---, now lie in it!
- 22 What's known as Irish anthracite?
- 24 What verb's past tense is the same as the present of a verb for which it's often confused?
- 25 Arthur who is the Confidentially Yours radio man
- 26 What clumsy oaf became a famous comic-strip character?
- 28 What's both long and short and has a weigh with it?
- 29 What do hotels and music have in common?
- 30 Who was Bassanio's girl friend?
- 33 Forever (shortened)
- 34 What U. S. civilian defenders' duties have recently been relaxed?
- 35 What's slang for Goldbrick Salesmen?
- 37 Hell and what have lost their old powers in modern times?
- 38 Who pitched the apple that caused the fuss about Helen of Troy?
- 39 What's pretty smart?



Last week's answer

- 40 Who has the all-time record for carrying the Ball?
- 42 Holy lady (abbr.)
- 43 What direction's Tokyo from Manila? (abbr.)
- 44 What's a church attendant called?
- 46 Ain't not
- 47 A Russian hack's a what?
- 49 St. Exupery wrote a book about Flight from where?
- 51 What ball team will train at Asbury Park?
- 52 Name the world's most uncomfortable conveyance

VERTICAL

- 1 Name a French painter, 1684-1721
- 2 Article
- 3 What bird served as the first transport plane?
- 4 Thanks to science, today Beethoven wouldn't have suffered for being what?
- 5 What'd the Romans call Spain?
- 6 What kind of word is one coined for the occasion?
- 7 Outdoor bathhouse
- 8 What emotion can cause indigestion?
- 9 What degree's practically extinct during war? (abbr.)
- 10 What peaceful chap originated dynamite and blasting oil?
- 11 What's the opposite of a cathode?
- 12 What British statesman was discredited after his work in India in '42?
- 16 What do birds' embryos lunch off?
- 19 What is weak because it can be outflanked or enfiladed?
- 21 Translate: Bats the baloney back and forth buoyantly
- 23 Translate: Transports primitively in the Ozarkian manner
- 25 What was medieval for Gang?
- 27 "Sicklied --- with the pale cast of thought?" (Hamlet)
- 28 Schnozzola Mt.
- 30 What incident almost caused a Jap-Yank War a few years ago?
- 31 What was the most decorated thing in illuminated MSS?
- 32 Give out the bad news about the taxes
- 34 Name a motorcar manufacturer
- 35 What do the Marines call pogie-bait?
- 36 For the first time in years, what's a smash hit in New York?
- 37 Do ship's firemen put out fires? Or what?
- 40 Name a pain in the neck
- 41 If Zosma's not a fan dancer, what is she?
- 44 Petition
- 45 The Vulgar what took place between 2 and 7 B. C.?
- 48 Socially ambitious people like to get where?
- 50 What state's flower's the violet; motto: Hope? (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



I THINK IT'S
SIMPLE
PILES



THAT'S AN
EMBARRASSING
TROUBLE!

You can relieve the itching, irritation and discomfort of simple piles or hemorrhoids. Try *Unguentine Rectal Cones*, made by the makers of famous UNGUENTINE. They are easy to use . . . sanitary . . . inexpensive.

If you do not get the prompt relief you seek, consult your physician.

Your druggist will refund full purchase price if you are not satisfied.

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RECTAL CONES**

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A NORWICH PRODUCT

STOP Scratching
It May Cause Infection

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, pimples—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D. D. D. Prescription**. Greaseless, stainless. Calms itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D. D. D. Prescription**.

NOSE and THROAT CONGESTION

FREE CHART

Don't "lose your head" when it feels "stuffed up"—act wisely as thousands for 68 years have done . . . use **HALL'S TWO-METHOD TREATMENT**! This famous treatment loosens thick, sticky secretion, helps clear up phlegm-filled throat and nasal congestion or money back! Use the Expectorant and the soothing Nasal Ointment. Ask your druggist. Send for **FREE Vitamin and Health Chart** today. **F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 31, Toledo, Ohio.**

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LIBERTY

205 East 42nd Street New York 17, N.Y.

JAN. 22, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor



WHAT WILL WE BUY WITH OUR WAR BONDS?

ONE bit of postwar planning which Uncle Sam's Treasury Department ought to get thinking about right now is how to direct the billions of dollars in war bonds which the public is buying into channels of enduring worth. Of course millions of the people who are buying bonds are doing so with the idea of eventually using the money to purchase homes, automobiles, refrigerators, etc., when these products are available again. In fact, much war-bond advertising stresses just this angle and in effect urges people to buy their new car or home now by investing in bonds.

But as matters stand these worthy aspirations may be lost in the shuffle. Bonds mature one at a time, and as they do the proceeds are apt to go for high living instead of being held until enough money is accumulated to carry out the initial worthy intention of the purchaser. In fact, if a man wants to make a down payment on a home with his war bonds, the only way he can get enough money out of them at one time is to cash them in.

Not only is this apt to prove embarrassing to the Treasury, but there is grave danger we will muffle the opportunity to get our peacetime economy rolling again by re-equipping the American people with products they need and can use. We may find the greater portion of these wartime savings going down the drain with nothing to show for them.

It is probable many bondholders would use the proceeds of their bonds for a new home and car or new home equipment if they could get their money all in one lump

sum and not in dribs and drabs which will trickle through their fingers. But the man who wants to put his bond money to good use is caught in a dilemma. If he cashes his bonds in, he loses terrifically in the interest they would earn. If he holds each to maturity, the money is likely to disappear with nothing to show for it. A sensible approach to the problem would seek some methods for bondholders to keep their bonds and at the same time get what they have been saving for.

A simple solution might be for the Treasury to make war bonds acceptable as collateral on loans for certain worthy purposes such as the purchase of durable merchandise or a home. For instance, a person with \$1,000 worth of bonds (matured value) who wants to buy an \$8,000 home should be able to take them to his bank or building and loan association, which will allow him credit for the face amount as a down payment. The bonds themselves would retire this loan automatically at maturity date. With such collateral the financial institution could afford to charge a very low interest rate for holding the bond during the time prior to redemption.

It would be a sin and a shame to allow this great mass of purchasing power which the American people have accumulated to be dissipated in an orgy of useless spending. Unless some constructive thought is given to the problem, this is all too likely to happen.

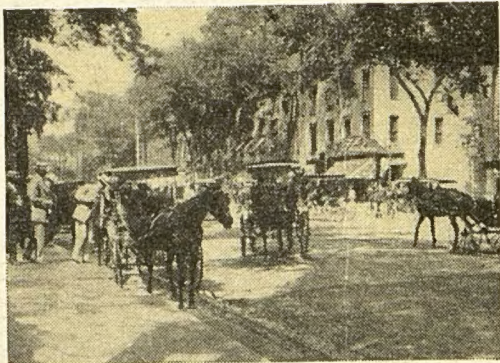
Paul Hunter

Liberty
... FOR ALL

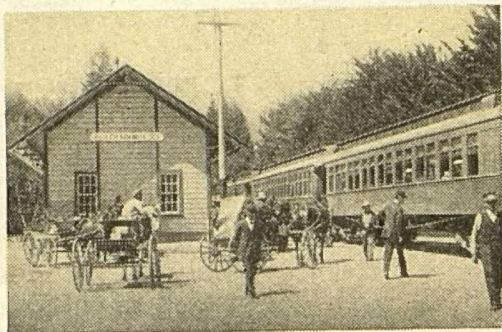
The Old Home Town

sure has changed since they introduced

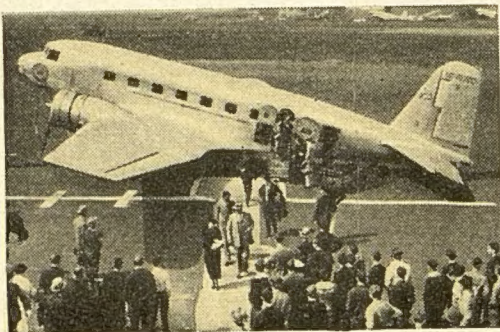
THIS GRAND OLD
CANADIAN NAME



1858 The livery stable—village gossip spot and the place where they wrangled for the newest buggy and liveliest team to take a “spin” through town—in the days when Corby’s first began to be known as a fine whiskey.



1900 Down by the town depot there was always something doing as folks gathered at train time to welcome returning travelers. Two hundred miles from home was adventurous travel in the days when Corby’s reached its 42nd year of whiskey fame.



1944 Planes arrive and depart from the airport, carrying military and civilian passengers across the continent in a day or night, but we scarcely note their passing in a busy wartime nation. And Corby’s reaches its 86th year as an honored whiskey name.



PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

Today, we are urged to limit travel to wartime necessity. And Corby’s distilleries devote their output to alcohol for war chemicals. You will occasionally find reserve supplies of this whiskey with the grand old Canadian name in stock. That is your opportunity to buy a “sample” pint of this light, sociable blend. *An occasional “sampling” of Corby’s now may grow to lasting preference after victory!*



*Back the
attack—
BUY
WAR BONDS*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Ltd., Peoria, Ill.

It's a feather in your cap when you buy that Extra War Bond

First among fine whiskies

THREE FEATHERS *Very Special Reserve*

Three Feathers Distilling Company, New York, N. Y., Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 60% cane products neutral spirits.

All our distilleries are producing alcohol for war use by the government